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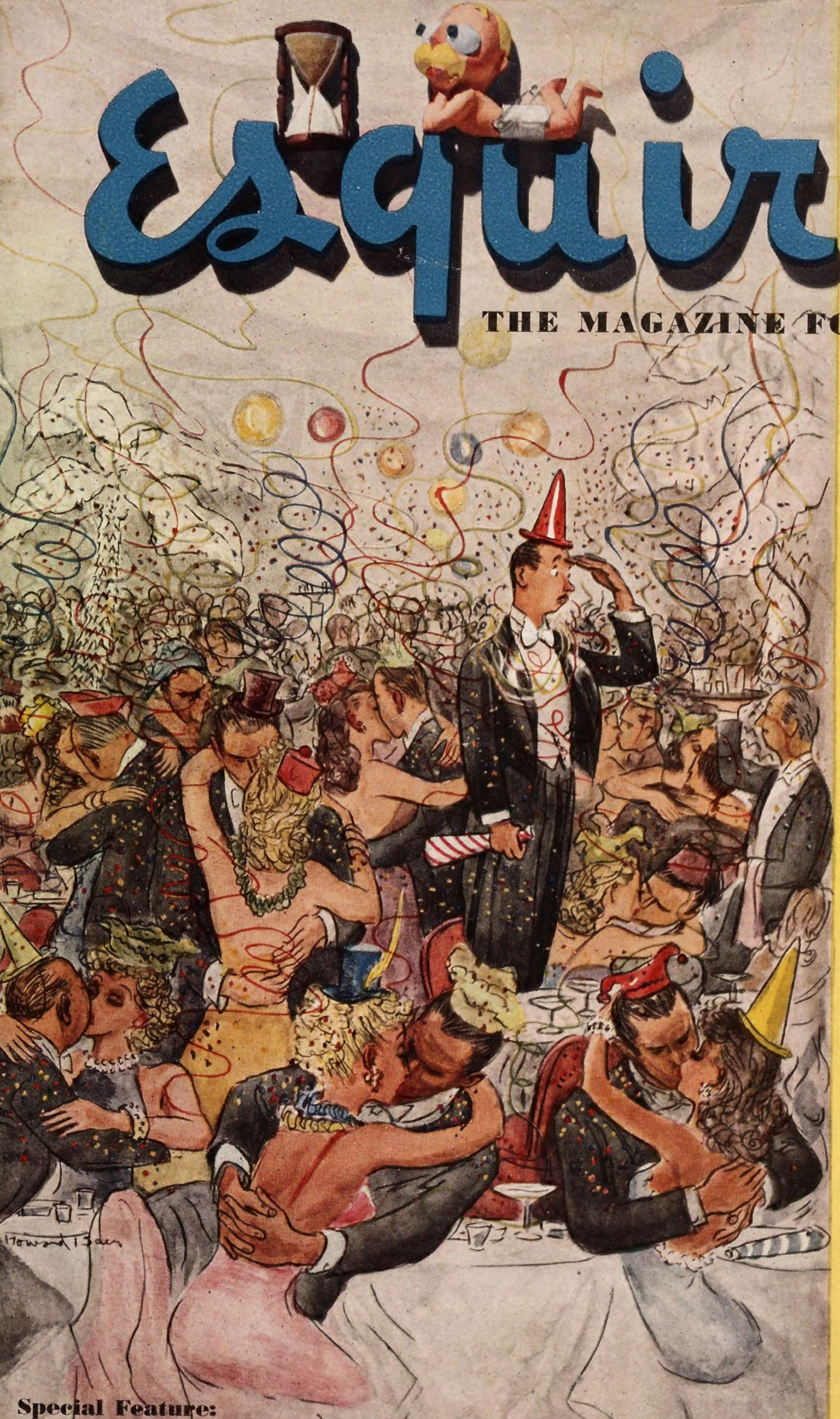
JANUARY, 1946



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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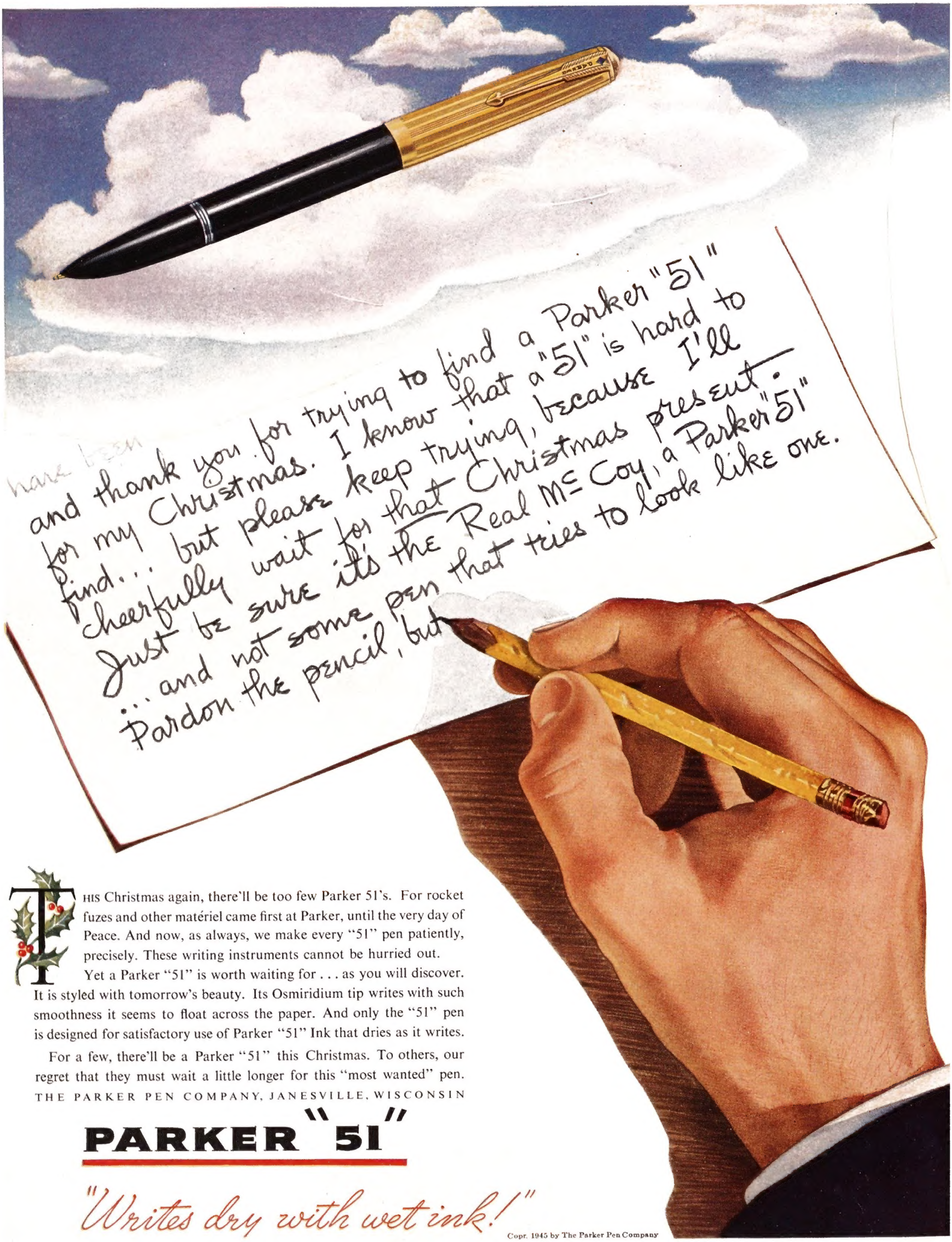

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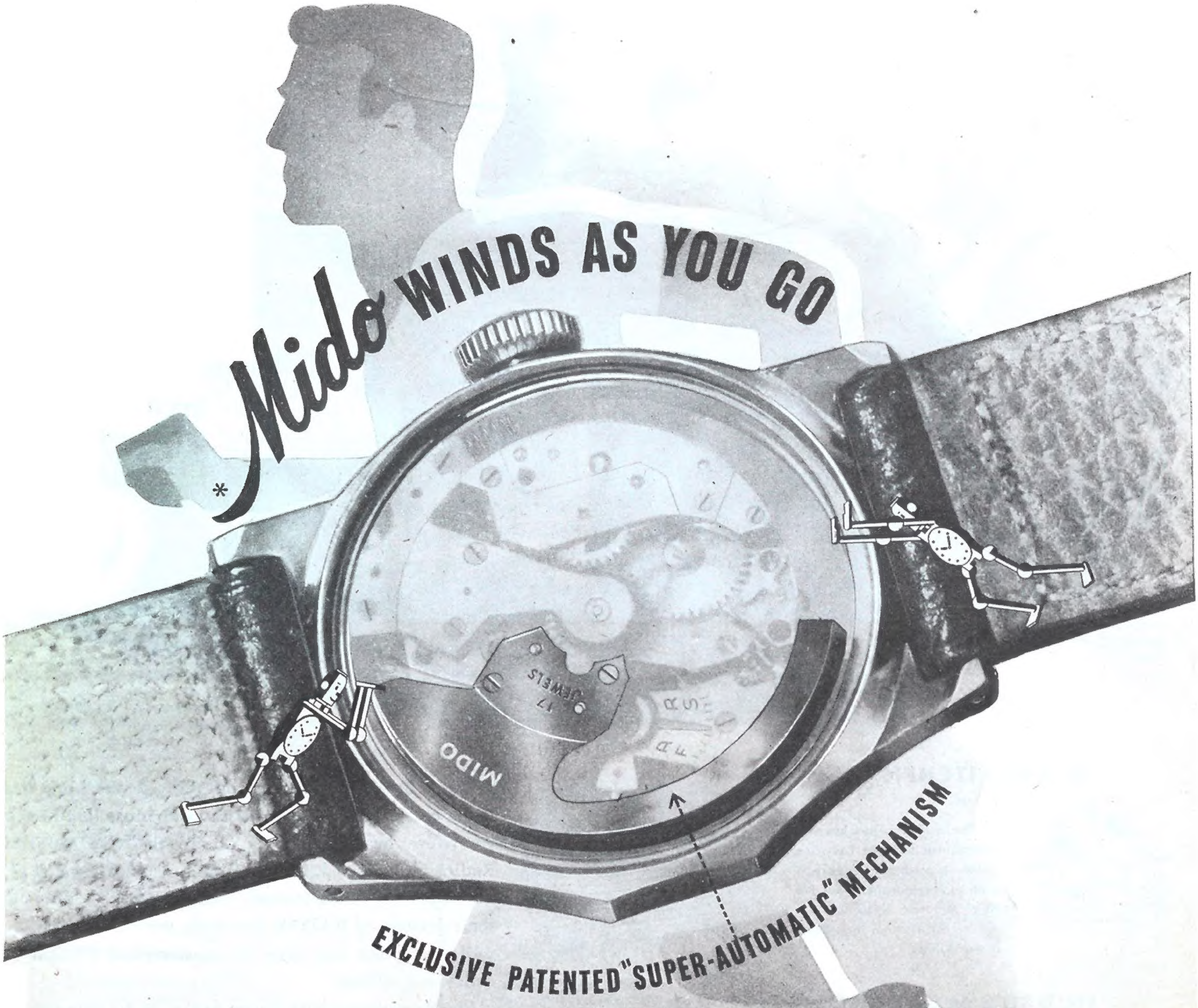

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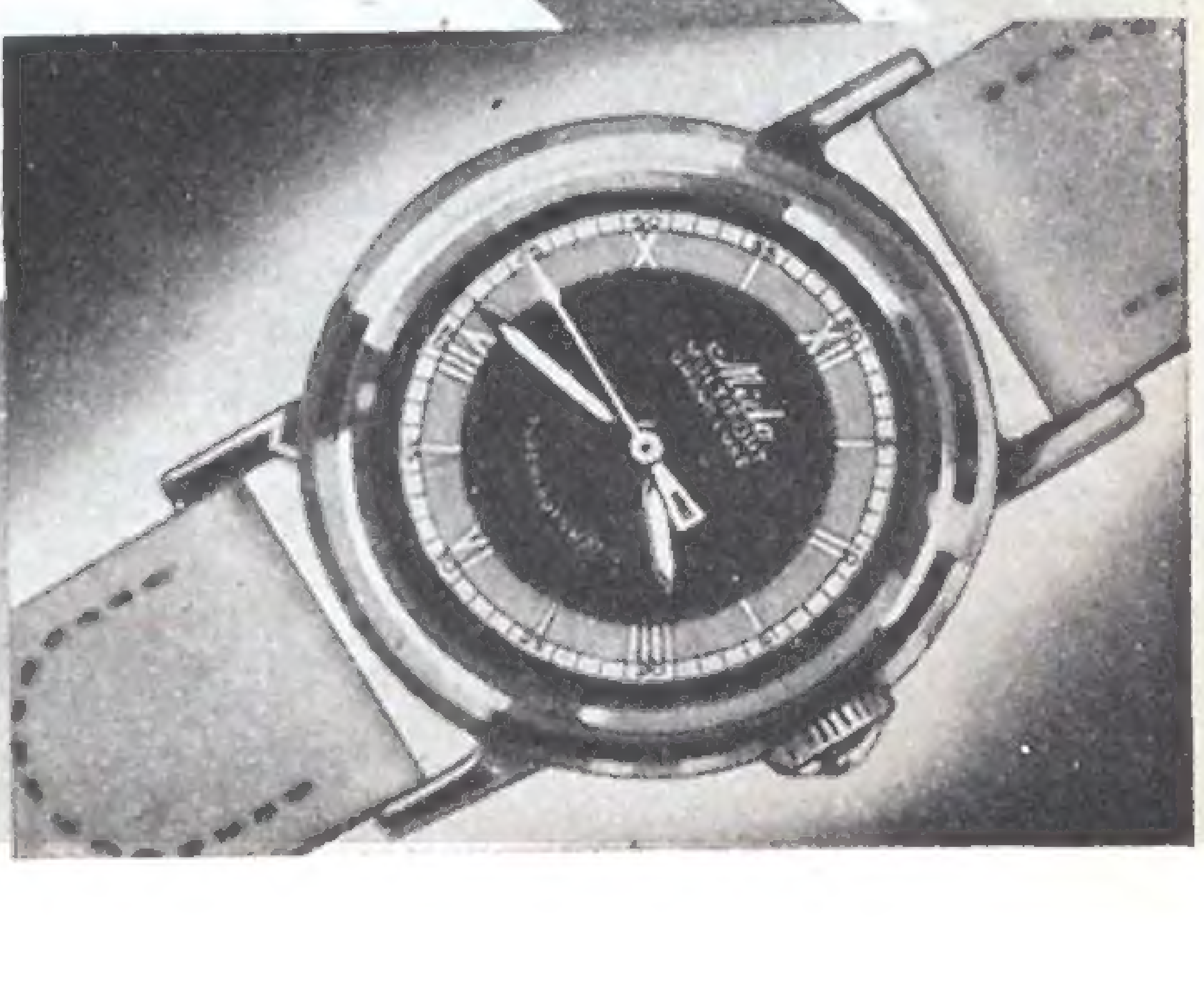

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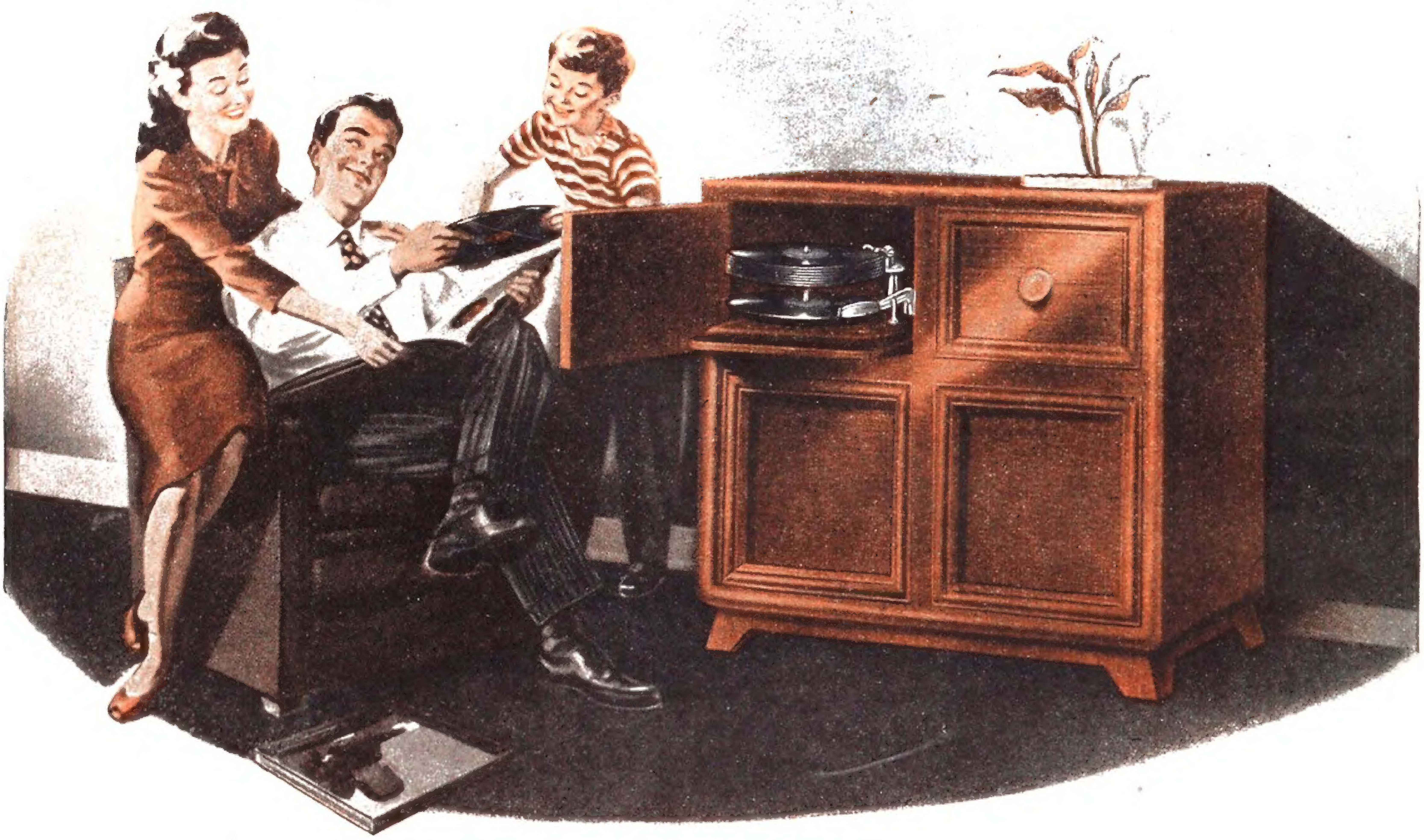

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The Story of a Poem

One of our editorial aims is the discovery of new talent, and our readers sift through the manuscripts that come to us unsolicited, from unknown writers, with the same high hopes as miners who pan for gold. When they come upon a poem as fine as "*All Hands Lay Aft*," they know that they have really struck it rich. This moving poem depicts a burial at sea and its theme is expressed in the line: "Who dies for freedom never really dies." The author is Lieut. Comdr. Joseph E. Shaner, who serves with the Coast Guard Army Manning Detachment in the Southwest Pacific Area. He writes:

"At St. John's Parochial School in Altoona, Pennsylvania, there was a nun named Sister Mary Jane, who told me that I should become a writer. I pointed out that Grammar and I had never been on speaking terms. That wise woman replied: 'Son, you're part Irish and no Irishman ever lets anything English get into his way.' When I was twenty, and cub reporting on the hometown *Tribune*, a concern in Boston asked me to send them some verse as they were considering publishing it in book form. I went by air over to the high school and came back by subway. John McAfee, my English instructor, was very straighforward. He said I would probably be expected to pay the cost of publication; that I was too young and my work too immature and that if my poems were published I would someday be embarrassed by them. 'You must live first,' he said, 'and then you can write.'

"I worked on various newspapers but mostly I remained at heart a down-at-the-heels poet On the Baltimore *Sun* I was the copy editors' delight, because sometimes the Irish in me crept into my feature stories and these surgeons cut out what they thought were malignant growths and what I thought was beautiful. I wrote little after coming into the service until in the muds at Milne Bay and the everlasting rain and loneliness, I knew that I would have to speak.

"Talking with an officer who had been on the Coast Guard-manned *USS Etamin* when she was torpedoed, I got the idea for the burial at sea. I read the service for the dead and I felt that if I could write anything a tenth as good as the service itself, I'd have a poem. The interpolated quotations are directly from the service. The names of characters are fictitious, of course, but many of them are real seamen of the Coast Guard and Merchant Marine of the Allied Nations. I have seen many men broken to pieces when they received word that their wives had found, in their absence, someone else. I have seen mere children togged in dungarees and heard them crying in their bunks at night, and learned that I do not care much for war."

We have reread the poem many times and the lines that echo longest in our memory are these:

"War shall come again, new tyrants
Suckle their strength from the indifferent
Breasts of Democracy, and poison them.
They come as snakes; scotch them before they feed!"

David A. Smart

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Esquire

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T. M. REG.

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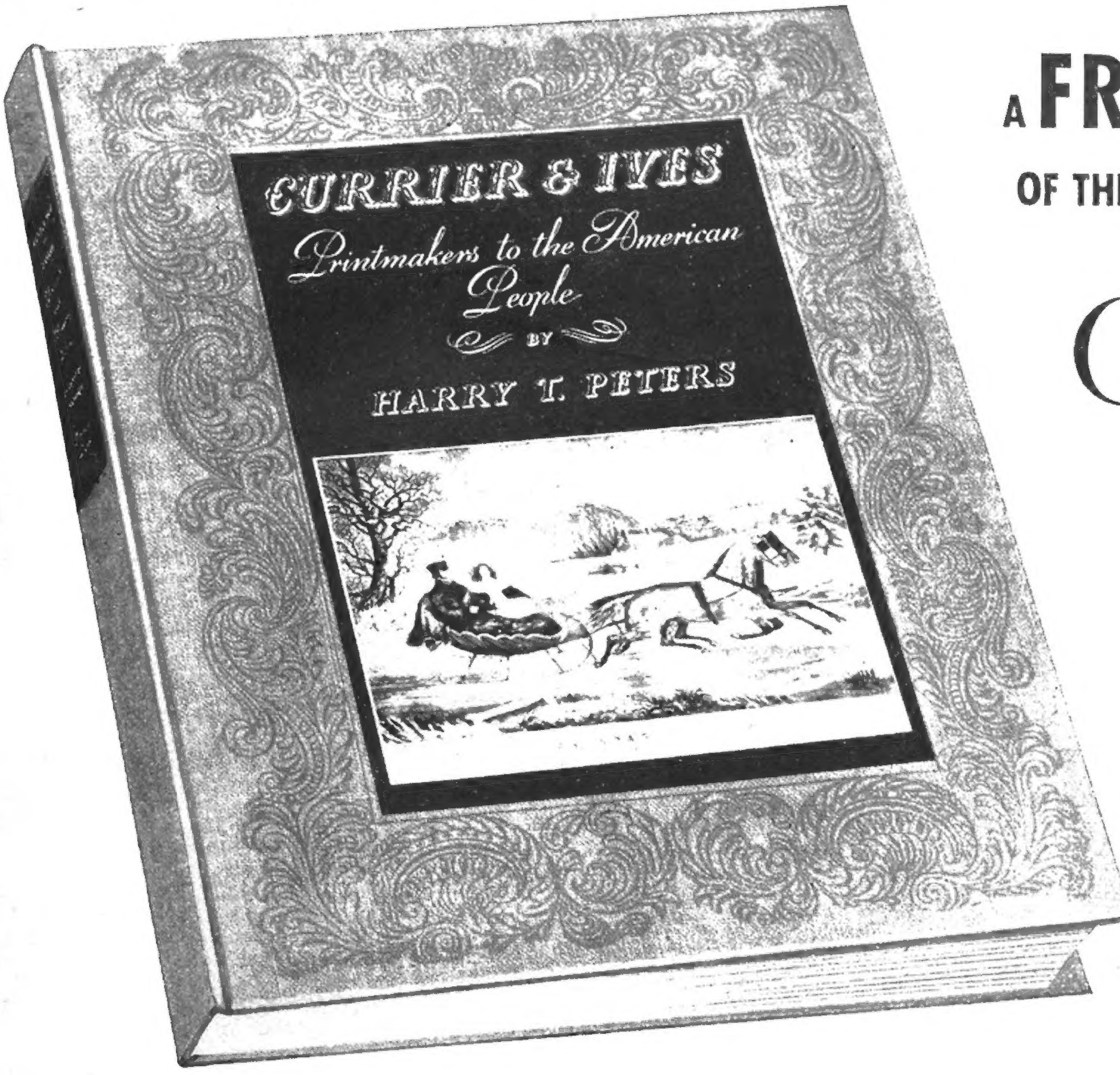

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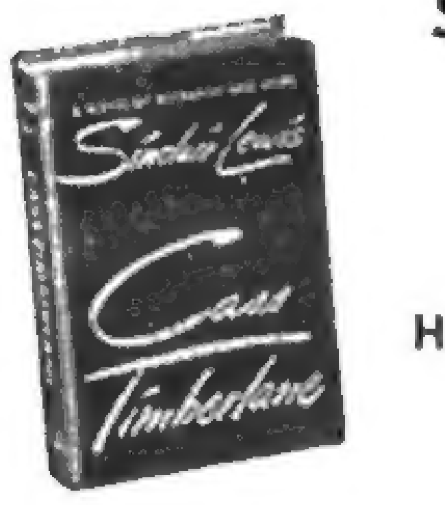

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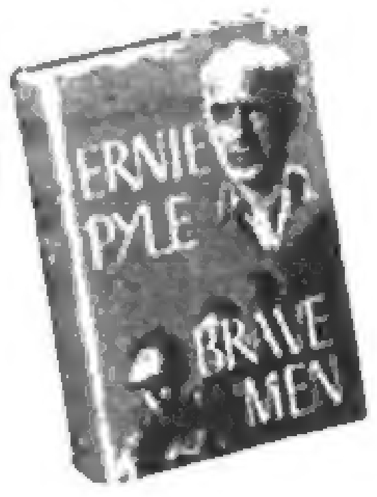

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The Sound and the Fury

retort from fleet street

Mr. Sam Boal's review of the British Press then and now ("England's Front Page") brought a whiff of nostalgia to this exiled, uniformed former member of Britain's Fourth Estate. But I quarrel with one or two statements.

I do not recall that we in Fleet Street were quite the underpaid, shabby (sartorially) crew he would have us appear. Nor do I think our news presentation was over-verbose.

On the pay question, the Fleet Street average for average desk men, as I remember it, was between 75 and 85 dollars a week and geared to our prewar low cost of living (with Scotch at 17 cents a shot) this was pretty good living. It put us among the 5 per cent of the wage slaves getting £1,000 a year or more.

As for the reporters, I seem to recall padding of expense sheets which certainly put them above this figure, to say nothing of free-lance activities.

But if we didn't dress well, lay this to an unconscious adherence to the hangover of a regrettable Grub Street tradition of careless attire; or, to over-thrifty wives who had no faith in a newspaperman's future and filled the old stocking against the day when he would quit or get fired in a temperamental huff.

Verbosity. Baw to you, Sam. The desks of the *Mail* and the *Express* and others were veritable slaughterhouses of the wordage of AP, UP, INS, Reuter and our own newshounds. "You write it, we'll slay it," said the desk men. The *Express* style book put it in another way: "The greatest story to date was written in ten words, 'In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth.' Can you do better?"

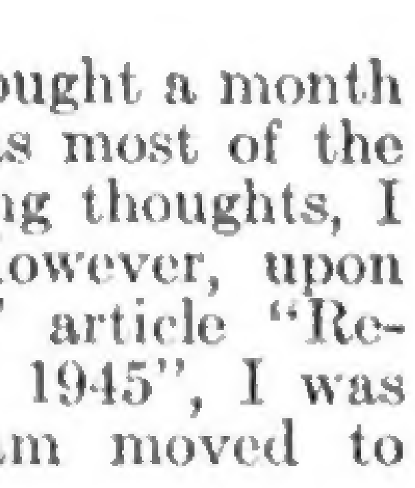
I challenge the entire American press to produce consistently the model of simplicity and terseness of expression which goes and went into the London dailies and which was the pride and joy of their desk men—do it, that is, without resorting to the taking of liberties with the English language, and tabloidese is not good (i.e., easily-understood) English.

For all that it was a grand article, Sam, and I enjoyed it.

Cyril Bassett,
Flight Lieutenant
Former *Daily Mail* sub-editor
Montreal, Quebec.

accentuate the negative

I had a horrifying thought a month or two ago, and then as most of the public do with horrifying thoughts, I forgot all about it. However, upon reading Robert Marks' article "Report from Detroit . . . 1945", I was reminded of it and am moved to write you of the impending upheaval of domestic privacy.



Like most average guys, I cherish the thought that someday I shall own or control a vacation hideaway, if not a permanent home, in some secluded spot not overrun by the madding crowd. At present there are such spots. They exist because our systems of transportation, including trains and automobiles, are still sufficiently limited to make it too tough a struggle for metropolitan hordes to get there.

But, omigosh, can you imagine what is going to happen when the small airplane (or skycar, as Mr. Marks calls them) becomes common? Travel time will be reduced simultaneously by two features of flying. One is the greater speed of an airplane and the other its ability to fly in a more or less straight line (I once worked for the CAA) to the intended destination, instead of following highways.

There will be no privacy!!!

You will be buzzed by family planes just as you are about to cast a very special fly over your favorite trout pool. You will be photographed by nosy guys in helicopters as your gang sits down for a picnic. Float planes will turn boating and sailing into just another week-end nightmare. Amateur skywriters will write bum jokes in *your* sky.

When automobiles were first invented they were lucky to get anywhere, because an automobile needs a road. Without it, the machine is as helpless as a clam . . . or more so. But the airplane needs no road. Their road has existed since the early days of the old globe and goes everywhere.

I think we should give this serious thought and write our congressmen or something . . . otherwise you will wake up some time in 1948 to hear a guy in a helicopter yelling thru your window for the loan of your razor.

Of course there is always a possibility that this problem of popular flying will be met with other innovations, though at the moment I can't see how much of anything but low-priced barrage balloons and private radar-controlled ack-ack guns will be of any real value. And there will always be dopes who don't believe in signs such as "Beware of Anti-aircraft Battery" that will of course be required over such installations.

Now that I have that off my mind, and I am sure you will take care of the situation, somehow, I would like to make some small comment on Esquire and add the weight of my .0001 per cent of opinion to your files.

Without soft-soap, I honestly can say, that in general I think your magazine is pretty fine. I like the general tone of the articles, some of which, I fear are over my head. I hate to have to admit it, but your third "Esquire's Art Institute" has me wondering. The first two I took to be pretty good smirking over the efforts of certain artists, but I guess the smirking must be over eggs like me.

The fiction and cartoons are wonderful. I always look all thru the cartoons, of course, before reading anything else.

There are a couple of items I would like to be a little nonchalant about, in contrast, it would seem, to thousands of your other readers. I can't get steamed up over those Varga gals. I don't doubt that Mr. Varga is a nice egg, and I don't want to say anything unjust about his efforts. After all, the world can't be entirely wrong, and it seems that the world likes them. But, to me, their very perfection in detail makes them lifeless and unattractive. I know enough about the rudiments of drawing and painting to appreciate the delicate artistry of the work, but doggone it, if the guy is good enough to do that, why doesn't he make them a little less idealistic and more alive?

Another faint gripe is to do with your color photos of various stage and screen celebrities. Perhaps the portrayal is true and the subject should be expected to carry the gleam of a false front and make-up paint. But surely Ann Sheridan cannot look as bad as that picture by Hurrell in the July issue. And yet I would say he did rather a nice job on "Broadway for the Boys" in the August issue.

Oh well, it is too damned complicated to criticize Esquire. I guess I will just read it and enjoy what I like.

Many thanks . . .

Lawrence E. Felton
Litchfield, Conn.

P.S.—Don't let the Litchfield address fool you. I am nobody.

it is to laugh

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for your masterly "Art Institute" series. Though I must confess that even with the explanation of the "abstraction" in the November issue of Esquire, I remain of the opinion that the thing is very silly, though mildly amusing.

I was particularly grateful for the naming of the dainty little objects that resemble sling-shots used by a spider as a base of operations. Unaided I should never have identified them as helmets. The affair on the right-hand margin of the (alleged) work of art that resembles the whisk with which one whacks dust from rugs during house cleaning still intrigues me, however. The Japanese inscription does not help much. What is the thing?

But, Esky, you describe the figure on the ground as "prone." To my untutored eye the toes point up in the sketch, and the snout points up in the finished bad dream. Shouldn't you have said "supine" rather than "prone"? I am confused.

I have always had a sneaking fancy that the chief reason for "abstractions" resided in the artists lack of ability to draw, and this example rather bolsters this idea. The sketch shows all too clearly that whatever else Mr. Morris may be, he is certainly no draftsman. The finished affair could be reproduced by a first-grader with a pair of scissors and a paste pot. But after all to what purpose? Modern architecture is magnificent and thrills me to the tips of my toes, and modern design, when good, is superb—but modern paintings—?

Well, a picture is a silly thing, anyway, usually breaking up a perfectly good wall space with a more or less unpleasant blot. No doubt this particular madness will pass, like so many others. Meanwhile one may at least laugh.

Sincerely yours,
Mary M. Atwater
Basin, Montana

critics' critic

Attracted by its new cover, I bought the November Esquire and found it excellent: fiction, articles, departments, sports, briefs and pictorial features on a continuously acceptable level of interest. It is pleasant to find Esquire back in form again after a period of rather low-level content in low-energy writing by certain noted names (I have in mind some of the fiction of your past year or two), and the successful issue of your slugging match with the private moral prejudices which a village postmaster in the Postmaster-General's office sought to erect into principles of public law.

I want especially to put in my fifty-cents' worth for Jack Moffitt. He makes up for a long lack of movie intelligence in Esquire by giving us an informed and adult account of the major virtues and minor defects of Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend.* Mr. Moffitt's is that most rewarding kind of reviewing: criticism by a professional practitioner of the art he criticizes. He could bring to the task his authoritative knowledge, and still be dull; but for me, at least, his discussion of *The Lost Weekend* adds an eighth to Gilbert Seldes' seven lively arts.

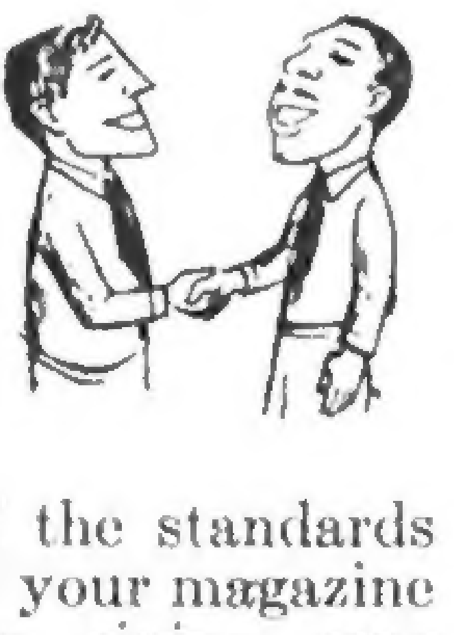
Despite the critic's being also a creator, I cannot say as much for the whole of Sinclair Lewis' discussion of current books. The scribe is scriptural enough on Wallace Stegner, August Derleth and Sinclair Lewis and the sock-value of Sac and Sauk. But I object to Br'er Rabbit's summary dismissal of Tar Baby Farrell, with all four paws stuck fast. Mr. Farrell's prose in *The League of Frightened Philistines* leaves much to be desired; but he says things in that book that shouted to be said, and he has shouted them for all to hear. The voice is raucous, but the statements register. The attempt to discredit American realism, from Dreiser to Caldwell and Jackson, and to direct contemporary writing back into paths of seemly decorum (including the writing of the author of *Cass Timberlane*), has gained headway under the Chautauqua-talk of J. Donald Adams and the new neo-Humanism dredged up out of scholastic antiquity by the University of Chicago's rediscoverers of St. Thomas Aquinas.

I like good prose as well as Mr. Lewis does. But I ploughed through Mr. Farrell's book with no greater pains than it cost me to plough through the continuous dullnesses of *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, and found the effort considerably more rewarding. I emerge from the experience, and from Mr. Lewis' dismissal of it, to find myself wondering whether it is the stars or Mr. Lewis and the ghost of President Coolidge that are embarrassed. And whether a Chicago magazine, published in Mr. Farrell's home town, ought not to be embarrassed, too.

Legare George
Chicago, Ill.

proving you can't win

I have just completed the reading of the story in your October issue, *The Shiny Red Top.* I think your managing editor did not use his best judgment in selecting this story for publication in your magazine, particularly in view of the fact that the use of epithets which give affront to a number of your colored readers were used so frequently in this article.



The story has little to recommend it as good fiction reading, and it is unworthy of the standards which have been set by your magazine for so many years in giving your readers so many good stories and particularly so many giving recognition to the Negro's contribution to the musical world.

D. Arnett Murphy
Advertising Manager
The Afro-American Newspapers
Baltimore, Md.

. . . and smarter scientists

In my opinion it is doubtful that Ray P. Holland's stooge "Oliver" (in the article "Smart Dogs and Scientists," your October issue) can be taken as representative of scientists in general. Certainly most scientists accept the theory of evolution which must apply to minds as well as bodies, and therefore recognize intelligence as a characteristic of the so-called lower animals. This opinion was enlarged upon in an article of mine published in *Holland's Magazine*, April, 1926, which ended with the expression "if bodies, organs, senses are products of evolution, so also must be intelligence, which exists nowhere in our world apart from these concrete things of which it is a product."

W. L. McAtee
Chicago, Ill.

Continued on page 173

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted—a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup . . . a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer and to the matchless flavor of that magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

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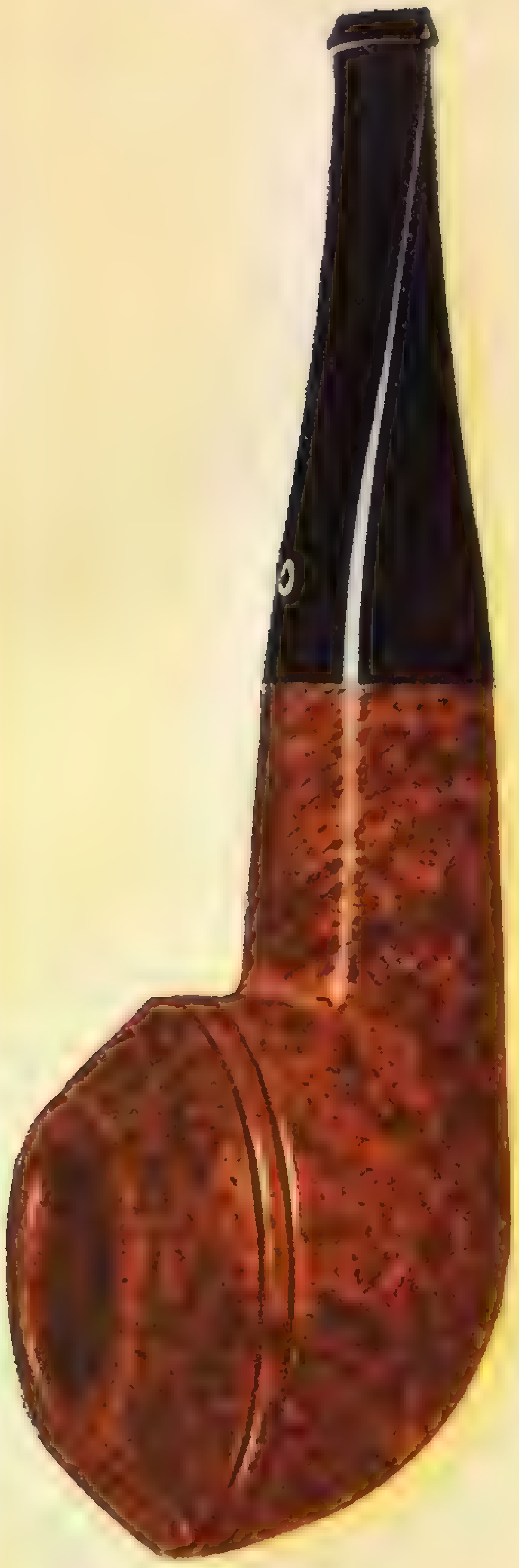
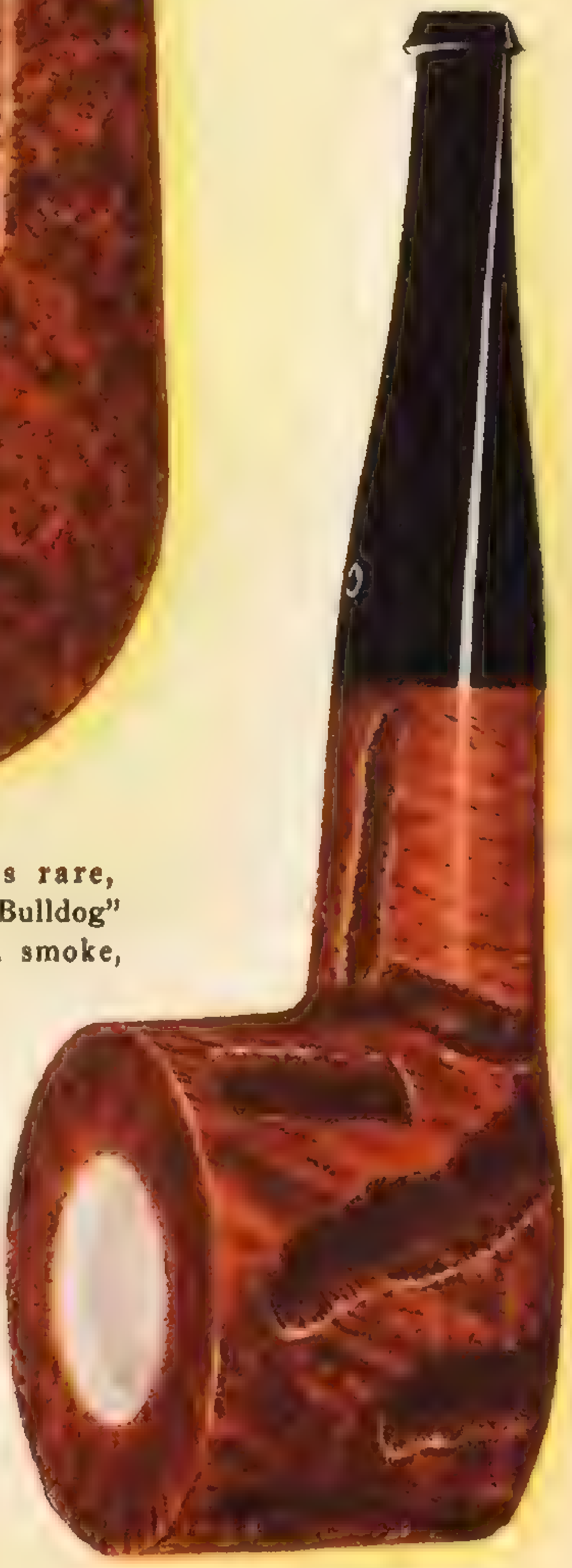
The pipe that everybody knows – Kaywoodie

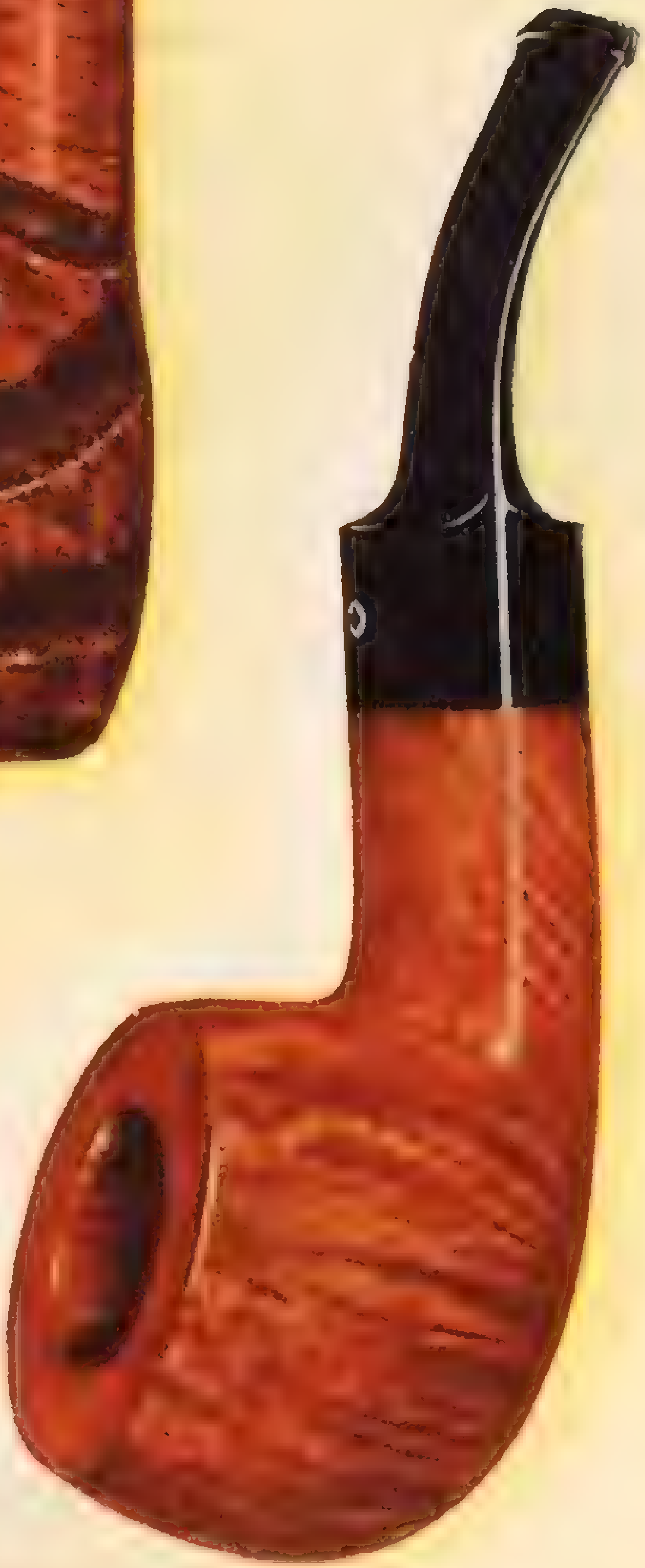
HAND-MADE OVERSIZE



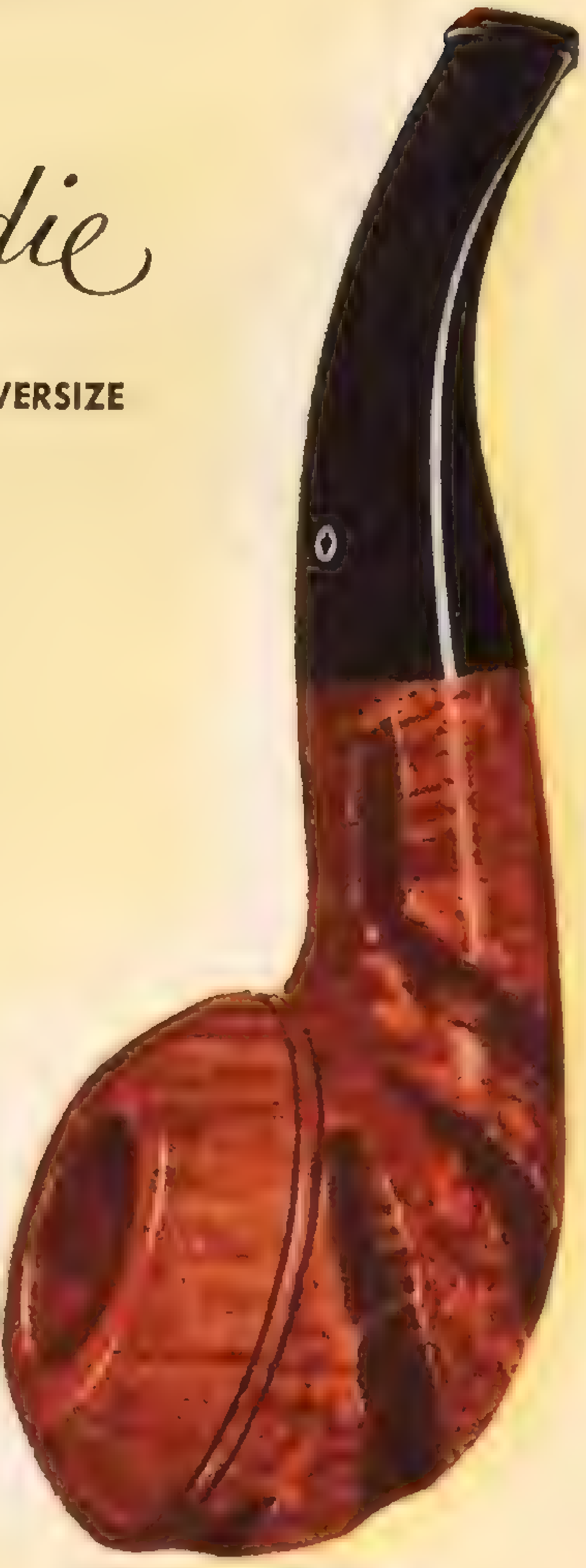
ACTUAL SIZE—This rare, hand-made "Oversize Bulldog" shape is a wonderful smoke, Walnut Finish, $20.



ACTUAL SIZE—The "Samson," hand-made throughout. This unique "Oversize Kaywoodie" is skillfully etched. It has an inlaid bowl of pure imported meerschaum, $15.



ACTUAL SIZE—The "Paul Bunyan," a remarkable and distinctive pipe. Made entirely by hand, Virgin Finish, $25.



ACTUAL SIZE—Hand-made "Oversize Bent-Bulldog," noteworthy example of the pipemaker's art, handsomely etched, $10.

These unusual "Oversize" pipes are handmade by Kaywoodie wood-carvers, who relish their particular talent of carving all sorts of difficult things in wood. Made from massive briar burls, each pipe a special pleasure to a pipe-smoker, cherished for its rareness, and fine smoking-qualities; gazed at in admiration by friends.

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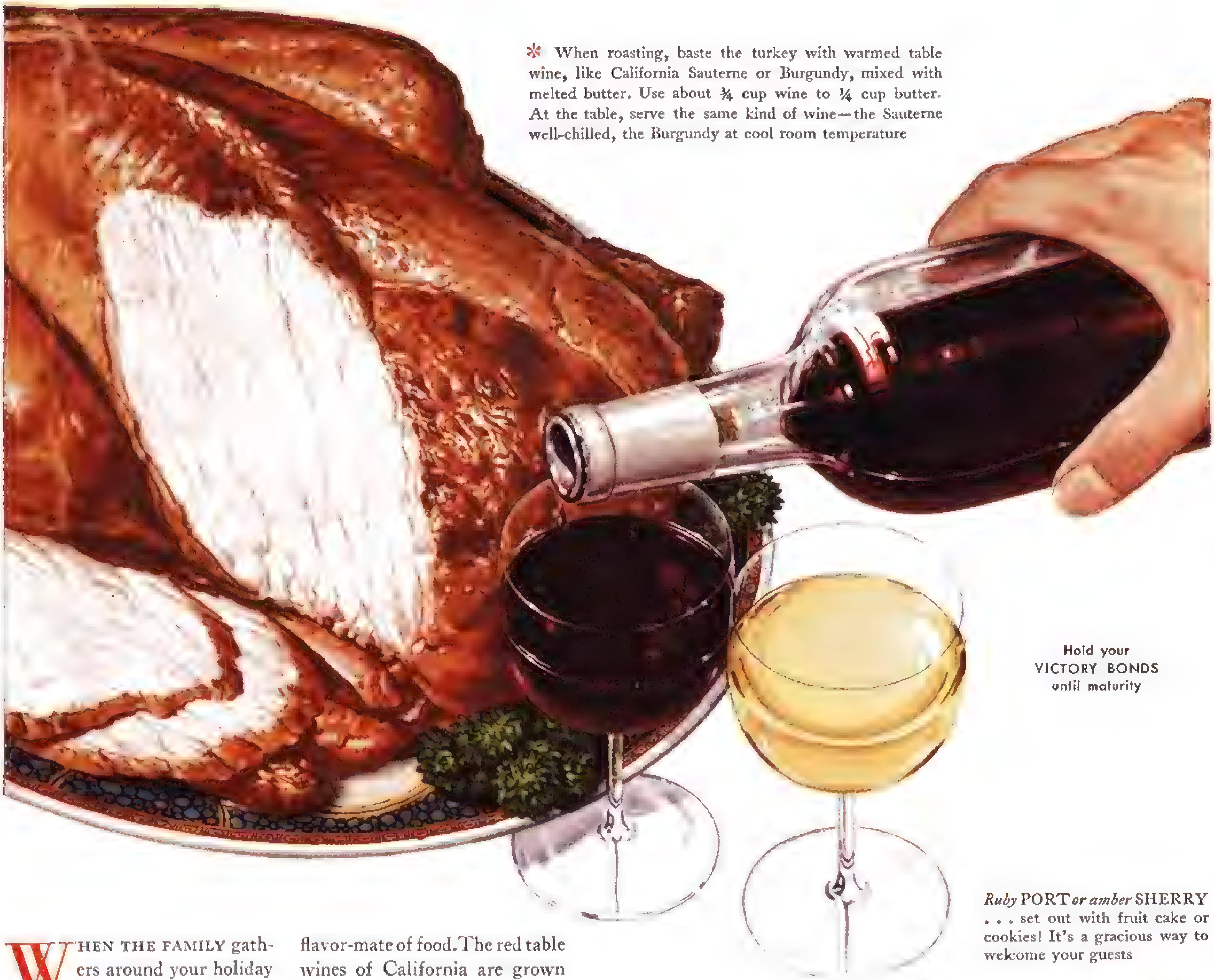
Bring out the goodness...with Wine



* When roasting, baste the turkey with warmed table wine, like California Sauterne or Burgundy, mixed with melted butter. Use about ¾ cup wine to ¼ cup butter. At the table, serve the same kind of wine—the Sauterne well-chilled, the Burgundy at cool room temperature

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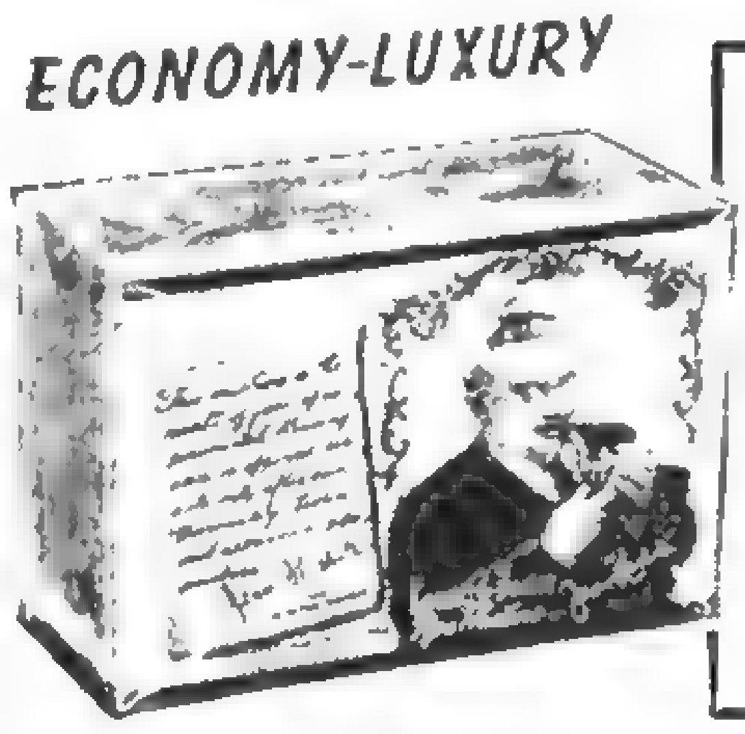

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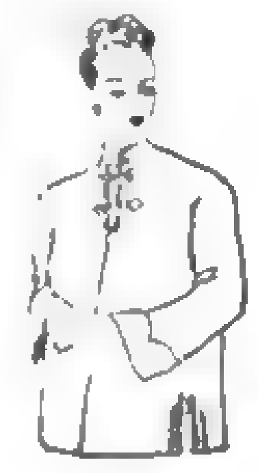
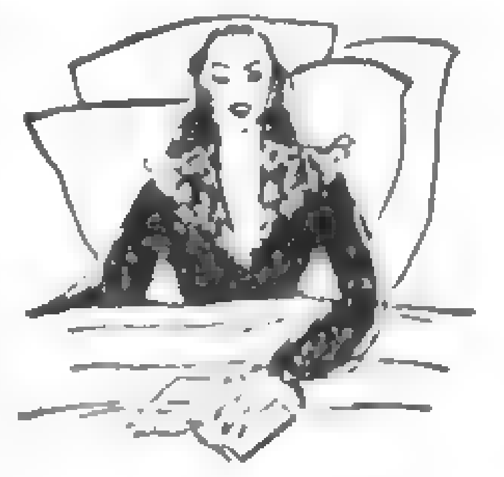


"IN OR OUT" COATS. You can really pull a fast one if you give her a gift of a tricky silk coat which is worn over lounging pajamas for an evening at home, or steps out on the town as an evening coat. Cute is one in a Chinese mood with frog fastenings, brilliant sequin banding on collar and slit sides. Others have hand painted flowers, butterflies and other motifs.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE. Have you ever seen a dame go fishing and fumbling around in the depths of a huge handbag hunting for her powder or lipstick? A trying ordeal for you and for her. You can put an end to that by giving her a neat little leather case called a cosmetikit. And it's just that . . . made to hold her complete paint and repair job all in one spot. Shaped like an envelope with hand painted design on supple French kid in vivid colors. Zipper fastened so no powder can leak out. She just tosses the case into her handbag, and everything is jake.



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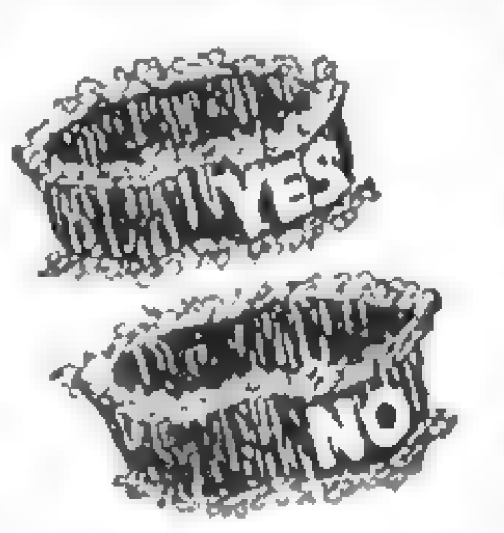

YES OR NO? Latest thing in garter gags are black satin and lace circlets which get right down to essentials. One pair carries little gold plated cutout letters spelling YES on one and NO on the other. Another pair brandishes a gold plated QUESTION MARK on one and OK on the other.

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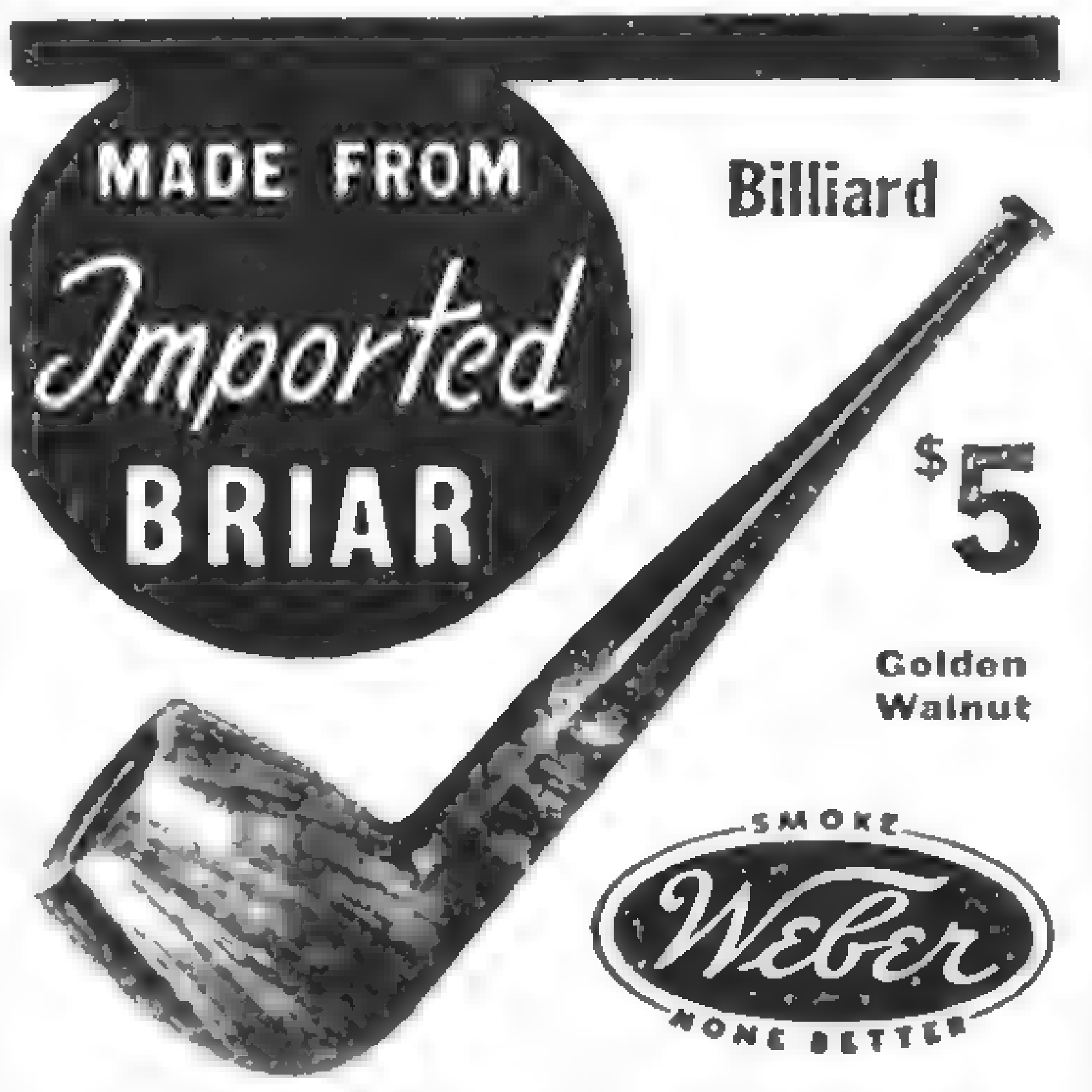

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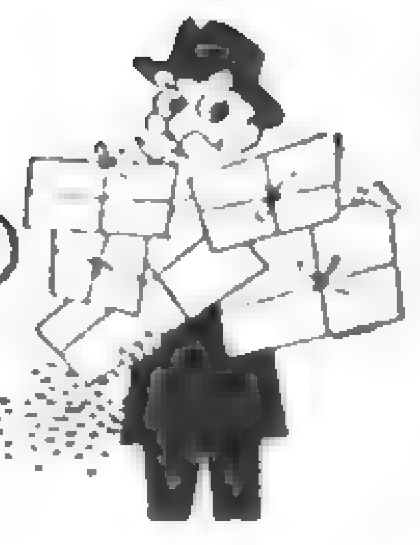

"MAKE WITH A MINK." You might as well become reconciled, gentlemen, to the fact that some day you'll be buying a mink coat for some pretty, petulant, persuasive damsel. Before you prepare to part with anywhere from a couple of grand up to astronomical figures, be sure you know what you're buying. There are minks and minks. If you don't know how to tell good furs, you must depend upon the reliability of the store from which you buy, and the manufacturer who made the coat.

RANCH OR WILD MINK? The finest mink skins come from Canada; the wild mink from Labrador, the ranch mink from Quebec . . . where about 250 ranches breed mink. Inspection is made by government men in order that an impartial, unbiased judgment decides whether or not pelts are fine enough to be sent out as coming from Quebec. Each super quality skin is sealed with the crest of the Province of Quebec. Only one furrier in the United States, noted for his craftmanship, makes these crested mink coats . . . the acme of perfection and beauty among minks . . . and just one store in a city is allowed to sell them. A crested mink costs about the same as a fine wild Labrador mink.

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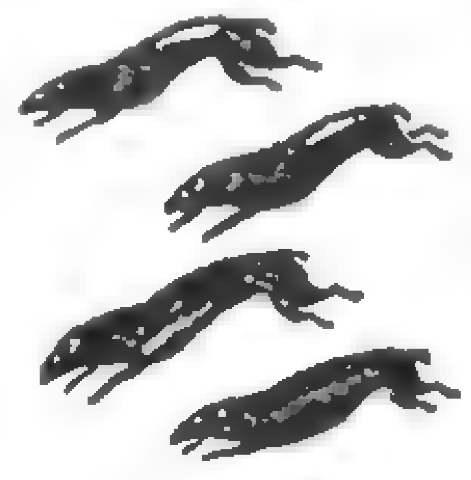

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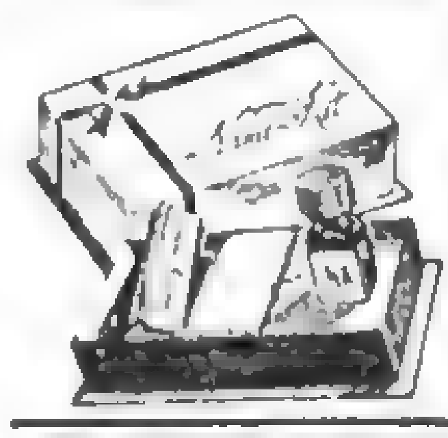
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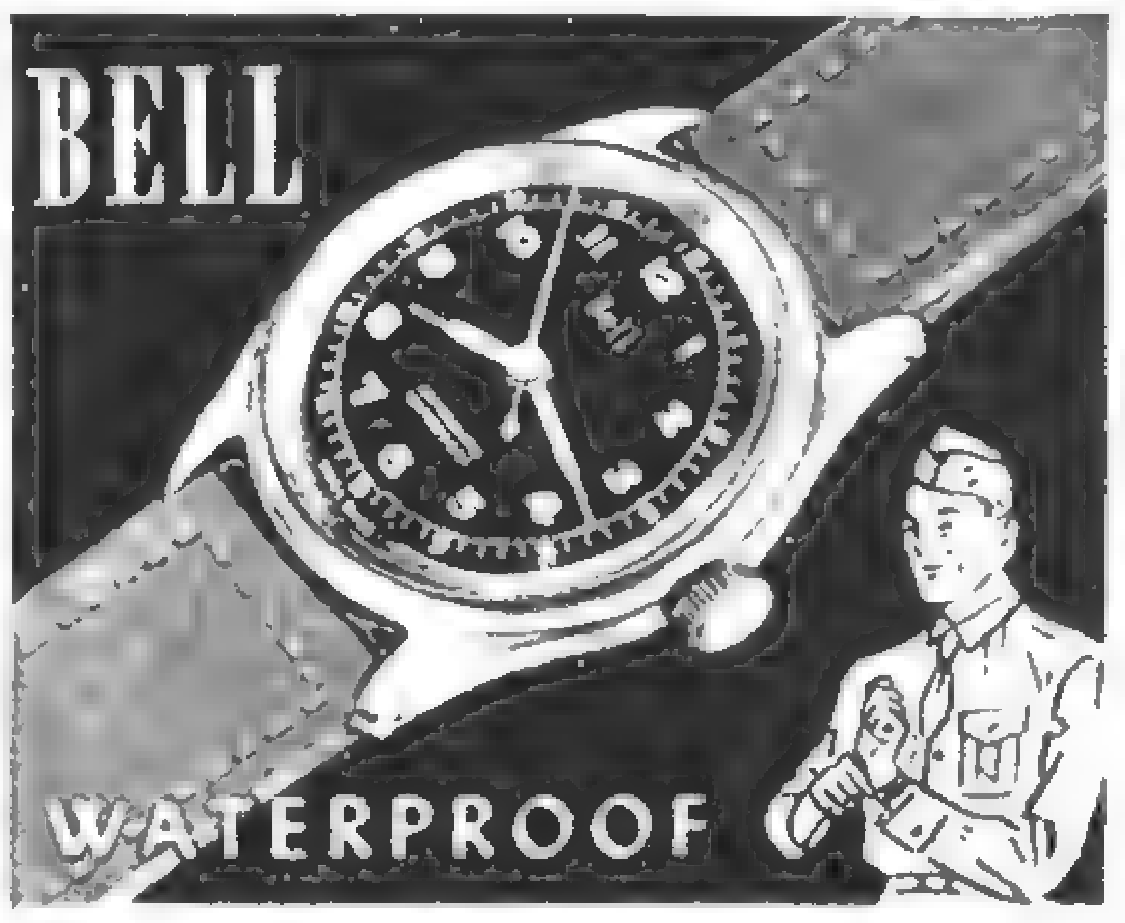

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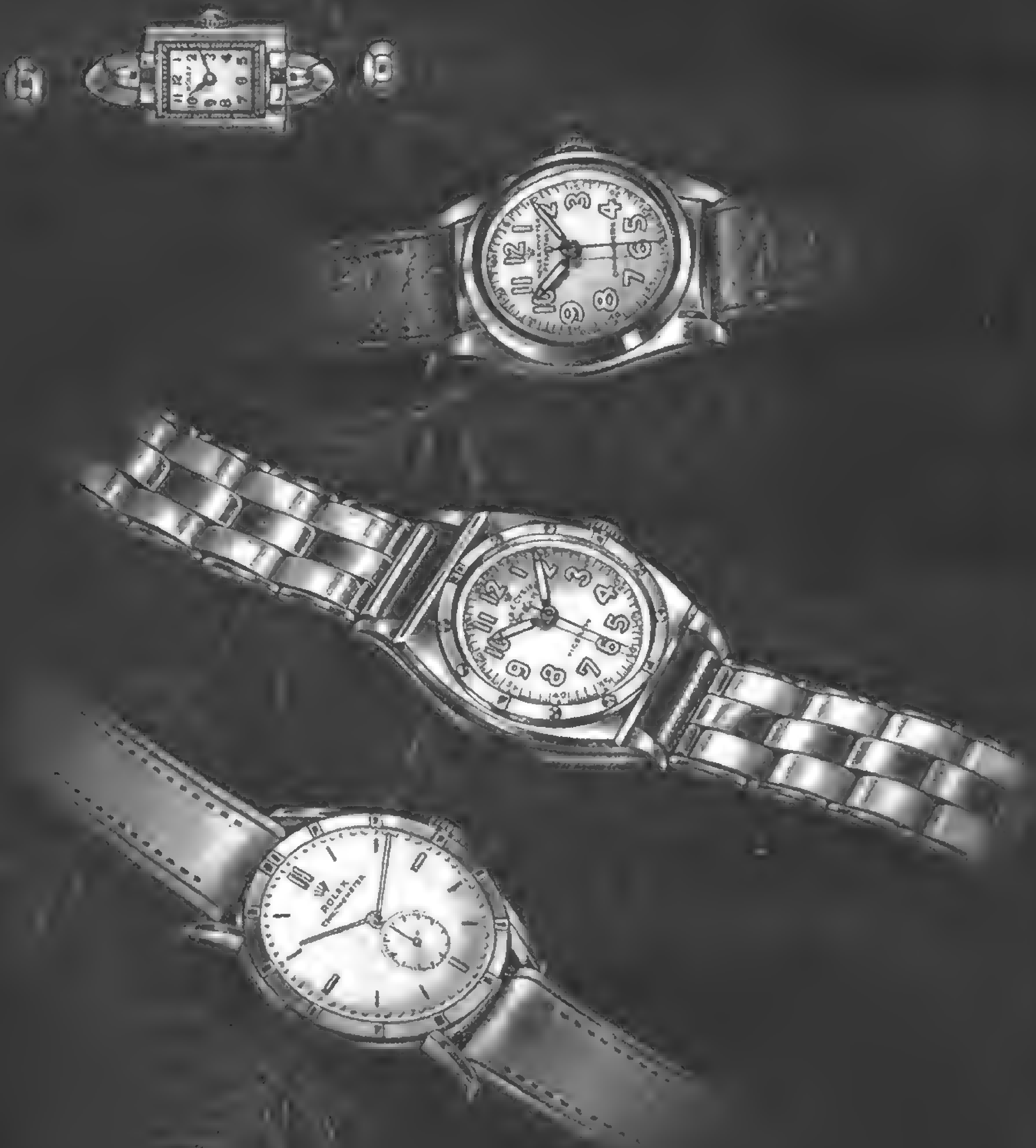
flat gold perpetual,
ladies' steel oyster, soon available.
Styled for Christmas . . .
ladies' dress watches,
some set with diamonds . . .
also men's dress and pocket watches.



• Ladies' dress watch, solid gold with silk cord . .	$140.00
• Stainless steel Oyster Perpetual	$141.75
• "Viceroy" . . . stainless steel Oyster with gold bezel . . including bracelet	$216.00
• Man's dress chronometer, 18 carat gold . . .	$280.00

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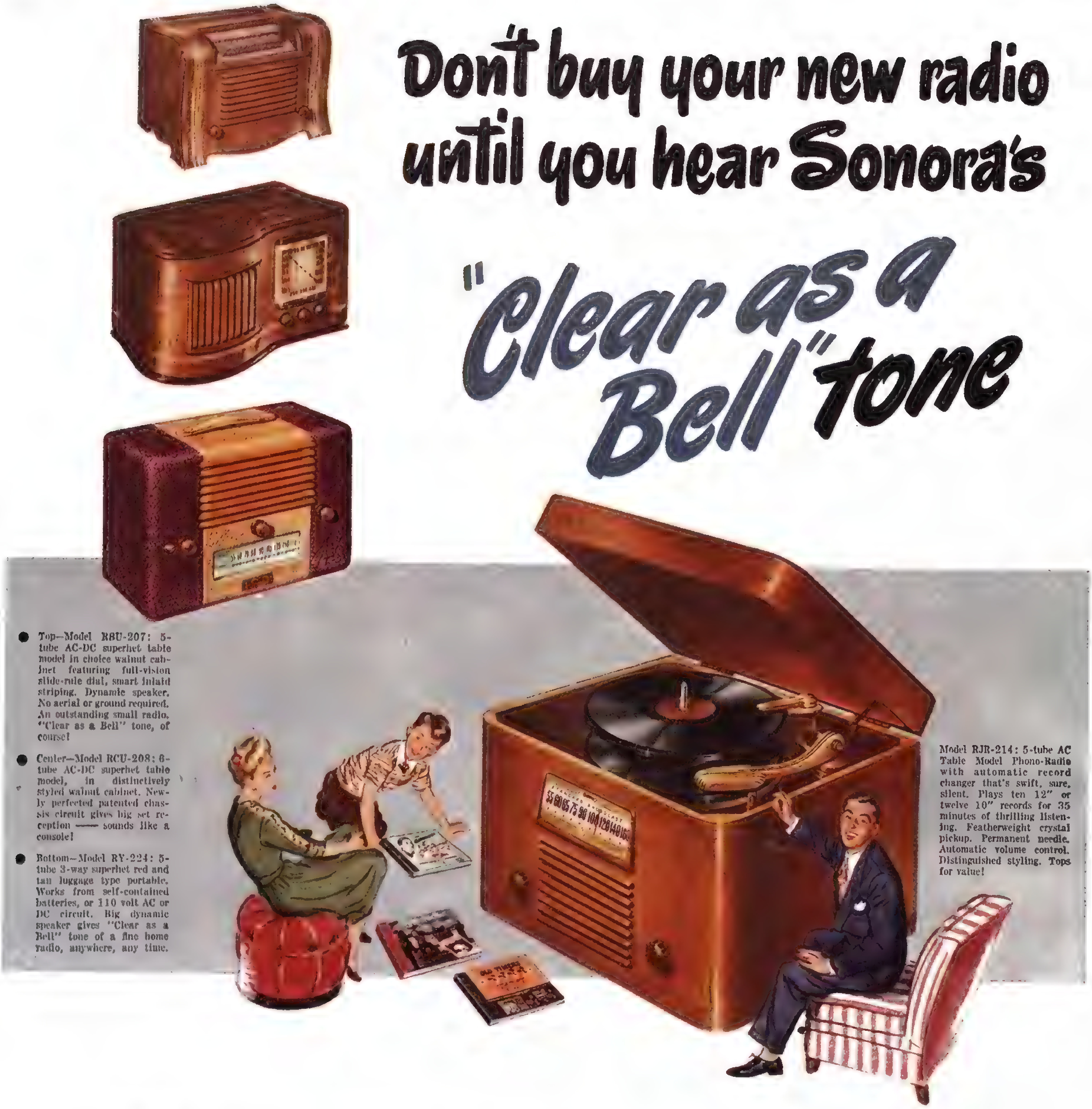
Don't buy your new radio until you hear Sonora's "Clear as a Bell" tone



- Top—Model RBU-207: 5-tube AC-DC superhet table model in choice walnut cabinet featuring full-vision slide-rule dial, smart inlaid striping. Dynamic speaker. No aerial or ground required. An outstanding small radio. "Clear as a Bell" tone, of course!
- Center—Model RCU-208: 6-tube AC-DC superhet table model, in distinctively styled walnut cabinet. Newly perfected patented chassis circuit gives big set reception —— sounds like a console!
- Bottom—Model RY-224: 5-tube 3-way superhet red and tan luggage type portable. Works from self-contained batteries, or 110 volt AC or DC circuit. Big dynamic speaker gives "Clear as a Bell" tone of a fine home radio, anywhere, any time.

Model RJR-214: 5-tube AC Table Model Phono-Radio with automatic record changer that's swift, sure, silent. Plays ten 12" or twelve 10" records for 35 minutes of thrilling listening. Featherweight crystal pickup. Permanent needle. Automatic volume control. Distinguished styling. Tops for value!

Your new radio is going to be an important investment... one that can give you pleasure and enjoyment for years, if its tone is clear, faithful, lifelike. That's why Sonora urges you to judge your next radio for yourself. Listen carefully. Compare.

Sonora can make this bold challenge because SONORA has been famous for tone engineering for more than 30 years. And the new SONORA radios will treat you to exciting new marvels in brilliant reception, beautiful tone.

Sonora invites you to compare any SONORA for tone with any other radio in its price class. Then decide. Depend on your own judgment, not on claims. Check. Compare. But be sure that you go to your SONORA dealer and listen to SONORA'S "Clear as a Bell" tone before you buy.
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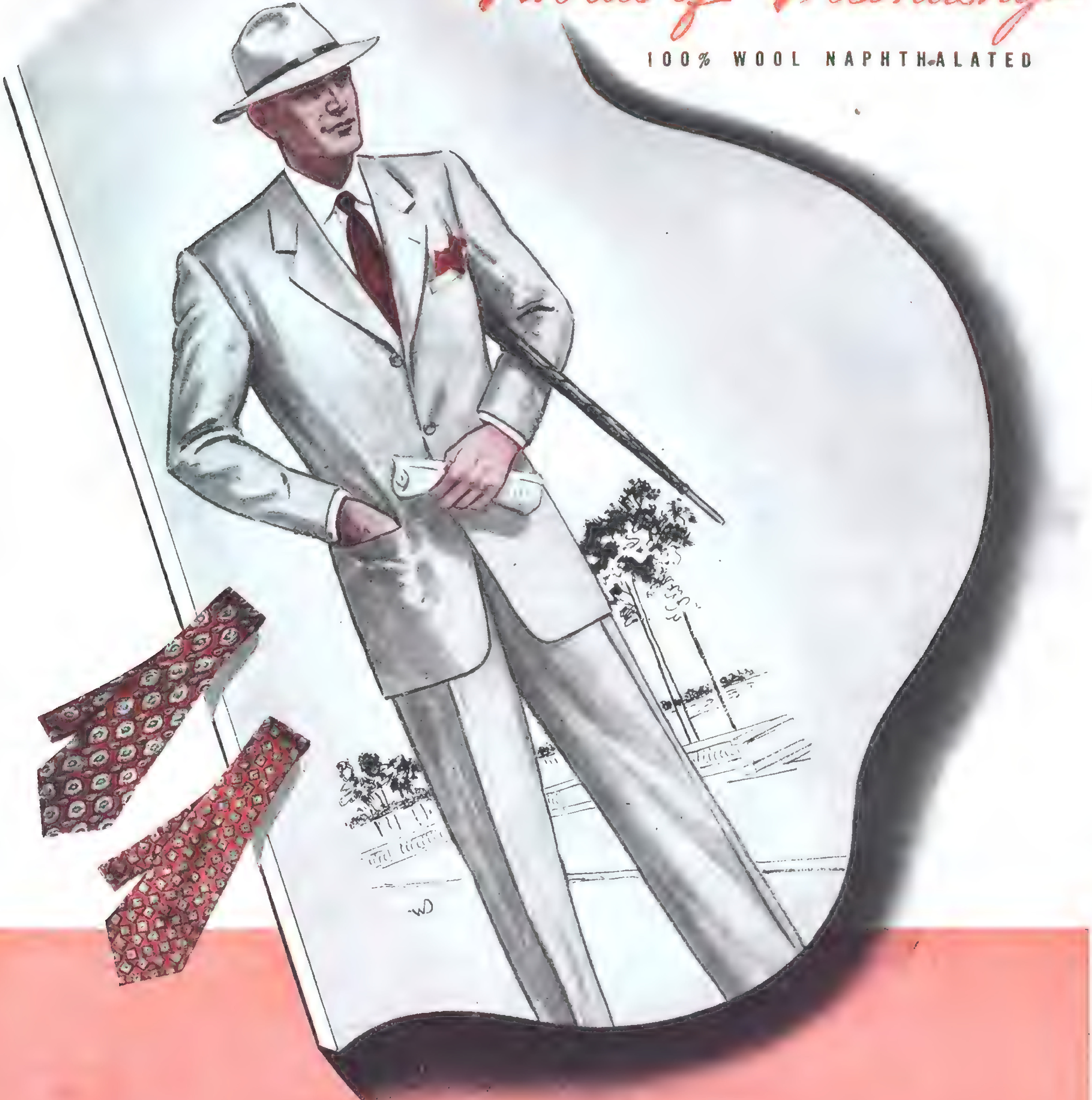

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Talking Shop

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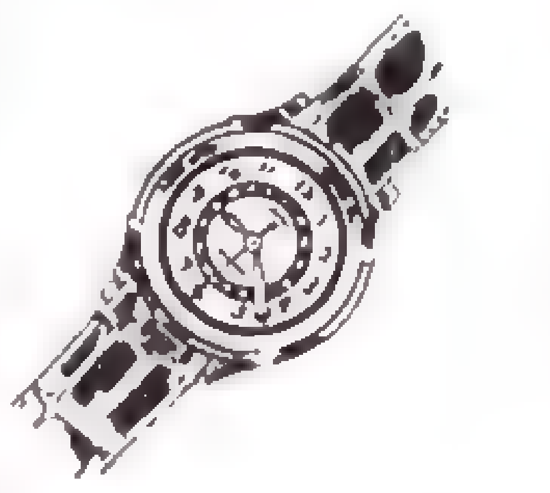
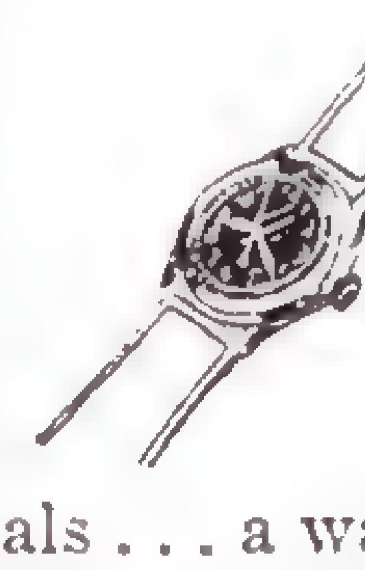


ONE OF A KIND NECKTIES. Another good gift for "hard to suit" men . . . a silk necktie with his monogram or lodge emblem hand painted on the bottom of the tie. You can also order ties featuring the recipient's favorite animal, bird, flower etc. Ties are guaranteed colorfast and may be dry cleaned and pressed like ordinary ties.

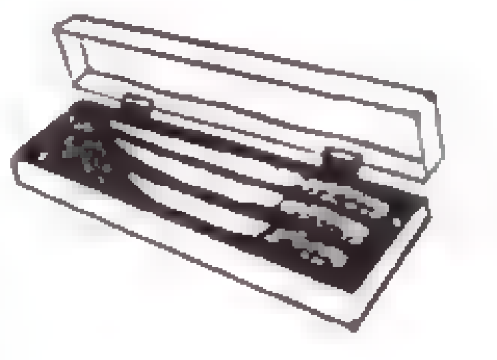
PERSONAL RECORD BOOK. Top flight big wigs will be pleased to receive a handsome volume done up in black imported sheepskin with the recipient's name imprinted in gold. Book combines the functions of a diary, appointment record, private financial ledger, date book, air and railroad fares, road mileages between principal cities of U. S. and Canada, advertising rates of newspapers, magazines, radio stations, 1945 range of stock market quotations for leading stocks, marketing data etc. etc. Truly the business bible.

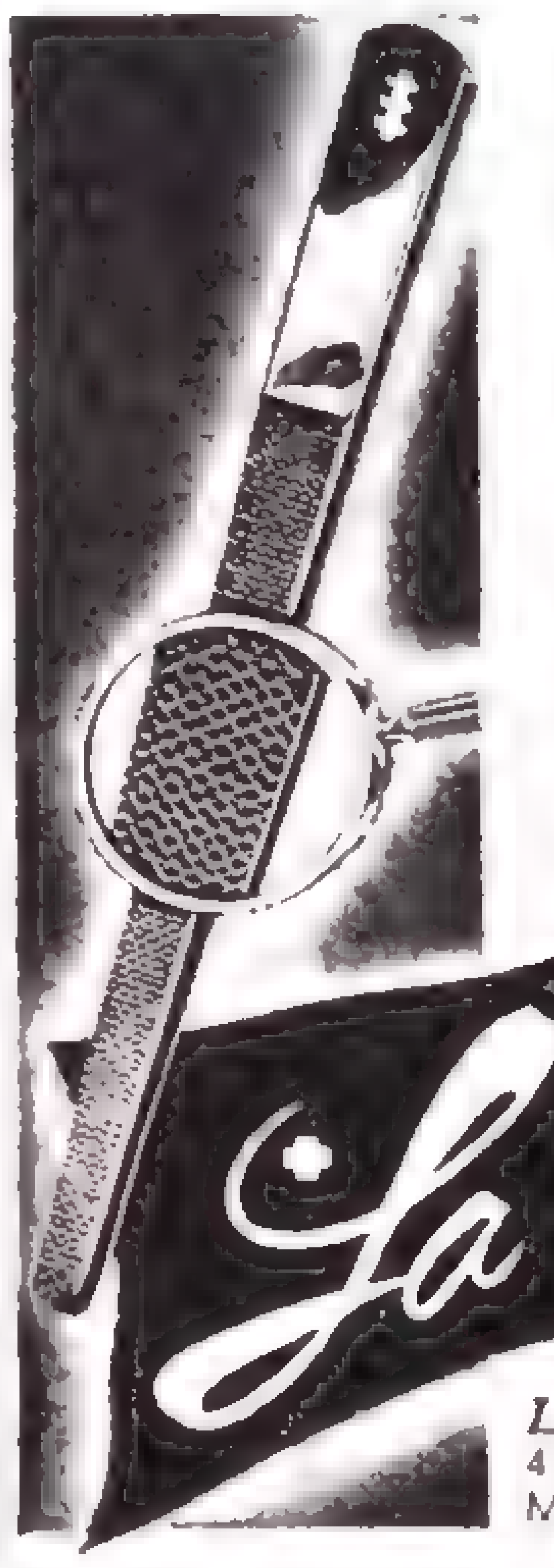
STILL IN SERVICE. Fellows still in the navy or in occupied countries keep requesting wrist watches. Popular is the waterproof, shockproof, antimagnetic type with sweep second hand, radium dial and hands, and unbreakable crystals . . . a watch that will see a chap through thick and thin. 17 jewels, all stainless steel case.



LONGER LUXURY. Want to come up with a gift that's on the unusual side? How about a gala gift box of 100 cigarettes, cork tipped, and *5½ inches in length* . . . as against the usual 2¾ standard size. Yes sir . . . twenty minutes of smoking pleasure. A suitable smoke for men or women. We have it that the smart set whips 'em out at dinner parties, bridge sessions and banquets etc.

HAND MADE CARVING SET. Any chap would welcome a fine carving set. Three different sized knives, blades measuring 6½", 8½" and 10½", made of high test carbon steel with "hand-grip" aluminum handles. All three in a sturdy felt lined wooden box.





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MEN! Insist on MIST for after shave, scalp and dandruff
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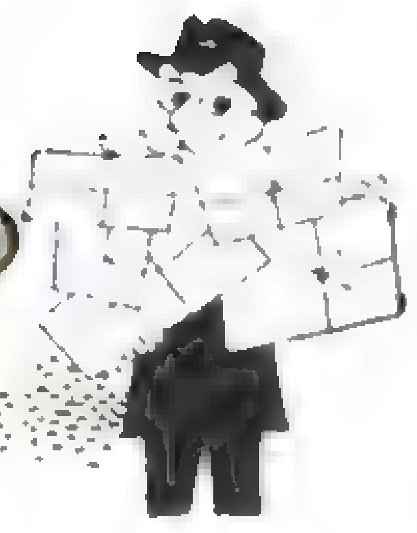
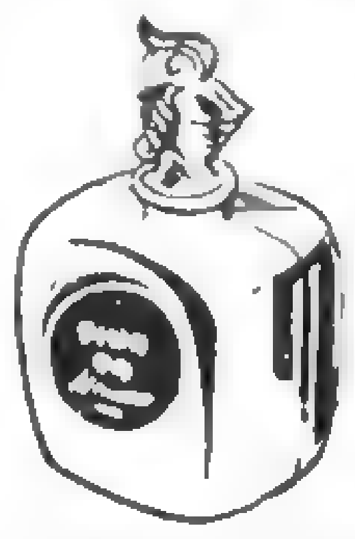
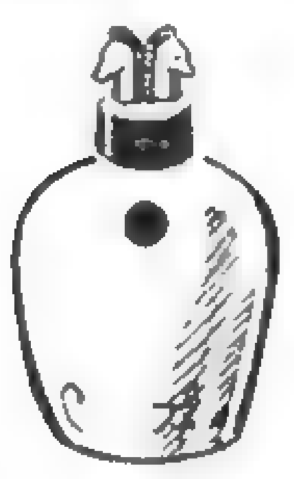


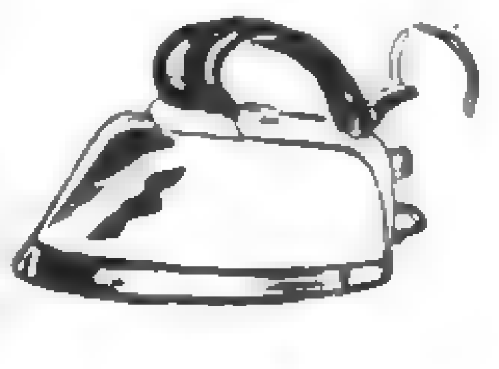
GOOD GROOMING FOR THE BOYS. The little woman who sets forth to buy a toiletry set for her man is going to be dazzled by the variety and elaborate manner of the packaging. At the top of the list for out of the ordinary design goes a line of lotion, cologne and shaving bowl in 23-karat gold plated containers (gold fired glass) with stoppers bearing the famous knight's head.



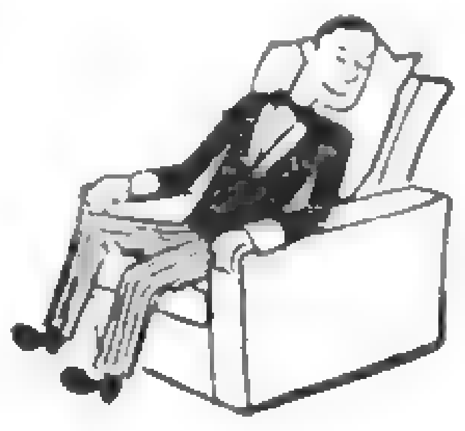
"MAGNIFICENTLY MASCULINE." Chaps still overseas can get miniature editions of a famous line of toiletries packaged in saddle tan porcelain flagons that carry well and can go anywhere. Shave lotion, hair dress, powder etc. emit a fragrance that's a blend of cognac, cedarwood and Russian leather.



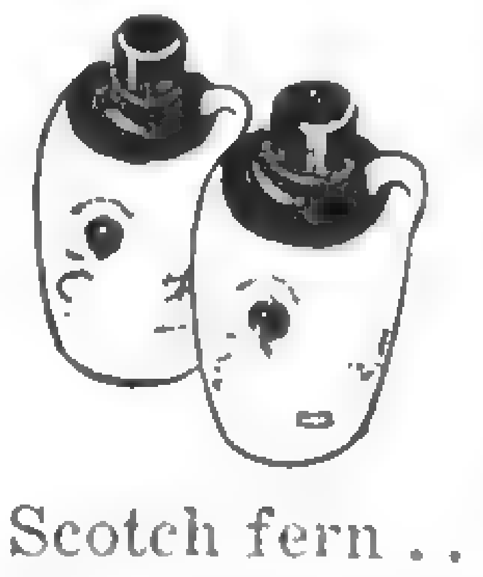
ELECTRIC STEAM IRON. One of the choicest, most useful gifts you could give a woman is one of the new duo-electric steam irons. Experts claim the only way to iron synthetic fabrics is with steam. The steam iron is a 2-in-1, double duty appliance that provides steam for synthetic fabrics and changes in an instant to regular dry heat ironing for linens, cottons and flatwork. The automatic temperature control dial keeps heat steady for both steam and dry ironings, protects fabrics.



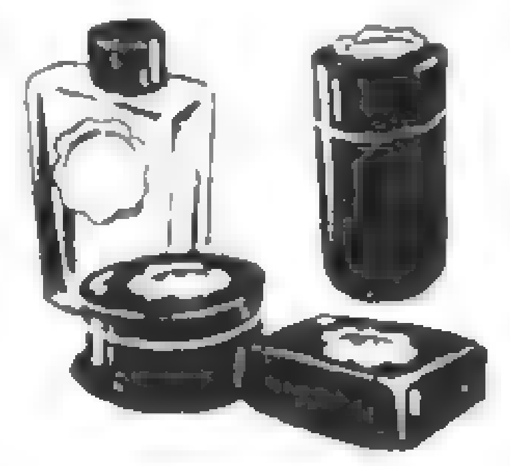
RADIO PILLOW. Install it on any radio, then relax in bed or chair, tune in on a favorite program and the speaker in the latex pillow allows you to listen privately to any program. Portable, soft, unbreakable, 14" square.



HE PREFERS SCOTCH. Another line offers its toiletries in little stone jugs and mugs, miniatures of ancient Scotch Whiskey and water jugs. Fragrance of these good groomers is reminiscent of highland heather and Scotch fern . . . a scent preferred by rugged guys.



IN THE MODERN MANNER. A new line . . . in containers of gleaming onyx porcelain with a royal seal of white ceramic porcelain for dramatic accent and man-size black wooden caps. Cologne, after shave lotion, deodorant, brilliantine, hair dressing all impart an invigorating odor of verbena and citrus essence. When depleted, the containers will make handsome collar button boxes, cigarette boxes, match holders etc.



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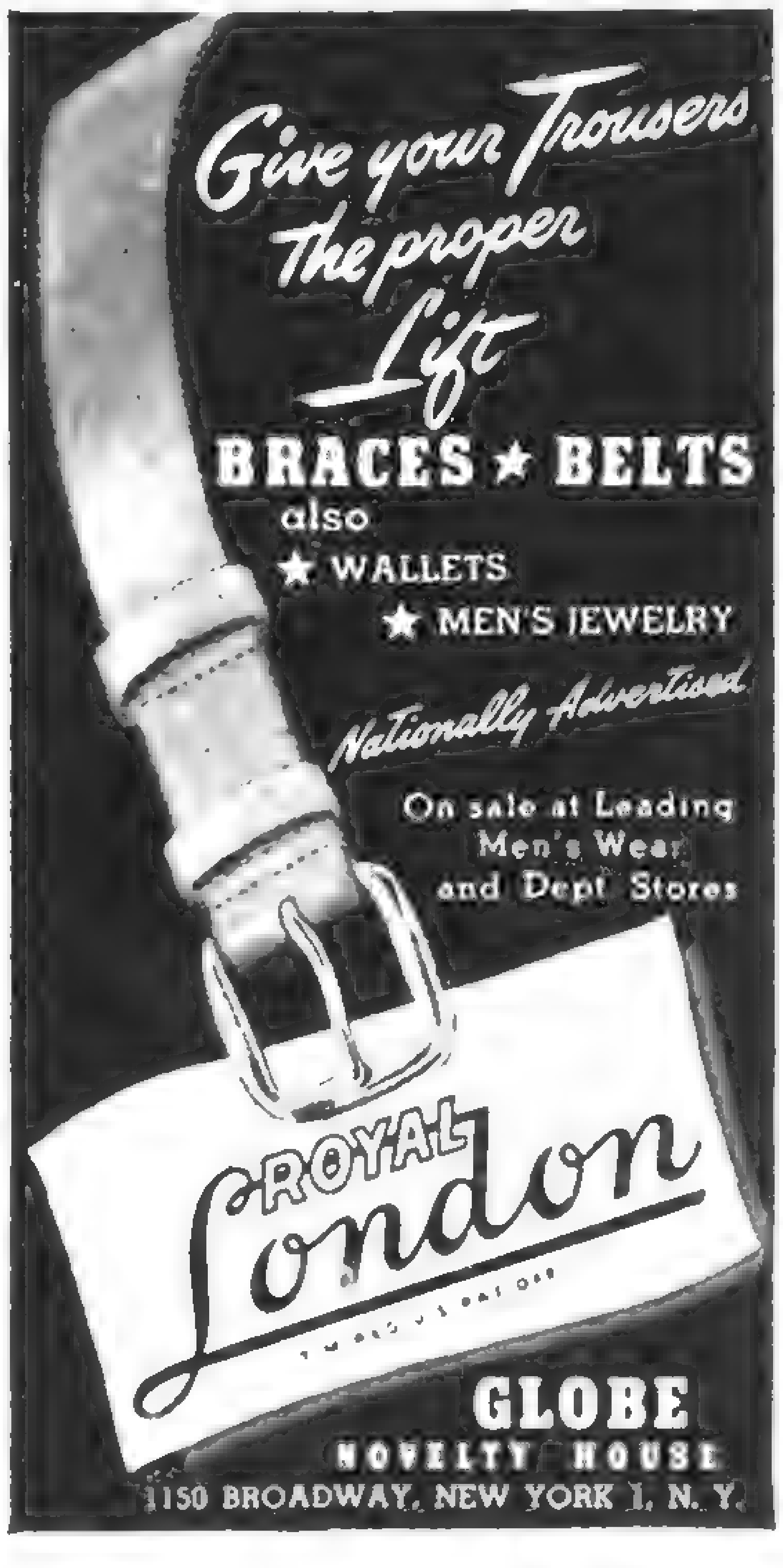

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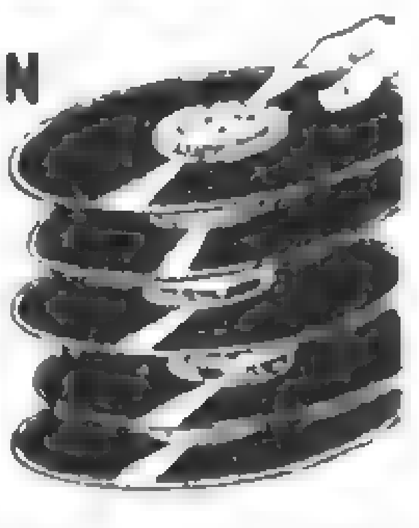

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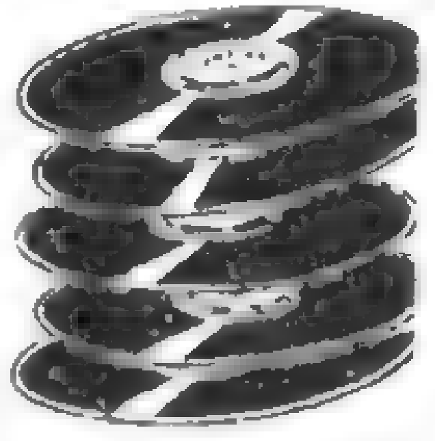

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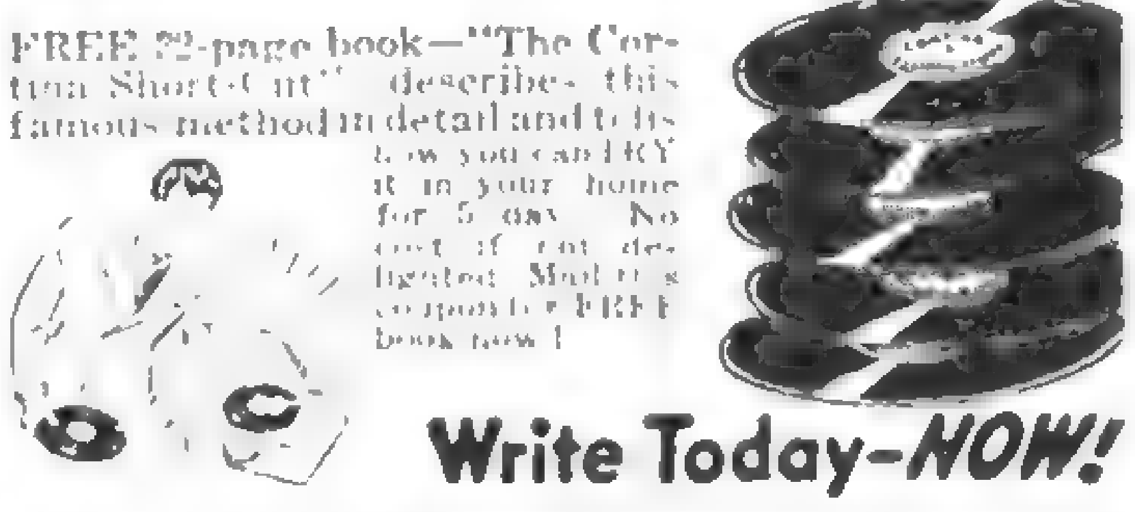

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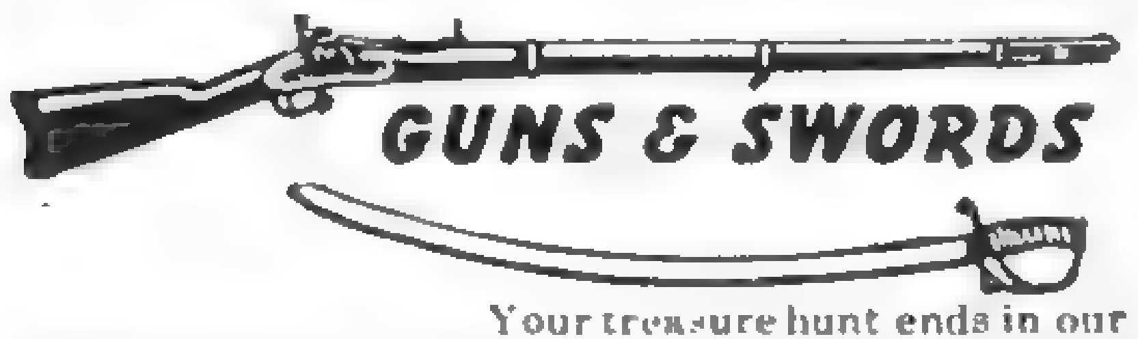

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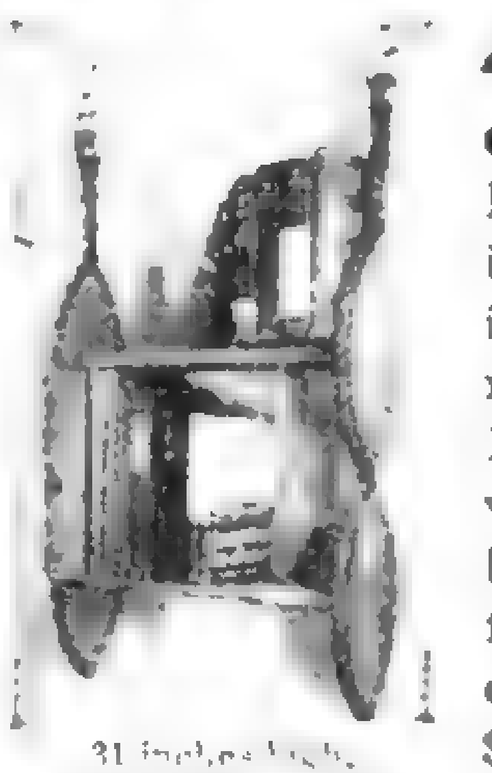

31 inches high, 16 inches wide, 6 inches deep

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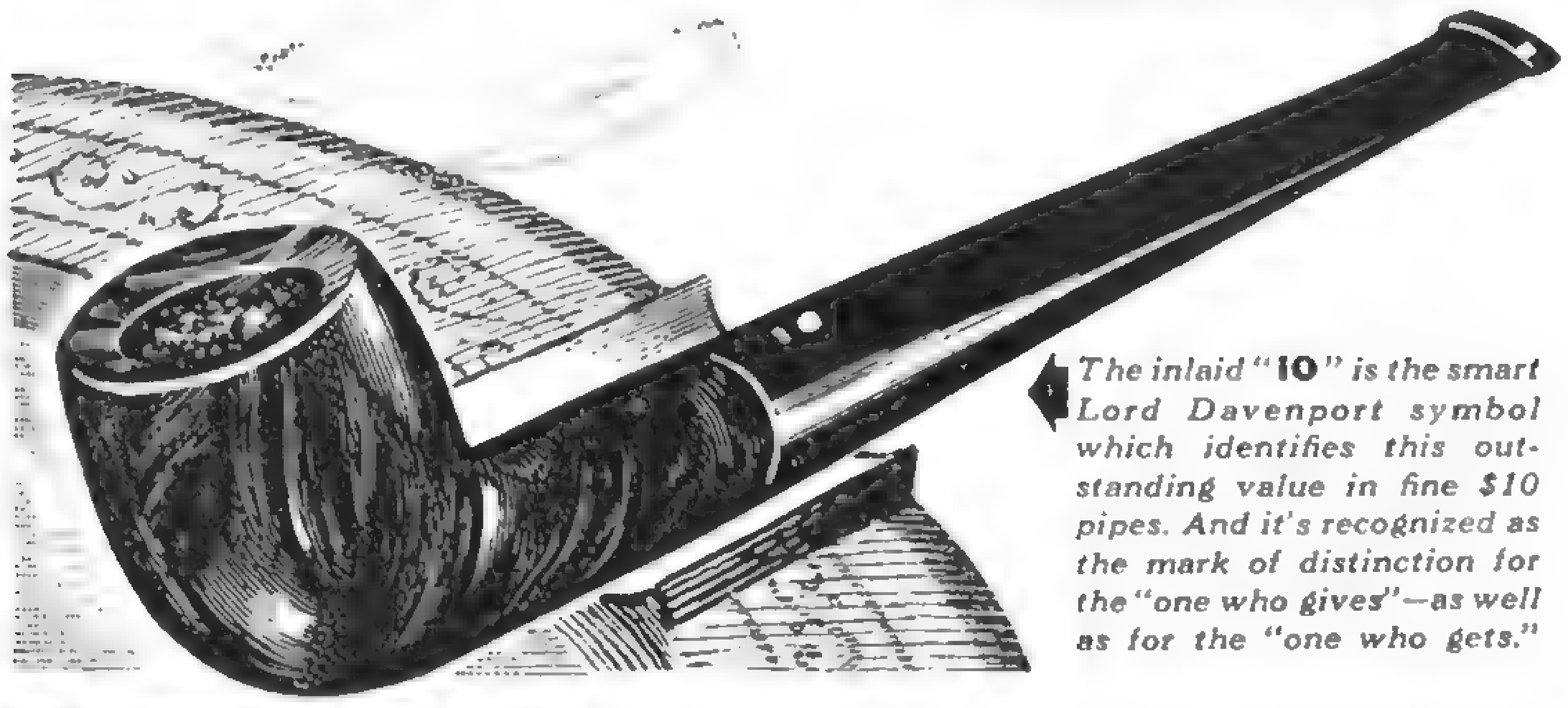

*The inlaid "**10**" is the smart Lord Davenport symbol which identifies this outstanding value in fine $10 pipes. And it's recognized as the mark of distinction for the "one who gives"—as well as for the "one who gets."*

For Men Only! Maybe you'd like to drop a hint to "somebody" that *you'd* like a Lord Davenport—or maybe you'd like to give one to yourself. And that's easy to understand; for Lord Davenport Pipes are hand-finished by experts from *choicest imported briar* to assure their regular grain and flawless finish. But even more important to you than their striking beauty is the cool, mellow smoking pleasure they give for years . . . and years . . . and years. No matter how large your pipe collection, it's not complete without a Lord Davenport!

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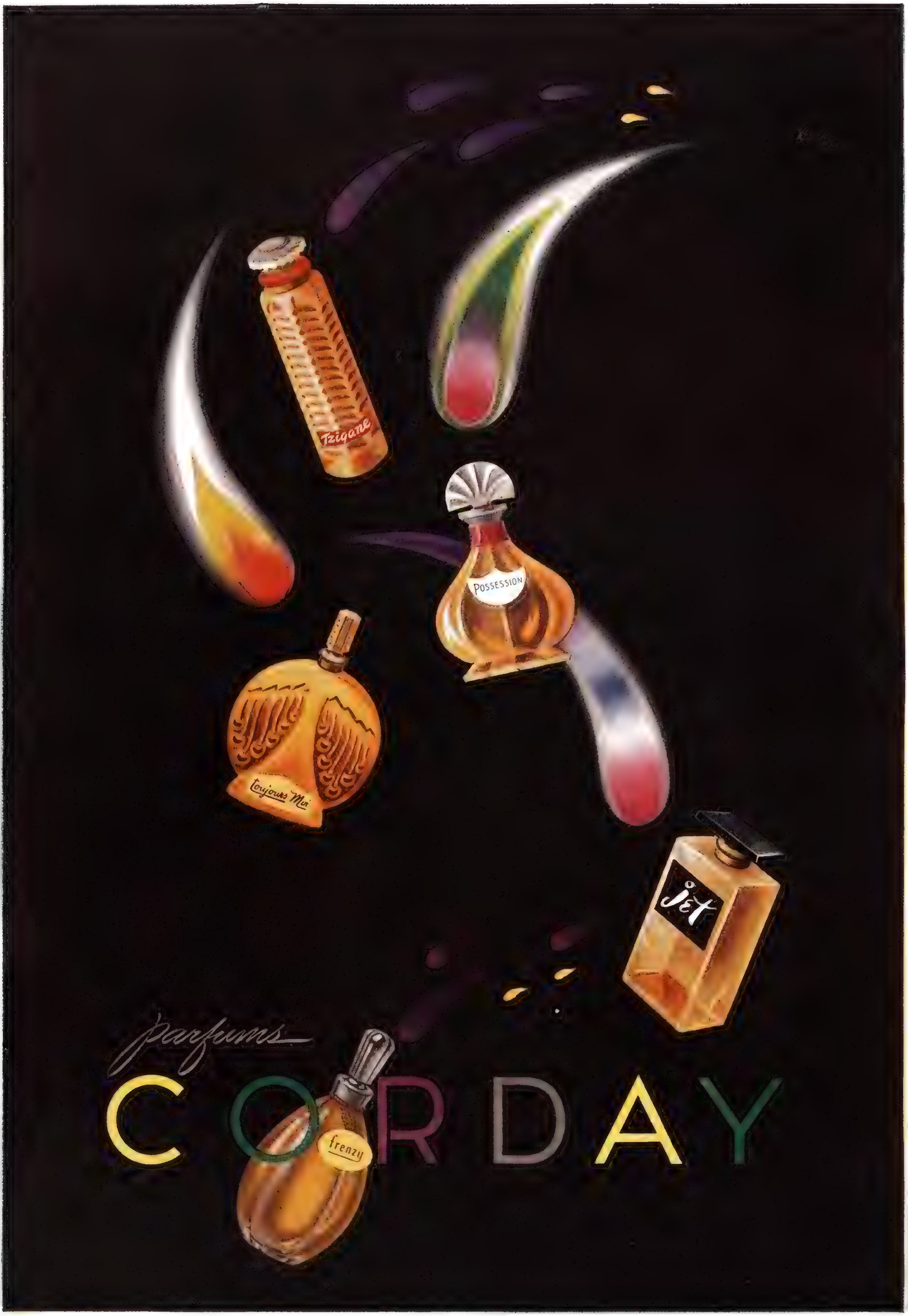
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a Rich and Beautiful Magazine of Travel, Recreation and Play, will appear with the March, 1946 issue. It will be mailed to reach Charter Subscribers and sold on newsstands February 20.

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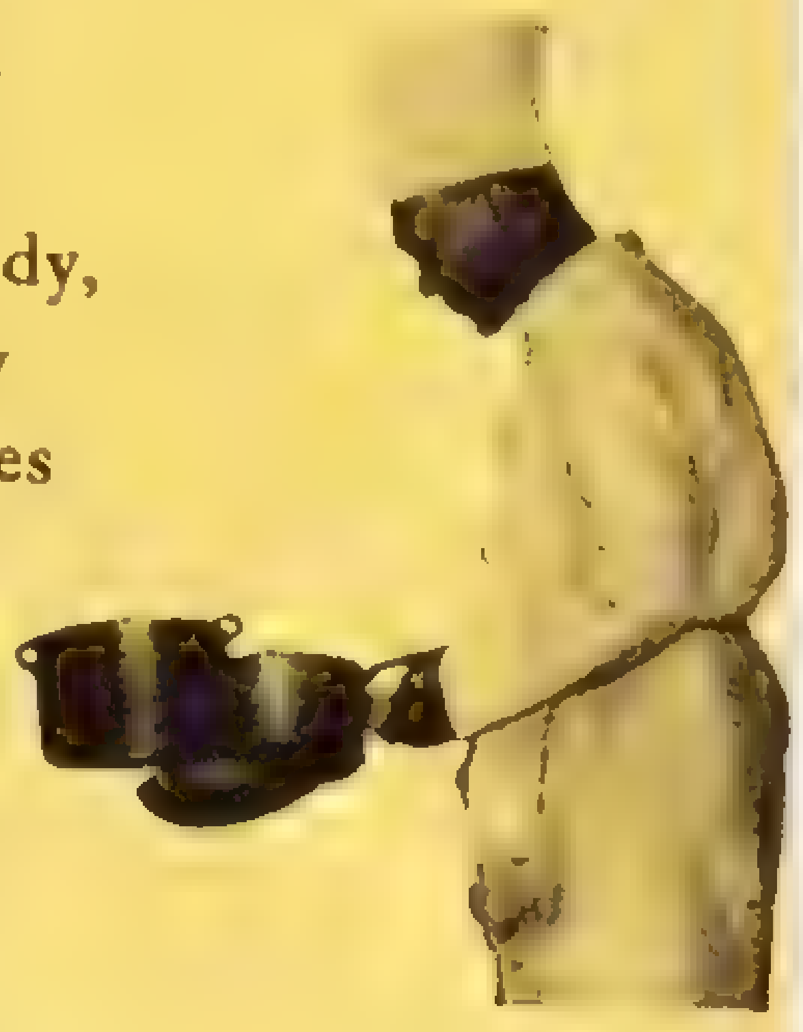

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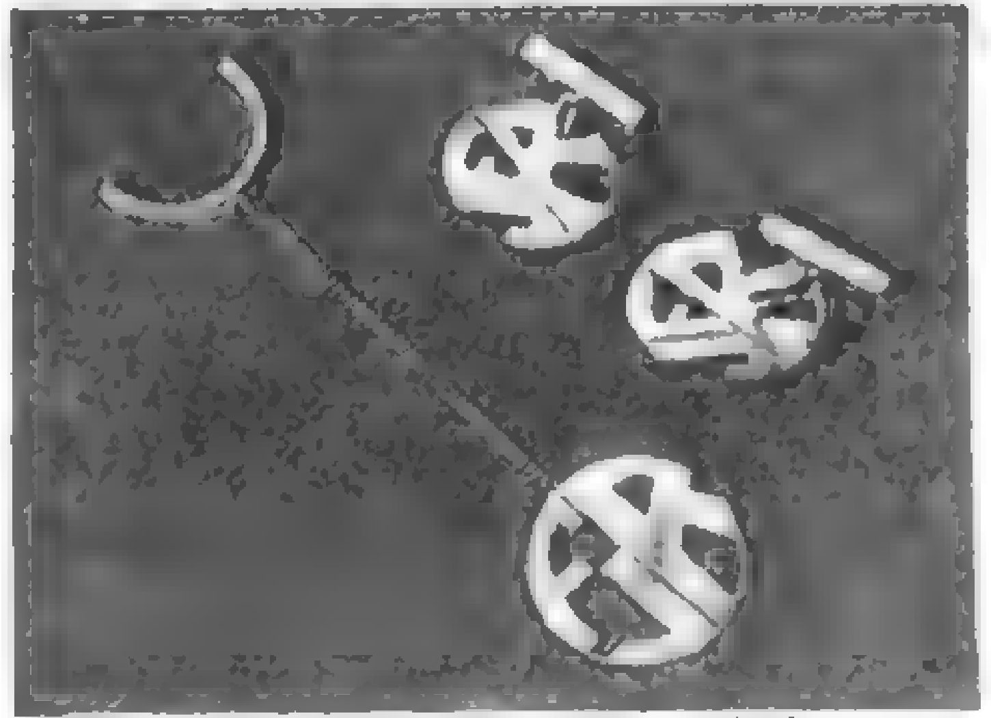

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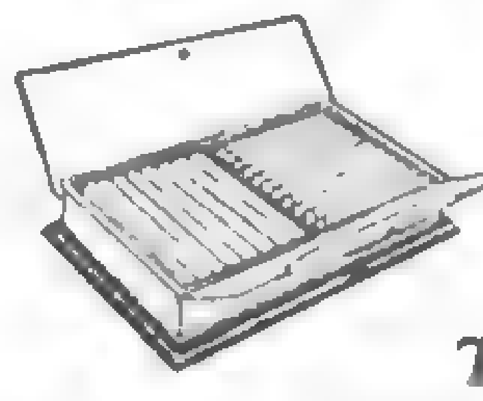

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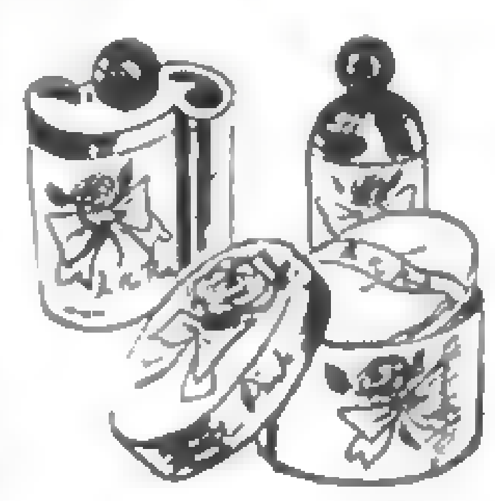
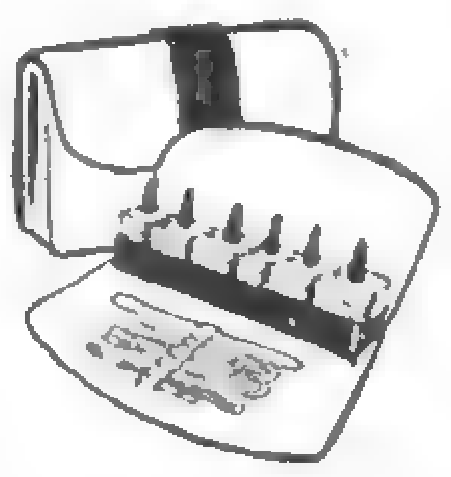


CHRISTMAS SETS. An ounce bottle of "Tweed," "Miracle," "Confetti" or "Anticipation" perfume plus a 4 oz. decanter of matching cologne. This in a laminated box, blue and silver striped, tied across with blue and lavender satin ribbon. Very deluxe. "Pullman" . . . modern as the Super Chief, this natural grain genuine leather case with a disc for monogramming. Its removable tray contains nail polish, and 5 other bottles of manicuring fluids, plus complete equipment, sassons, emery boards etc. A beauty.



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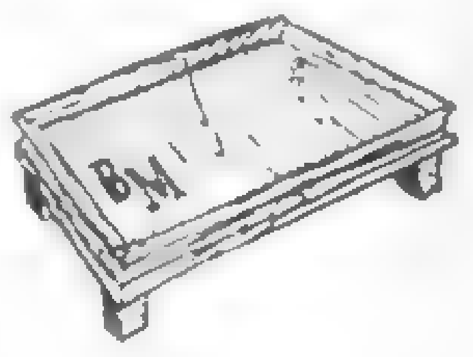

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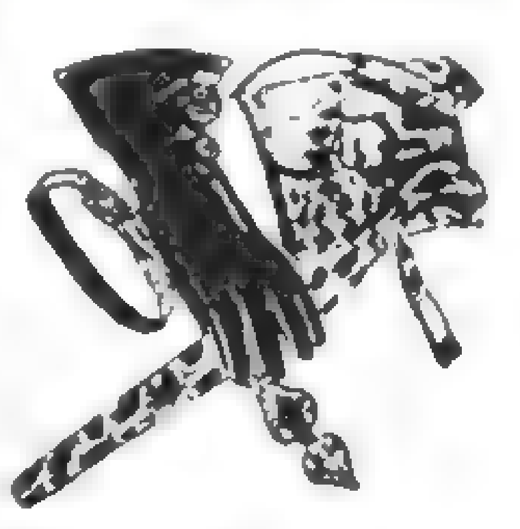
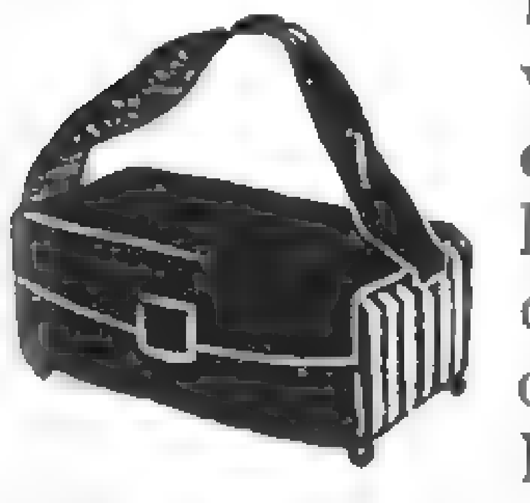
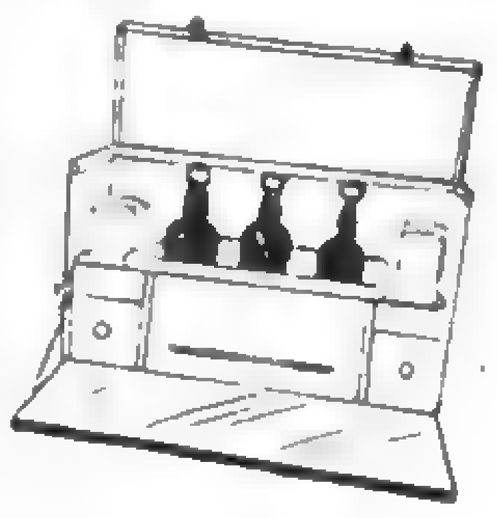


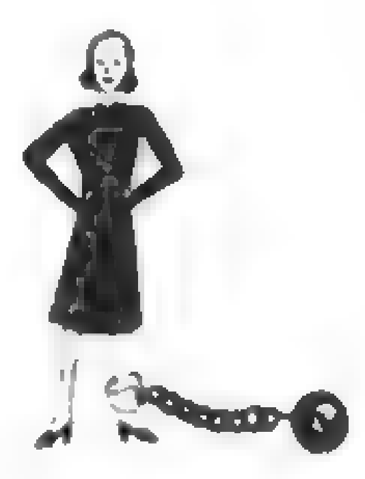
WALKING STICK BAG. Copycatting the men, an illustrious handbag designer comes up with a huge black suede bag whose shell handles are shaped like a couple of crook handled canes. Milady hooks them casually over her arm. Another conversation piece handbag looks like a glorified lunch box. Its front, top and back are of deep ebony suede, its ends of ribbed pseudo tortoise shell. There's a large square mirror set in the lid. Trés trés chic, this one.



FOR THE BOSS! Hard to find something that the boss doesn't already own. 10 to 1 he has never seen a portable bar like this one. The bar, height 6", lengtn 21", width 6¼", is finished in alcohol-proof grained mahogany. Front drops down on two desk-type hinges to provide an aluminum mixing tray. Upper part of the inside rear section is mirrored, to give a regular bar effect. Case is equipped with 3 decanters, topped with plastic non-leak caps, 4 highball glasses, 2 sliding drawers each containing a measuring glass, plastic spoons and mixers. Whole thing fits into an aeroplane type pullman case for traveling.



COSTUME JEWELRY. If you seek the unusual, the flip, send her a "ball and chain" necklace. Its sterling silver, or sterling plated with gold . . . a double strand chain necklace interlarded with gold balls. Earrings to match. Then there's the "dumbell" necklace, round links which are held together by a series of miniature dumbells. Or "wedding ring" earrings . . . huge looped circle earrings about the width of an old fashioned wedding band.



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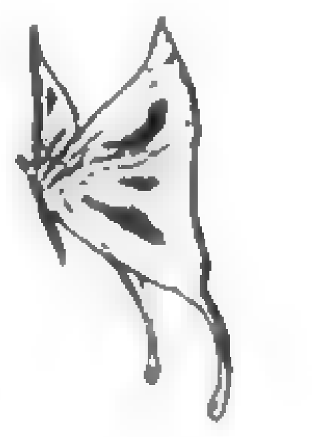

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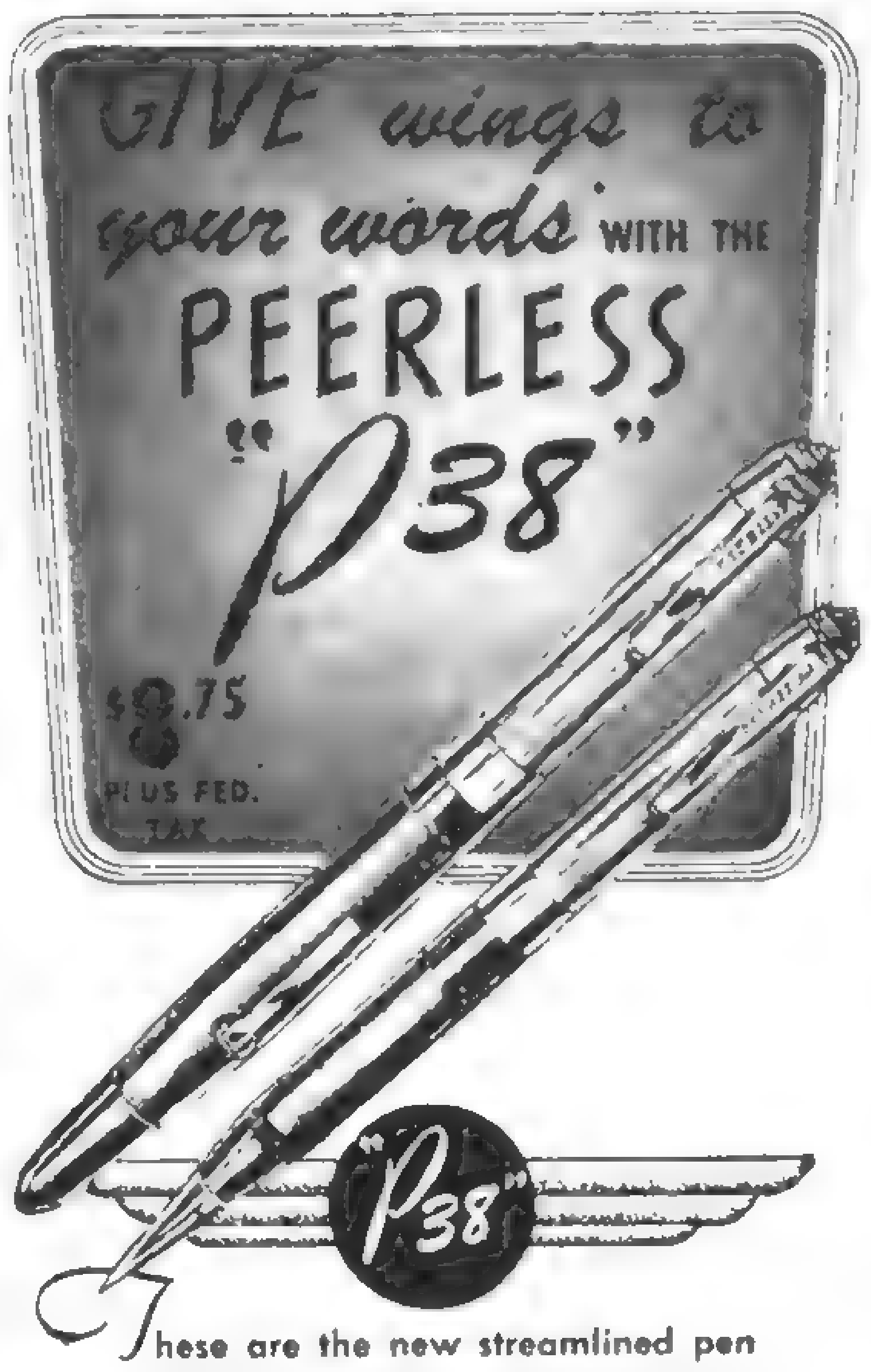
For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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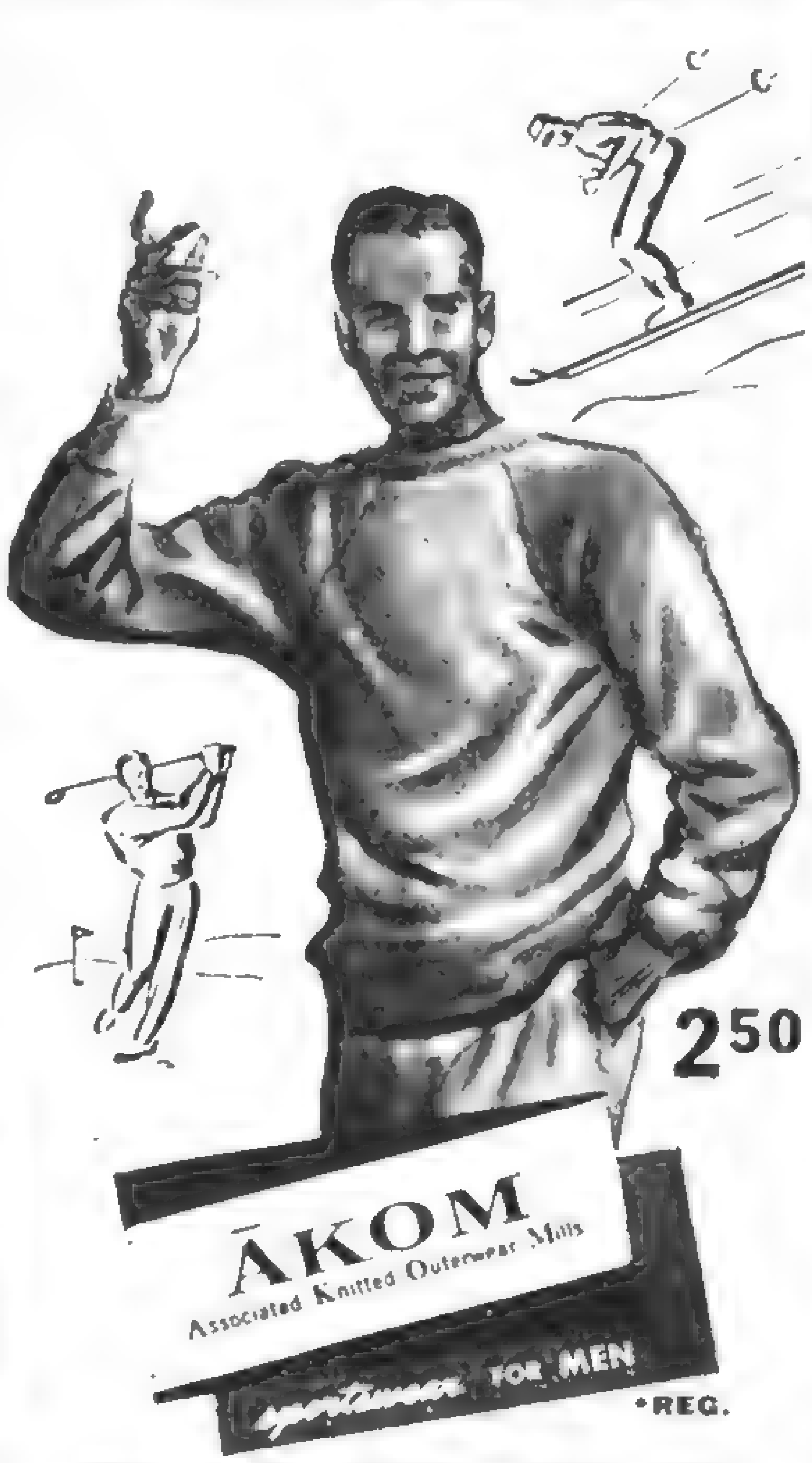

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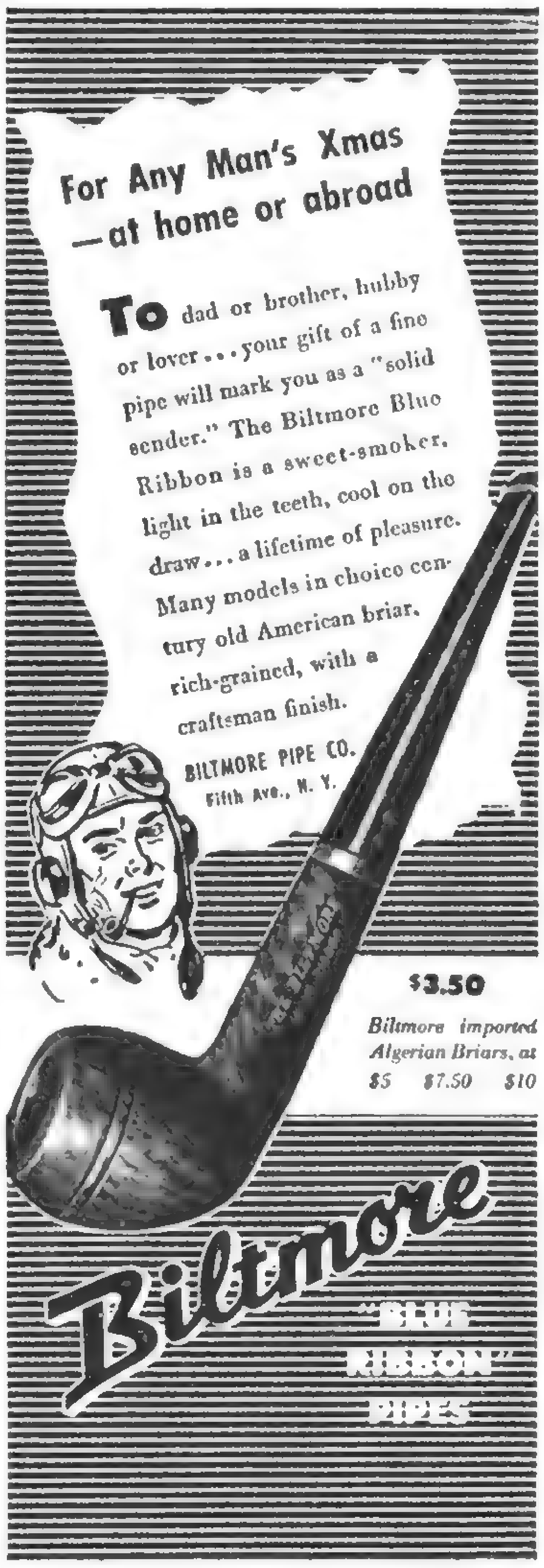

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Backstage with Esquire

Serving overseas with the U. S. Eighth Army, CAPTAIN LADISLAW REDAY did considerable research in the stimulating science of Jungle Juice for his article, *Remembering Combat Cheer*. As to his autobiography, he remarks: "Reday, the boy, was not particularly interesting, having been born in the orthodox manner in June, 1913. Graduated from M.I.T. in '36. In 1939 I told my firm to stuff their job into their jumpers, pinned my lunch money on my middy blouse and sailed on a three-masted schooner on the Fahnestock Expedition to the South Seas. As befits any Gloucester (Massachusetts) man, I am the skipper of an Eighth Army ship. I have been decorated once and frightened out of my wits heaven knows how many times. At the moment I am engaged in writing a book about a little-known, hard-fighting unit of Army sailors in the Small Ships Section."

Capt. Ladislaw Reday

DENYS VAL BAKER, a Welshman, is the founder and editor of *Little Reviews Anthology*, an annual collection of poems, essays, short stories and criticism from British literary magazines. He is also editor of *Writing Today* and *International Short Stories*. His only prior appearance in an American periodical was in *Story*. His first novel, *The White Rock*, was published last autumn and followed by a book of his short stories called *Worlds Without End*. His current story for Esquire, entitled *Passenger to Liverpool*, is pure horror. So if nightmares bother you, don't turn to page 108.

Denys Val Baker

At the time of writing *Three German Masters*, a not-so-pleasant picture of genius under the Nazi reign, KLAUS MANN was on the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*. After his last assignment, to cover the Nuremberg trials, he expected to be discharged from the Army (he is thirty-nine) to remain in Europe as a free-lance reporter, and to gather material for a book. As everyone must know, he is the son of the eminent writer, Thomas Mann.

NICHOLAS DI MINNO, contributor of the satire on contemporary literature entitled, *How to Read a Book and Live* (page 114) is a twenty-three-year-old veteran. This piece marks his first appearance in a national magazine. "I swam and played baseball in college, and have several clippings to prove it," he declares. "My mother says I am not as sinister as this photograph suggests." As this column goes to press, Mr. Di Minno is writing a novel which is near completion. He has received several overtures from authors' agents, but no takers as yet. The book, like his current story, is in a satirical vein—"the only medium in which I don't feel self-conscious." He felt strongly enough about it to leave Columbia Law School, in order to get it down on paper.

Nicholas Di Minno

S/Sgt. Melvin Durslag

S/SGT. MELVIN DURSLAG (*Arterial Arthur's Round Table*, page 96) was a reporter on the Los Angeles *Examiner* prior to joining the Army. He has been in the Air Forces for more than three years and says: "I have served as a public relations writer (God forgive me) on B-29 operations and personnel in India, China and Okinawa; I have five battle stars, no wife, no children, no hope of quick discharge." The picture of Sgt. Durslag, at the left, was taken in front of a B-29 before the plane took off on a flight over the Hump from India to China. Not one of the members of its crew is now alive.

ALEX DRINKWATER (*The Lord Giveth . . .*, page 48) says: "Thanks to Uncle Sam's largesse, I attended the Boston University School of Journalism after a hitch in the U. S. Marines during the last war. One of my distinctions there included the management of the boxing team which included Charles Farrell, erstwhile movie idol and Gordon Cochrane, the baseball great." Aside from newspaper work and political publicity "mostly for losers" he has done translations from the Italian, and has written a novel, not yet published.

Alex Drinkwater

ED FITZGERALD, author of *I Will Be the One*, is admittedly a top-kick—but, he believes, unusual. Palatability of the doughnuts interests him more at inspection than the spots on the kitchen stove. He likes to write, and his wife in Yonkers has three hatboxfuls of letters to prove it. His current story was written on a troop transport going from Leyte, P. I., to Okinawa with the 77th Infantry Division, when he figured his Filipino friend Benny was a character who needed writing about. In civilian life he was sports editor for the Macy chain of newspapers in Westchester.

ROBERT W. B. LOWE, who was born in British Columbia thirty years ago, was editor of *The Penticton Herald* which won the Mason trophy for the best senior weekly in the Dominion of Canada. Then came the war and an officer's commission in the Canadian Army. On discharge, he opened a public relations office in Vancouver (the only one in Western Canada). He has been writing since he was seventeen, mostly for pulp fiction magazines.

Robert W. B. Lowe

After completing his current article about the eccentric Howard Lovecraft, entitled *The Ten-cent Ivory Tower*, JOHN WILSTACH uncovered a rumor that Lovecraft, long sick with cancer, killed himself with a revolver. However, Wilstach prefers the yarn about Lovecraft's using a rocket, invented by a Providence, Rhode Island, inventor that took him to Mars, where magic rays existed to keep him ever young.

TOM HANLIN (*Meeting at the Fair*, page 113) has worked as a miner in Armadale, Scotland, ever since he was fifteen. Four years ago he attended a school of journalism in Glasgow, commuting fifty miles each week, while continuing his daily work, until an accident in the mines sent him to a hospital. While he convalesced he wrote several short stories. In April of 1944 he won the Arthur Markham Memorial Prize awarded by Sheffield University. He is now writing his second novel, was recently released from the mines. His first novel, *Once in Every Lifetime*, was published over here by Viking. It has as its background the terrible poverty of Miners' Row.

A cryptic, anonymous letter from one of our readers suggests that we led with our chin when we referred, in these columns of the November issue, to HARRY GILMORE of Duke University. This constitutes our apology to the great passer, HARRY GILMER, to the University of Alabama (his Alma Mater) and to ZIPP NEWMAN, author of the article, *Better than Baugh!* Next to our favorite maxim, "Never kiss a buzz saw," comes this one: "To err is human; to forgive divine."

ELIJAH L. JACOBS (*Good-bye to the Second Platoon*, page 101) is an Oklahoman (born in the longhorn cattle era) and an Associate Professor of English at the Central Missouri State Teachers' College. He writes: "I have done a good bit of free-lance journalism in verse and prose which somehow did not stir the newspaper world to its depths. My family consists of another writer, Edith Roles Jacobs, two daughters, a bulldog named Myrtle and too many cats."

Elijah L. Jacobs

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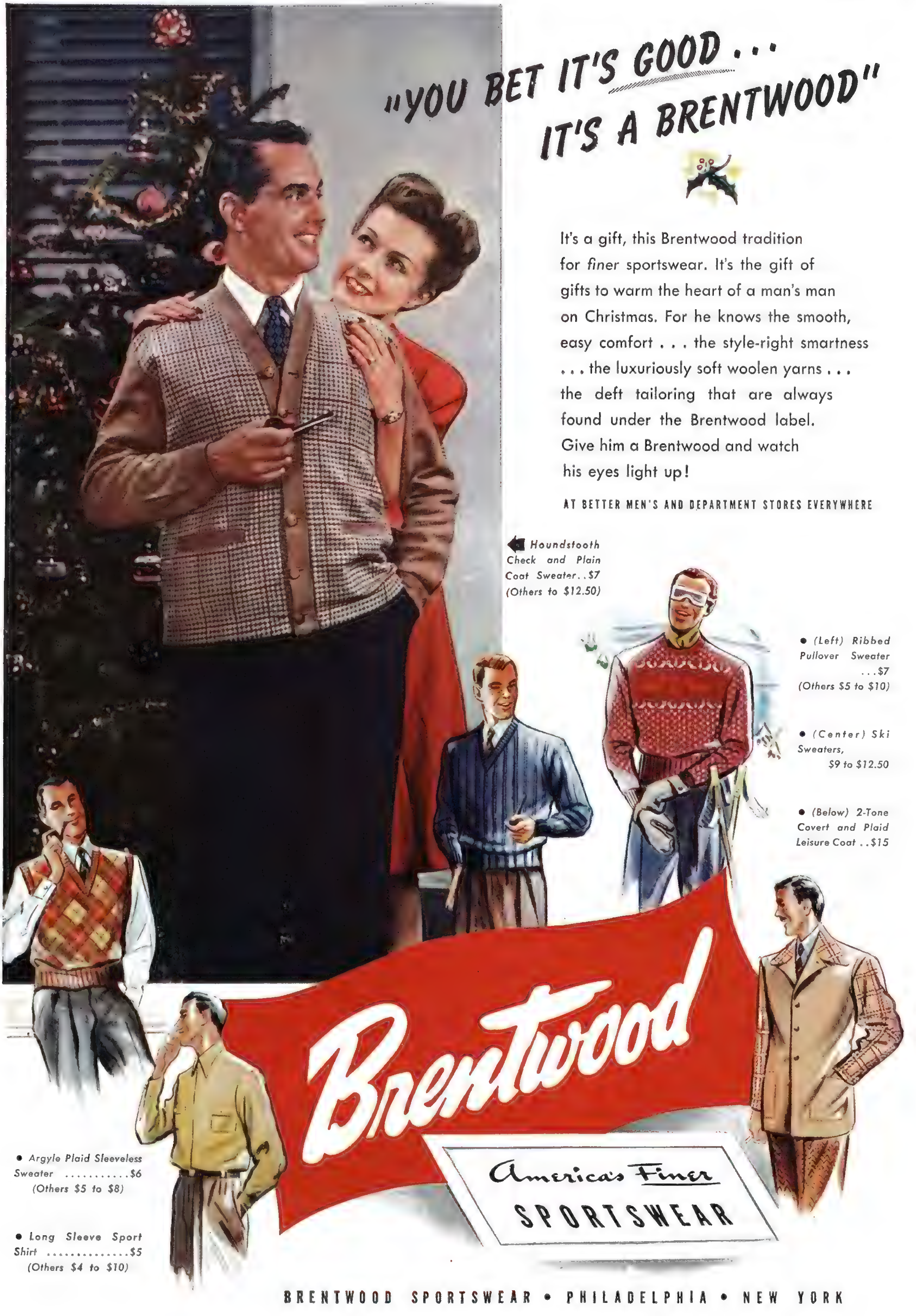

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- *Argyle Plaid Sleeveless Sweater . . . . $6 (Others $5 to $8)*
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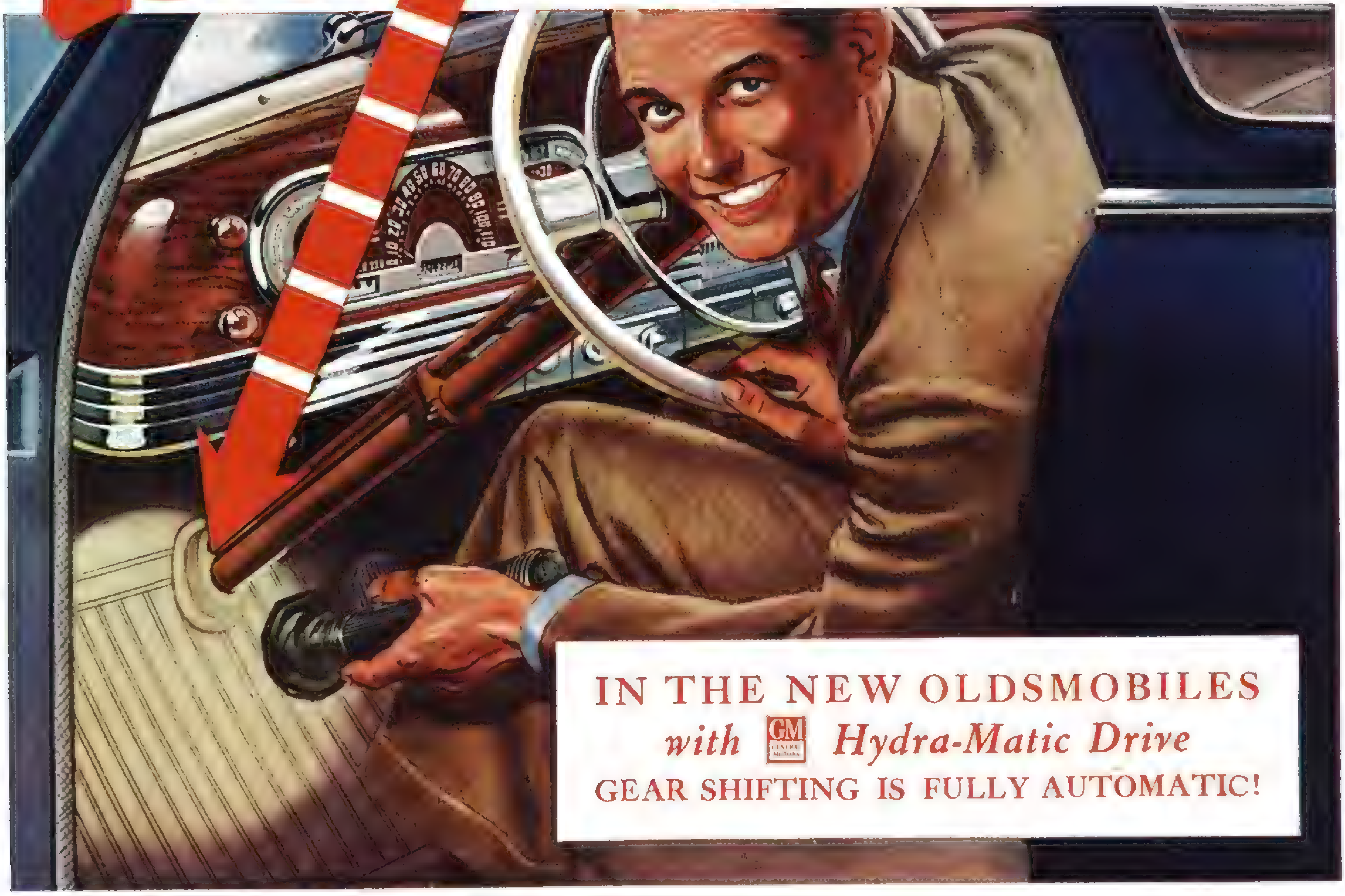
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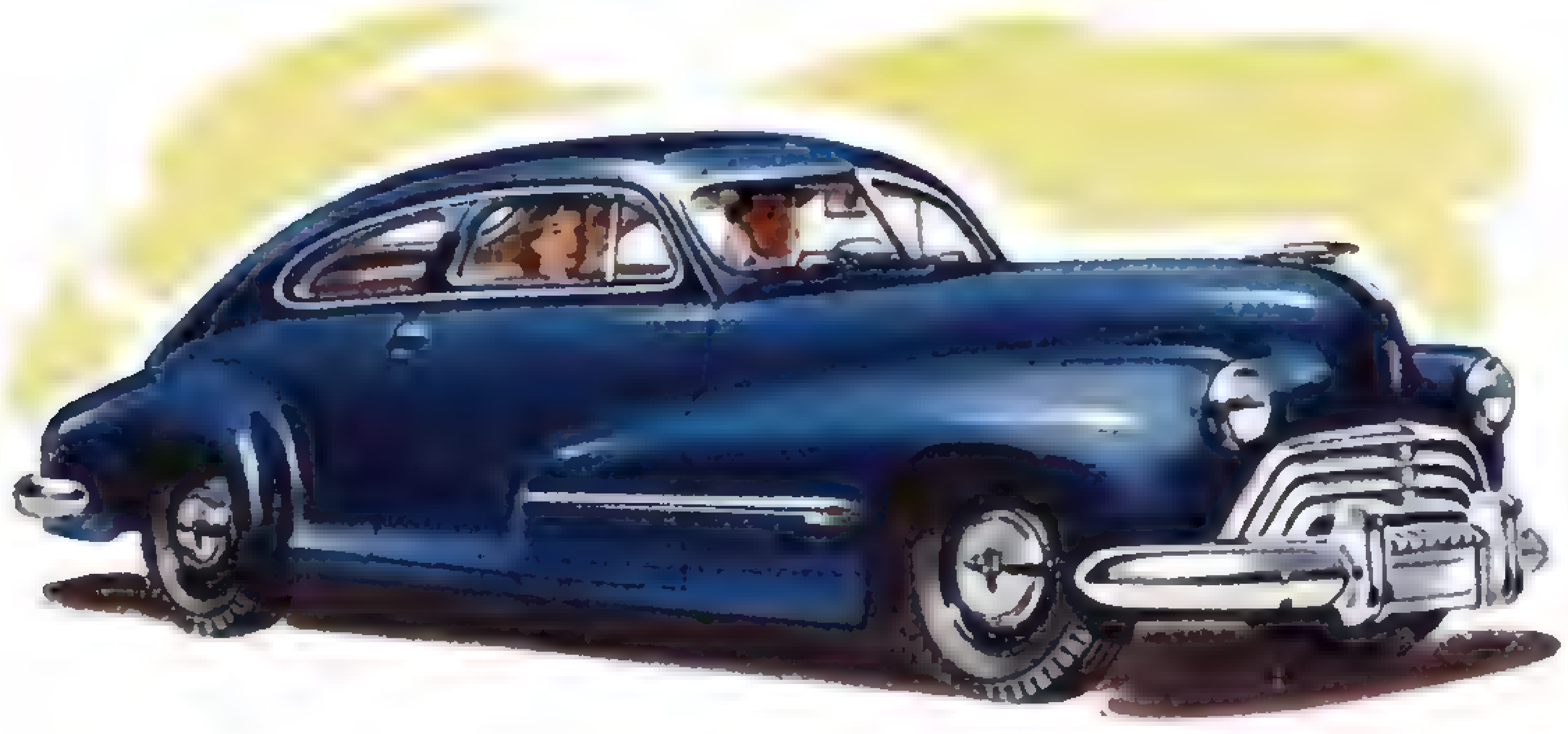
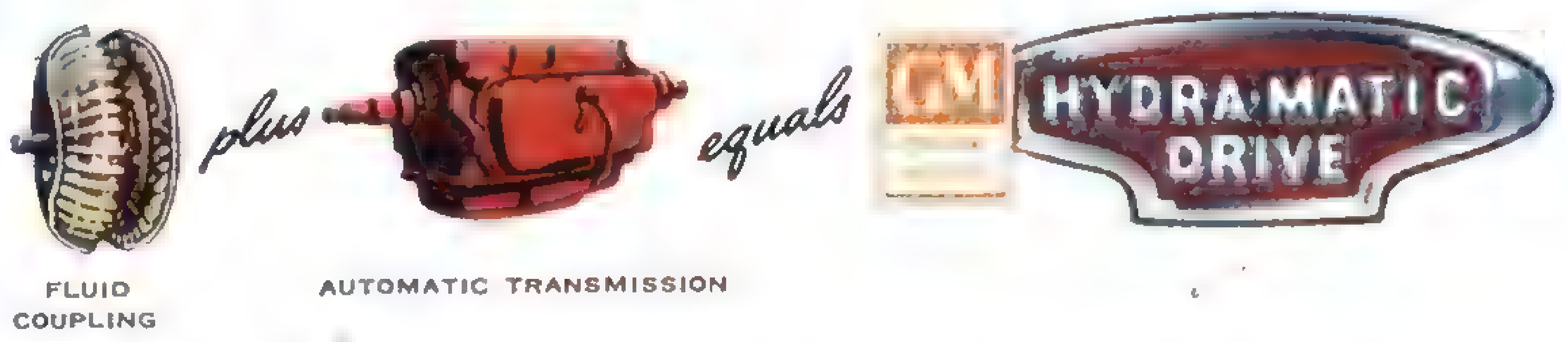


LOOK TO OLDS FOR ALL THAT'S NEW!

In addition to the new Hydra-Matic Drive, the 1946 Oldsmobile offers many other surprises. The modern beauty of its newly styled front end . . . the smart luxury of its newly tailored interior . . . the alert performance of its finer, smoother engine . . . all combine to make this car the finest in Oldsmobile history!

Hydra-Matic Drive is in the spotlight again. This famous General Motors feature, made even better and smoother than ever as a result of wartime use on tanks, is now being offered in all models of the brilliant new 1946 Oldsmobile.

Hydra-Matic Drive *takes the clutch pedal right out of the car.* There's no clutch to push down . . . no clutch to let up . . no clutch to think about at all. There's no gear shifting to bother with either; the gears shift by themselves—*automatically* —through all four forward speeds. All you do to drive an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive is step on the gas to *go,* and step on the brake to *stop.* The rest is simply steering. Because Hydra-Matic Drive *combines* a fluid coupling with a fully automatic transmission, it offers a combination of driving ease and performance that no other "drive" can match.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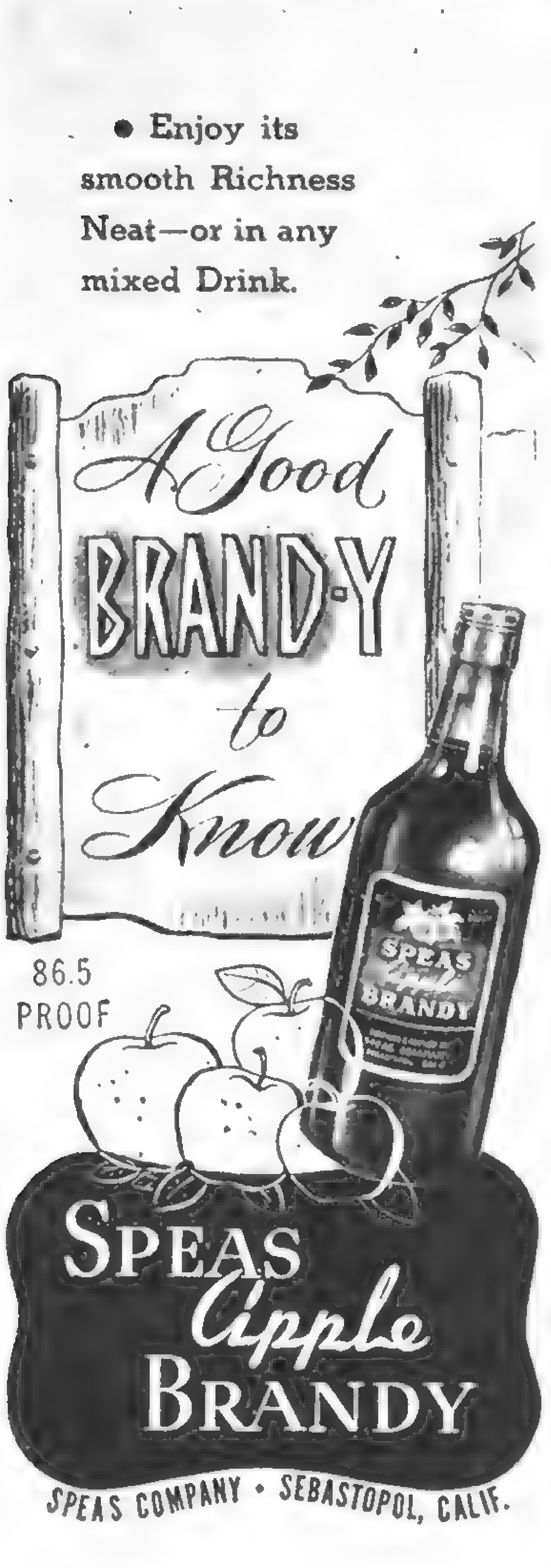
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Painting the Town with Esquire

GLITTER folk gandering the white-gloved wizardry of magician Cardini (wordless wonder, who pulls cards out of the air by the packload) at the Biltmore's Bowman Room, would hardly guess that this was war veteran rehabilitation stuff, yet that's what it is. Cardini—true name Richard V. Pitchford, from a small Welsh mining town—taught his fingers to do tricks while hospitalized with wounds in World War I; the gloved technique is a souvenir of his return to the trenches in wintertime. Royal palms came together audibly when he played the Palace (Buckingham), so Biltmoreans aren't doing anything unprecedented in manifesting their approval. Violining maestro Joseph Sudy is newly out of uniform, with plenty of impetus. Ann Warren adorns the vocals. Maitre Paul Bonnin at the door deals in mere fodder definitely distinguishable from K-rations.

NOBODY directs the dance of the fresh-slain chickens around the broiler at Enrico & Paglieri's (66 West 11th)—it's automatic. And so is the urge for a bottle of California red or white to accompany your chicken risotto, or any of the other delectables of the house. Grand total of bottles uncorked since 1908 is close to 800,000, says white-haired Enrico Fasani after consulting his records in response to our curiosity.

PAMPERED, those celebs at the Stork Club Cub Room. The way that precious old headwaiter fusses over them, they're practically Spooner-fed . . . Emanating from San Francisco and already percolating in Gotham's apéritif spas is a neat cataclysm known as Volcano Cocktail: 1 oz. Swanee Pride, 1 oz. vodka; stir with cracked ice and strain into stemmer. It soothes as it smites . . . Palm Court proceedings of a sip-and-glide sort at The Plaza are rhythmed by Leo Lefleur and crew, 1630 to 1930 o'clock . . . Gentlemen will kindly refrain from laughing Leon & Eddie's roof off.

CARNIVEROUS instincts have lordly scope in the viandry by the name of Chandler's, recently opened at 137 East 46th and already thronged, with Planked Sirloin for 2 as banner attraction (closely jostled by sliced tenderloin sauté, onion-snuggled hamburger, and schnitzel with egg on its bosom). Waiting time while the chef broils and decks with truck-garden trove, is tastily devoted to herring salad, marinated herring, chopped chicken livers and the like. But the old fashioned lentil soup had better be skipped — too filling in view of what's coming; no voracities can tuck away a Chandler double sirloin in toto unless they're in form, and it would be a sin to let even a smidgeon of such juicy glory go by default. Dessert specialties (if you're still in the running) include pineapple cheesecake and strawberry chiffon pie that Grandma would have trouble belittling. And there's a bar located adjoiningly. Indeed, all that Chandler's lacks is a rubber-sided doorway to squeeze out of.

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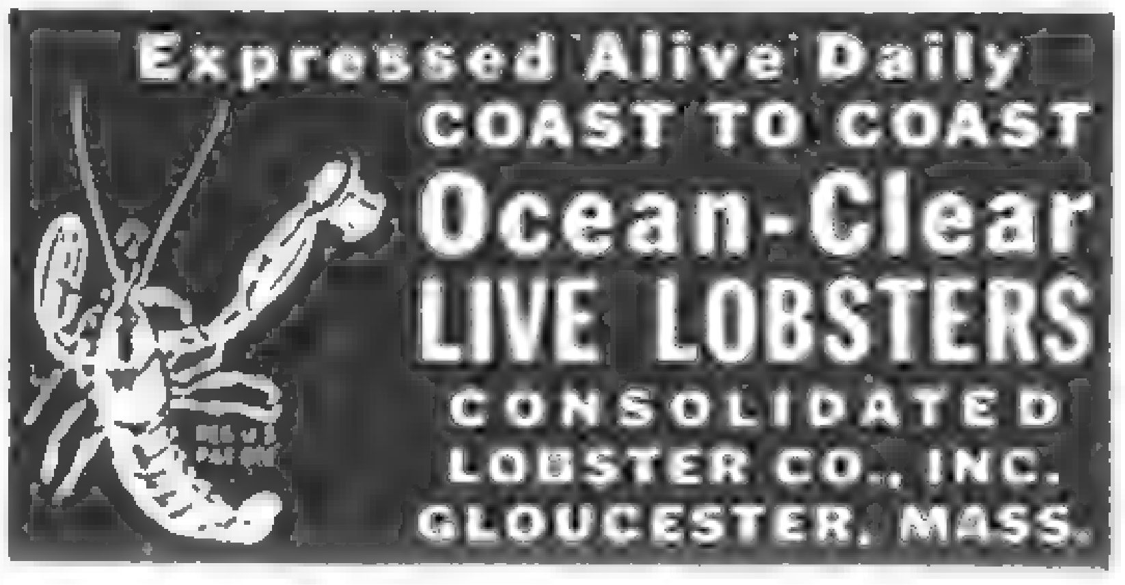
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HANG ON TO
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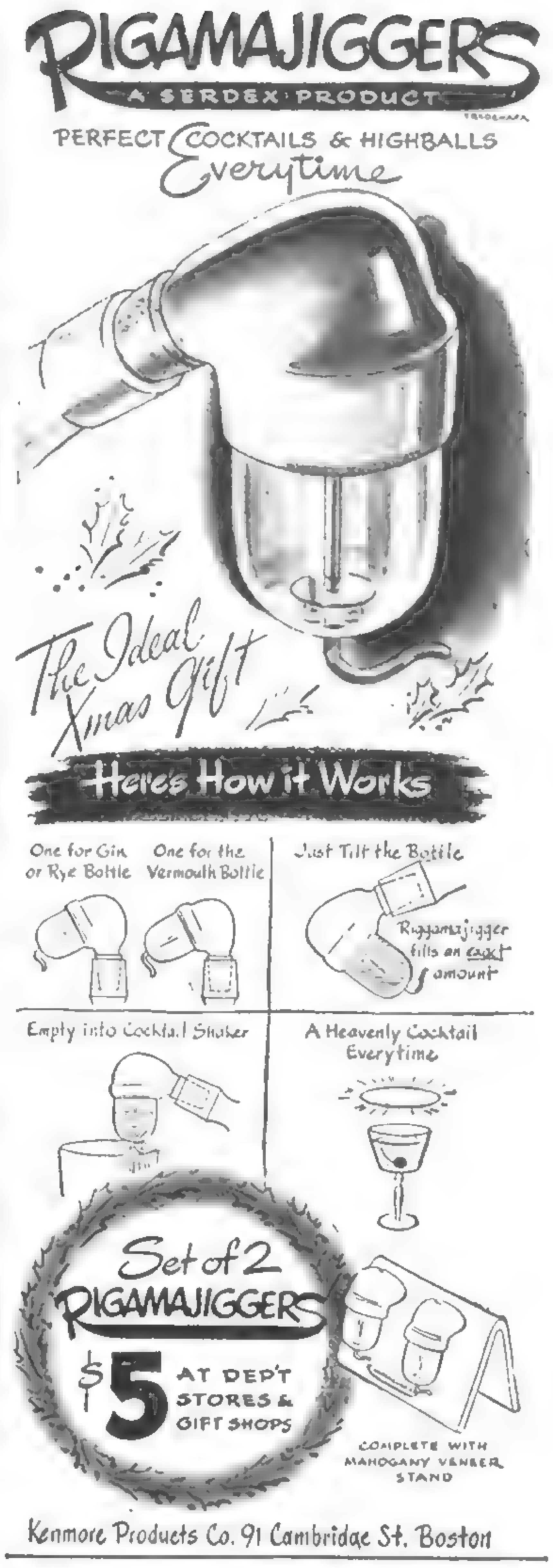
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Painting the Town

THE LARUE tabu against late afternoon refresher courses is off. Urbane Peter Oglietti, arbiter and exemplar of this select spot's amenities, still stoutly maintains that social life begins at dinner, but as a concession to the mounting tide of Why Not Now sentiment he has advanced his opening hour so that it synchronizes with five o'clock whistles. On the chance that these early callers might like an album of pictures to look at, the bar lounge is now enlivened with satirical muralettes by surrealist Anton Refregier. (Our pick is the one showing family resemblances between pooches and their possessors. But this cocktail nook is maintained solely as a preliminary; afternooners are supposed to dash home and change to black tie for grand dining and dancing to the music of Eddie Davis and Gil Murray in the main room. *That* is Larue.

SO HOLLYWOOD had to bring out *Weekend at the Waldorf*—as though the getting of a room at said hostelry weren't tough enough already . . . Ermined pomp at Monte Carlo is tempoed by slick Dick Gasparre and his note-worthies, with Ramon Monchito's samba-rumba band good-neighboring. Stars twinkle in the upside-down blue valley. Waiters, whose attire is looked after by a valet and donned in an air conditioned locker room, parade opulent provender from a kitchen de luxe. When it comes to quenchments, ye old town pump seems far away . . . Evelyn Knight, the lass with the delicate air and the husky voice, rotund-jocund Rose Murphy, and the classic Duncan Sisters, are among the gems in Herbert Jacoby's jewel-boite, the Blue Angel, currently packed tight as a sardine can . . . Filet mignon Rossini, casseroled guinea hen, etc., draw the faithful to Marnel's (131 East 47th), where estimable Martha is bartender-receptioniste, and stocky Mario your counselor on eats, prepared in a kitchen you pass through en route to table. Greedy sniffs permitted.

"AWAY WITH KIRSCH!" seems to be the motto of tidy Chalet Suisse (45 West 52nd)—away meaning hatchward. But there are also vineyard products, both Alpine and American, and on the vittle side—you'll meet little hot cheese souffleés, jellied beef salad, onion & cheese pie, minced veal in white wine and cream, Swiss sausages, and pastries. Caution: Don't attempt yodels amid noodles.

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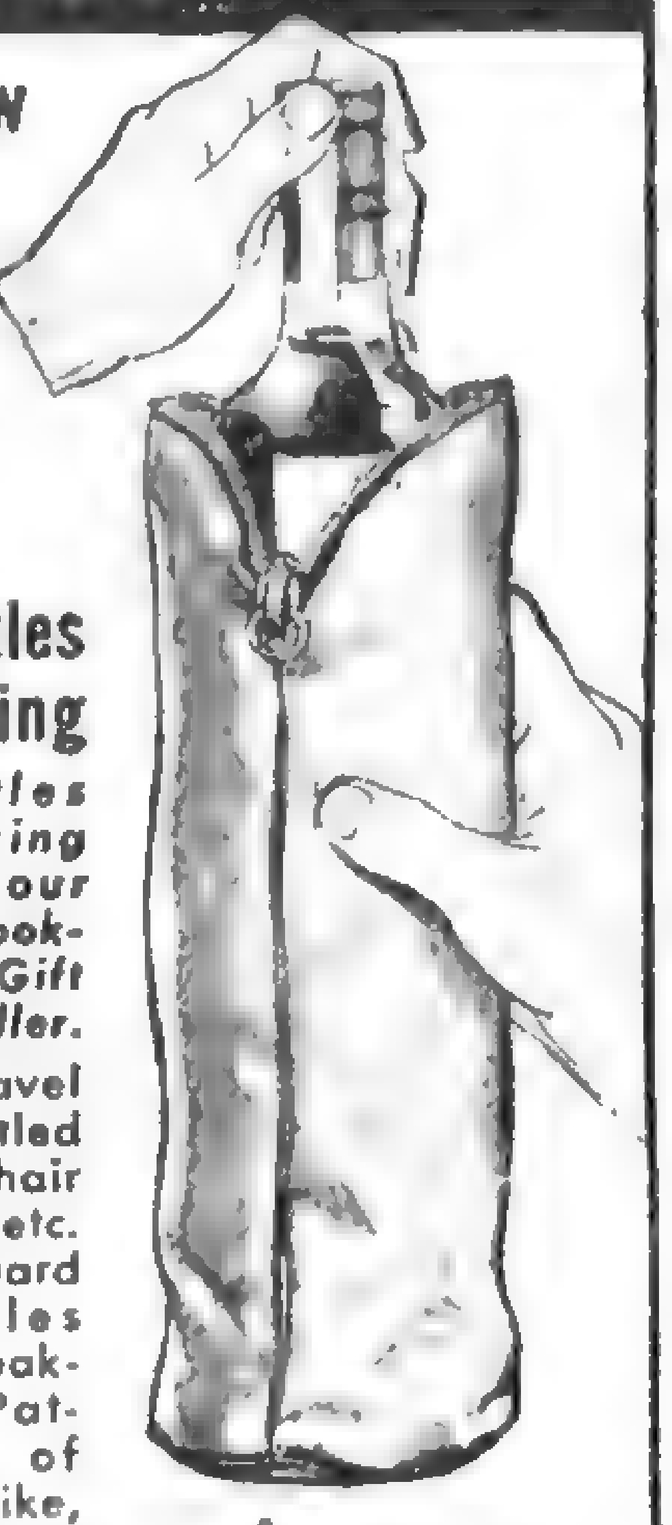

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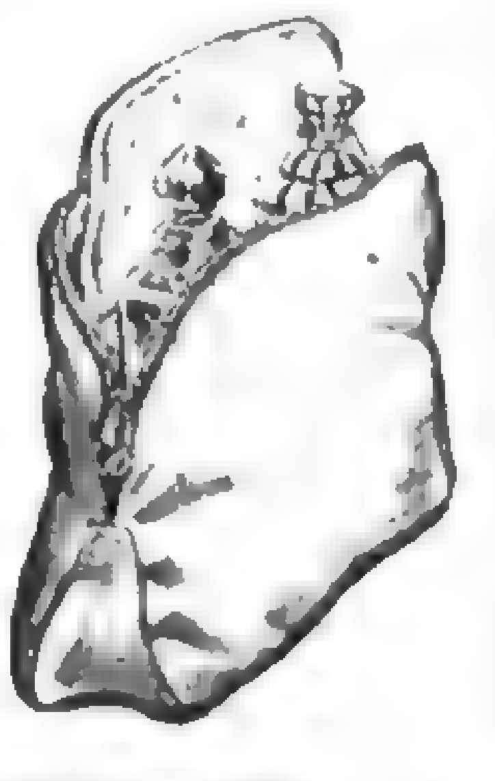

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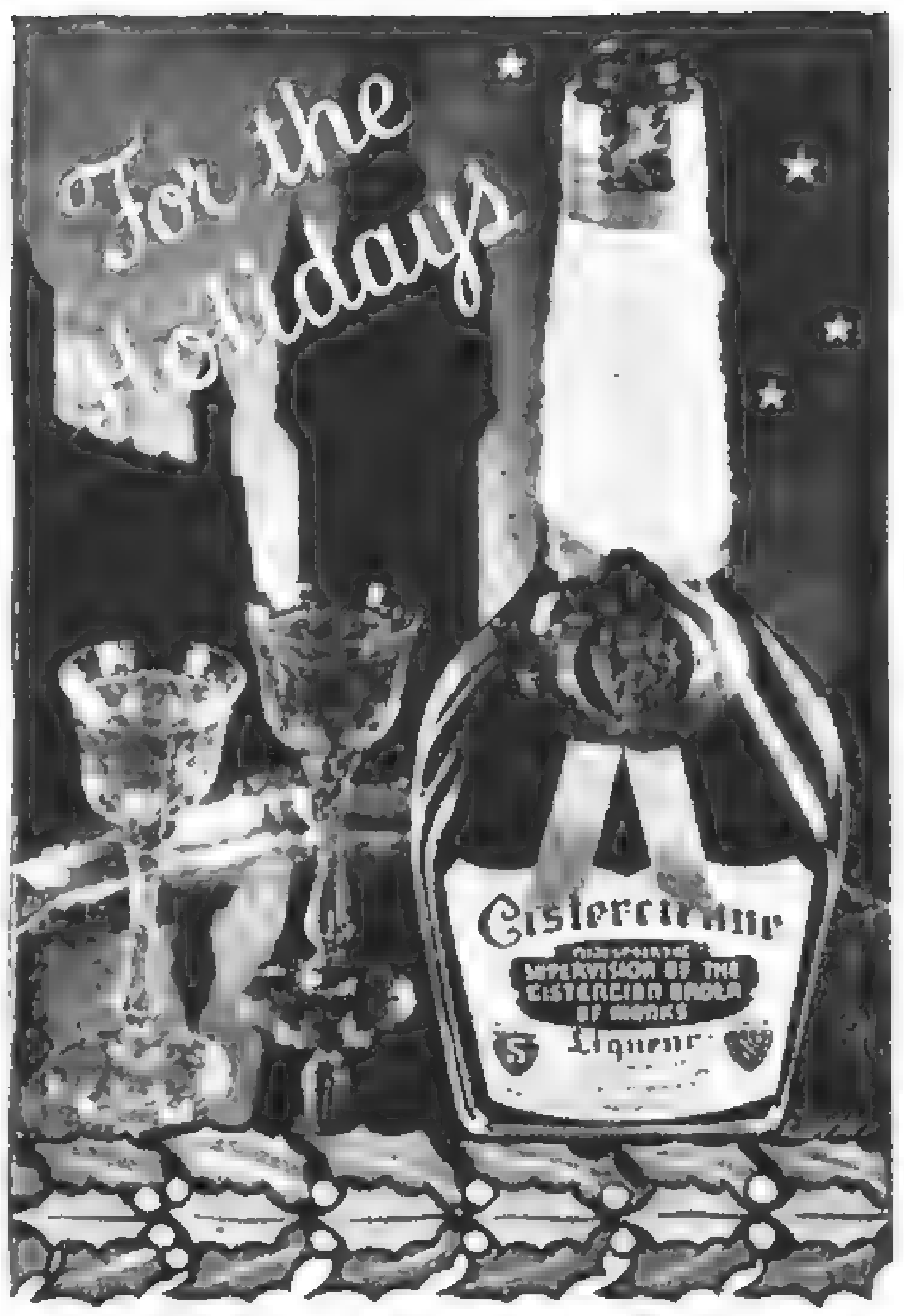

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with Esquire

THAT cordial perennial the Hotel McAlpin, which has never known an era it couldn't keep in step with, is now flaunting the music of drumster Johnny Morris and his many mooded orchestra, with blonde Dorrie Vincent caroling, in the multi-arched Marine Grill, a room which was a unique sight of the town when first unveiled, and still is. Service is amiable and thoughtful. Chef Emil Rota's food has palate interest, particularly the bouillabaisse which, featured every Friday, speaks with the true flavor intonations of Marseille and has been awarded a special medal of honor by a jury of eminent white caps.

AS A PRECAUTION against fruit deficiency, dietician Joseph of ultra exclusive Baroque (14 East 53rd) recommends a baba-Bacardi as dinner's finale—featherweight cake drenched with rum and draped with pineapple, banana, limes and mangoes . . . Chummy and mighty chipper is Le Poissonnier (121 East 52nd), chatelained by Madeleine, Gallic good scout who has been greeting and feeding her cronies these nine years. Her lobster bisque and other sea specialties, her steaks and fowls, are salubrious. After the cloths are cleared away, there's intime entertainment by swell pianist Freddy Marx, comical patter-songstress Lucille Jarrott who ribs you with rhymes made up as she goes along, and the Charles Wilson Trio of table-tourers.

GIANT pancakes are an industry at Luchow's (110 East 14th), hale and hearty holdover from the gargantuan 1880's. Model A is rolled up rug-like after being sprinkled with sugar, lemon juice and cinnamon; model B takes on fried apples; model C, ruddied with lingonberries, is bonfired with rum and/or brandy. As preliminary groundwork, there's roast pheasant; steak or saddle of venison or chops of same; saddle of Canadian hare (red meat in contrast to the pallid-textured hop-abouts we have on this side of the border), and roast goose from Watertown, Wisconsin, where geese really partake of nourishment.

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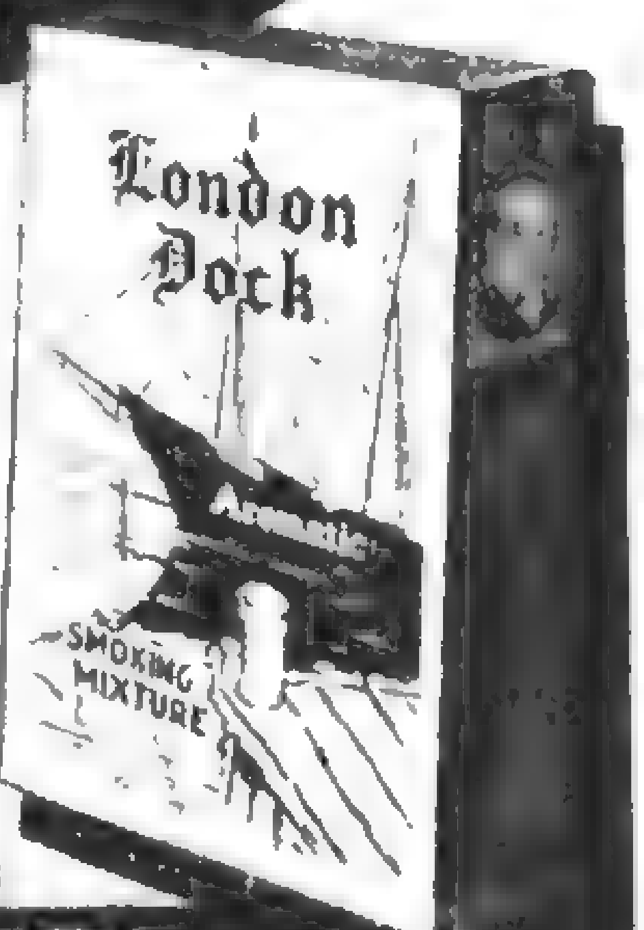

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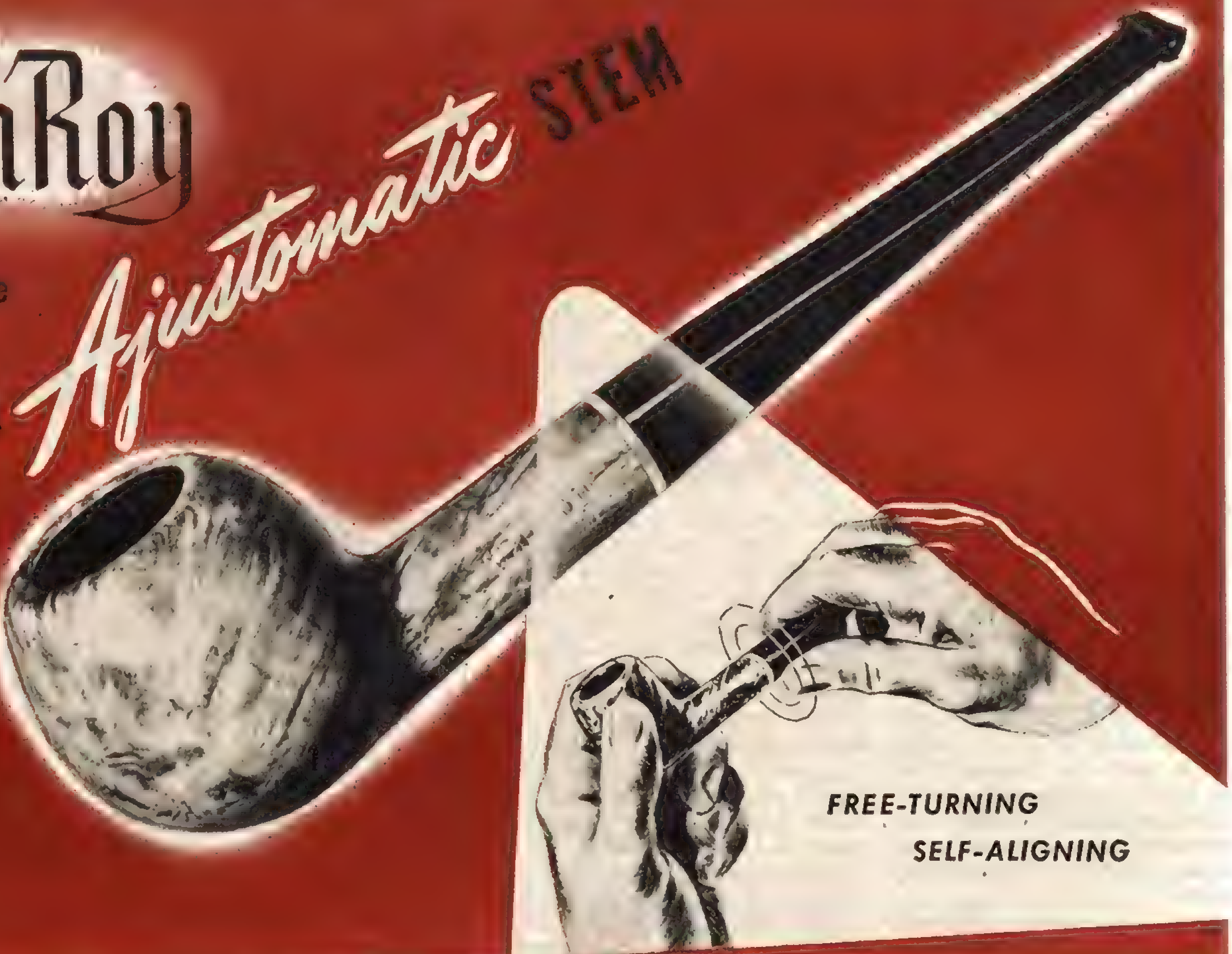
NEW Ajustomatic STEM



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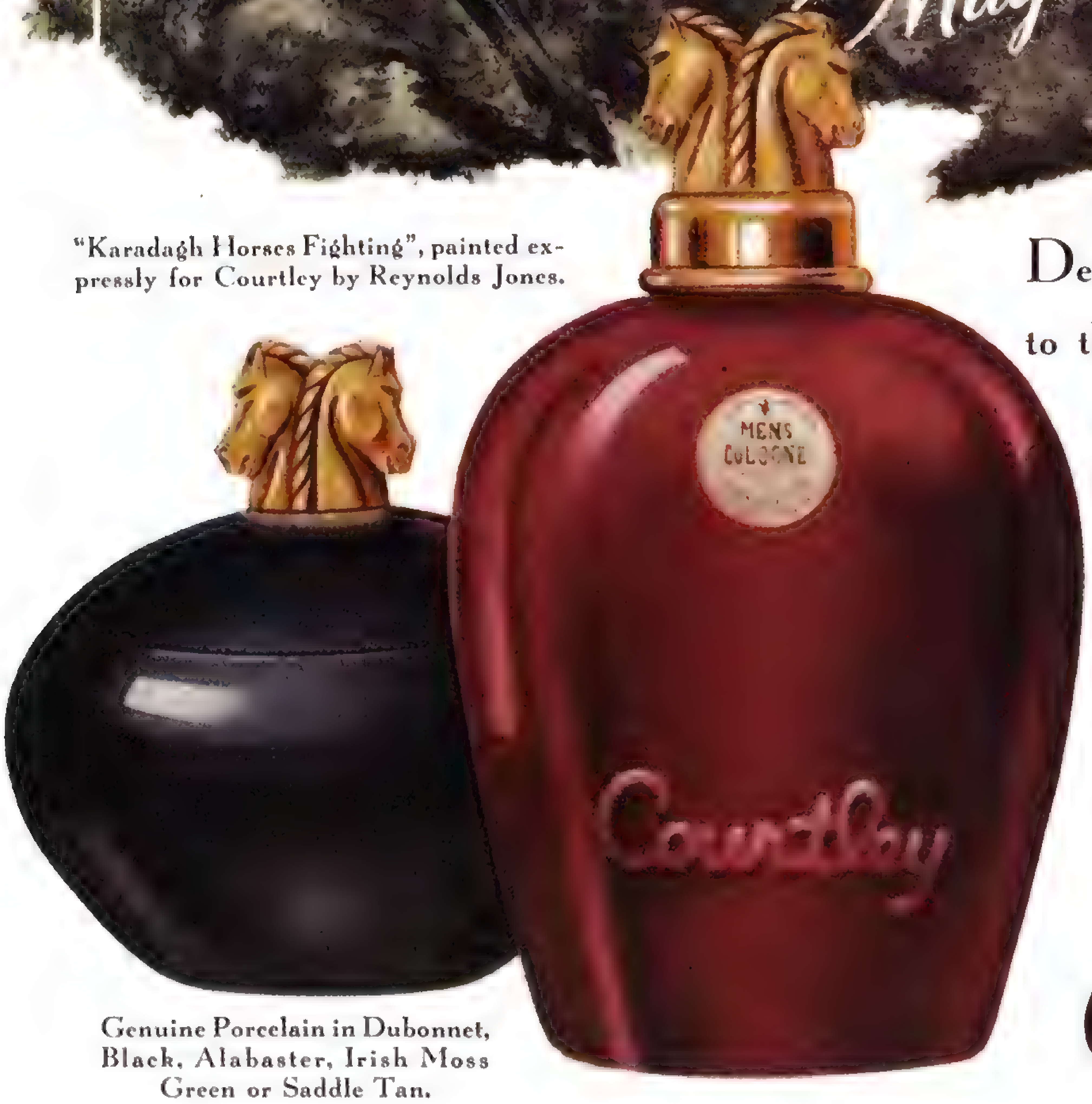

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

No one could say the varieties of Jungle Juice brewed in the tropics lacked punch

Remembering Combat Cheer

by CAPT. LADISLAW REDAY

GREENHALGH

If all the strange alcoholic concoctions which have been consumed by our thirsty G.I.'s in this global conflict were catalogued, the resulting compilation of exotic names and expressive titles for these drinks would combine the more descriptive features of a Fitzpatrick Travelogue with the lurid portions of a tropical night club wine list.

I hate to think of the aching heads which were suffered in the process of acquiring this research data. But we Americans are made of stern stuff. The inevitable aftermath of a night of research among the bottled delights will not faze and has not deterred our enthusiasts in the field of liquid science. This thirst for knowledge, this thirst for information, this thirst, has carried and will carry us into new, unexplored fields.

It is regretted that my own particular research has been confined to the tropical field. I can enviously imagine some fellow warrior in the E.T.O. drinking a pure Scotch whisky in some quiet pub in England. I understand that when you ask for whisky, you automatically get Scotch; an imposition which is not too hard to take. I envy the mental vision of an officer in Paris casually sipping a Pernod at a sidewalk café, while the proverbial saucers mount up under his glass. I think of the arrack that the Australian soldiers described having consumed in the Middle East, of the vodka in Russia, of the wines of Italy. It is then that I feel how small my field of drinking activity has been. I can only say that I have covered it exhaustively.

Resisting for the nonce the temptation to expound on that liquid annex of New Guinea warfare, that staple of staples, "Jungle Juice," I mention, for chronological order if for no other reason, the products of Australia, the first stop on the liquid Road to Tokyo.

No one in Australia has been able, to my knowledge, to go "up Pitt and down George." This, if you are an early Southwest Pacific veteran, is a shortened method of expressing a long-standing challenge—to go, in Sydney, up Pitt Street and down George Street, and stop at every pub en route for one beer. If you can do it, you are indeed a man. Whether or not you attempt that, the beer of Australia should be tried; it will not be found wanting. My patriotism is unequal to the task of defending American beer against the merits of Aussie brew. For my money, no beer drinker worthy of the name would have any criticism against this beer of the land down under the equator. It has a rich, nutty flavor. It has a real body and a real alcoholic content. It is a drink for men going home from work, for soldiers on leave, for sailors on shore liberty; a husky drink for husky men. I believe that the man who imports Australian beer into the United States will make out just about as well as the man who imports American cigarettes into Australia. These two mutually acquired tastes are going to mean big business. One can get it cold, too, in spite of the rumors to the contrary. It is not possible to get it icy, but what beer drinker wants it that way?

Lesser in importance to me, and to the average drinker, is the growing wine industry in the southern part of Australia. All the way down on this wine list is the Aussie brand of *vin rouge ordinaire*, which is very ordinaire indeed. It is called universally and simply, "Plonk." The word is well chosen, both in respect to its effect and its aftereffect.

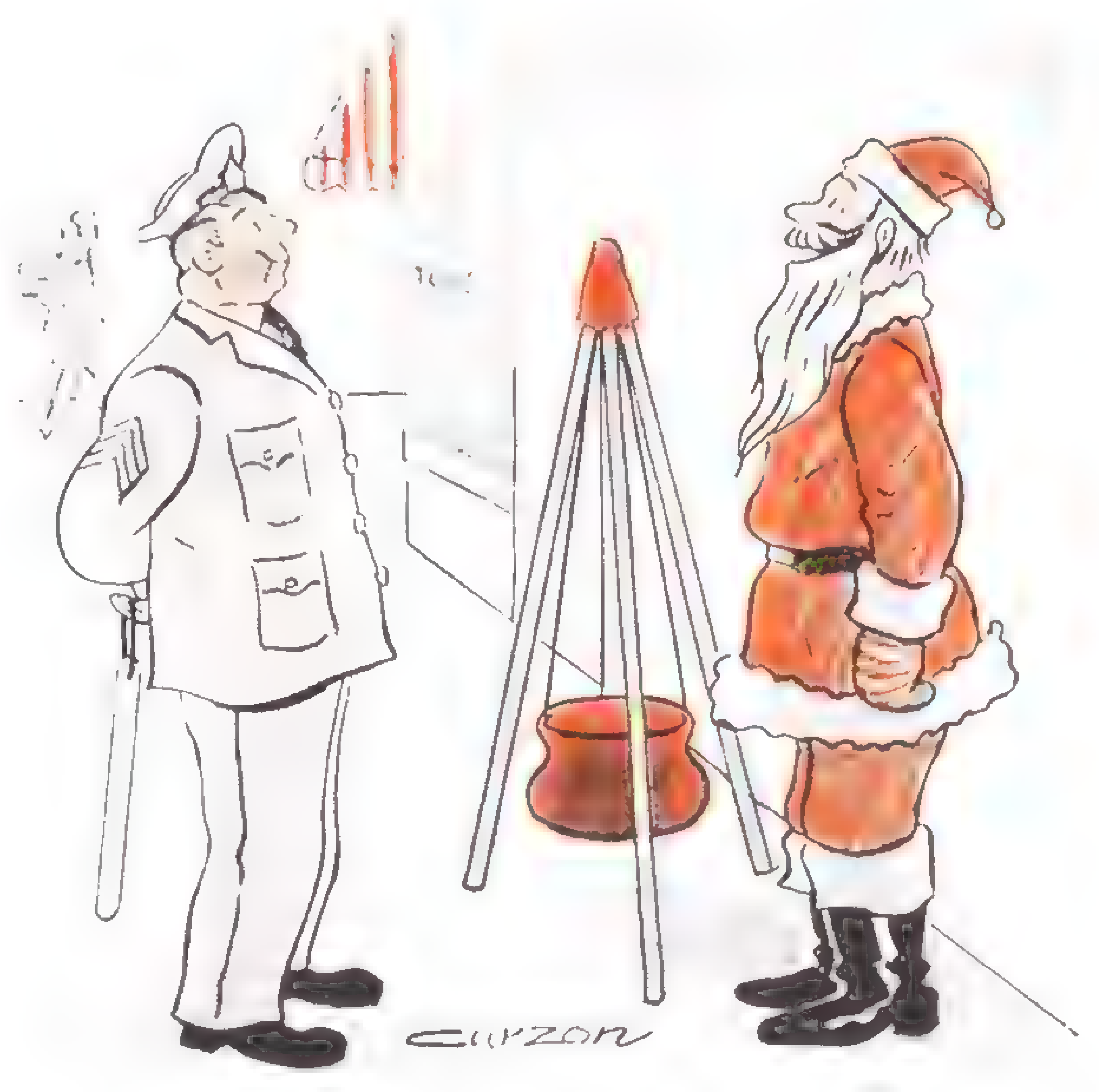
I can recall assisting a tall lieutenant friend of mine, when I was a not-so-tall lieutenant, in polishing off a couple of bottles of Plonk before returning to camp. At his insistence, I lighted the way back with a firefly.

Like all good things, these store-bought spirits diminished to a mere trickle when we left Australia in '42, for a spot of fighting in Nouvelle Guinea. New Guinea, at that time, was undergoing a prohibitionary era. As if it were not hard enough to bring along, with the thirty-five pounds of luggage allowable, a modicum of good cheer, we now faced confiscation of any liquor found on us on entry. In time, the cessation of imports in any volume brought forth a somewhat hesitant supply of home products. This, then, was the birth of the justly celebrated "Jungle Juice."

There are, if my sources of information are correct, as many varieties of Jungle Juice as there are variations in the raw material supply and as there are operators. Do not, however, confuse these refinements within the guild with the abortive attempts to distill denatured alcohol and convert varnish remover. The McCoy "J. J." is made with the dried fruits, raisins, peaches, apricots, and the like from the "J" or "K" rations, the Jungle Rations. All of those above are ideal raw materials for potential wassail.

Remember the wine brick which could be purchased in prohibition times? Well, this Jungle Juice is made on the same principle. Take the results of the poaching of the "K" rations and put them in water with sugar, in a jug, in a G.I. Bidon can, in your helmet if necessary. Nature does the rest in about four days in the tropics. Strain off and leave for four more days—if your will power is good. Unless you are going to the trouble to distill off the liquor, and my men were too thirsty and not too fastidious, your grog is ready for consumption. Drinking it *au naturale* gave it the kick and a powerful hangover.

If Jungle Juice has hindered the war effort, I'm an anteater. It has relieved the monotony in many a lonely spot. It has given a man a temporary escape from his own little corner with which to gain perspective and his sense of humor. It has enabled soldiers to get a semblance of Christmas Cheer in the midst of the jungle where it is stinking hot and the vapor is rising around the mangrove and the sand fleas are biting the hell out of one. These are un-Christmasy surroundings in the jungle and it takes a bit of stimulation to (*Continued on page 204*)



"It's great to be back in civilian clothes"

Michele dreaded the winter for his loved ones, for the harvest had been poor and at his age he could not laugh at adversity

The Lord Giveth . . .

by ALEX DRINKWATER

Michele paused to run a gnarled hand over his sweating brow and his eyes caught the glint of the setting sun, a flaming disc that cast a ruddy glow over the patch of scrubby trees marking the border of his few acres.

He sighed, for the beauty of the scene belied the ache of his aging muscles and the strain required to get these acres to yield enough for himself, for Zia and for Piccino.

He always paused before a manifestation of nature's beauty, but now the fiery miracle glowing through the trees was something more than just a scene to admire. When one could see the sunset through the trees, it meant that soon the ground would be too hard to turn, and the wind would shriek icily through the forked and leafless branches. His implements would ring mournfully against the frozen turf in search of hidden potatoes. The grey, brooding mood of winter would drive him indoors, into the weatherbeaten house he called home. The snow, in serried slopes, would cover his land, and he and his, huddled against the stove, would have to subsist on whatever he had been able to husband through a season which, at best, had been none too generous.

It seemed that only a few days ago he had raised his eyes in gratitude because he had heard the robin's optimistic song of spring. He saw that tree now upon which the bird had perched, stark and bare, a grim message of coming winter etched against the fulgent sky.

Michele ran his hand tenderly over the worn, smooth handle of the hoe. He felt disconsolate, and angry too. Then, as if he would challenge the authority of both the seasons and the hard ground, he gripped the hoe and rained blow upon blow upon the turf. Alas! The frozen earth, with a flinty ring, resisted. He stopped and took a long look at the dulled edge of the hoe and another look at the group of sheds and the house that made up his humble estate. Behind these ramparts he would fight a battle of life through another winter. May the Madonna give Zia and Piccino enough strength and good health to pull through to another spring!

It was not always that he regretted the coming of winter. There was a time when the house of Michele was bursting with all the good things of life. His land had once stretched as far as the eye could see. And from this land, his own land, mind you, he got wheat for his bread, grapes for his wine and plenty of good pork for his table. Ah, then nobody in the vicinity referred to him as the "poor old Italian farmer down in the valley . . . ."

Little by little, insidiously, circumstances changed so that the potatoes considered only fit for the pigs became nuggets sought eagerly in the depths of the soil. So many things had happened. So many, many things.

When he was young and robust, he merely laughed at the little tricks of adversity. He worked a little harder and overcame them. Now his tired frame had yielded all it could, and it was just a question of hanging on until God, in His infinite mercy, would take him and Zia.

He leaned on his hoe and regarded wistfully the fading gold as it deepened to blood red and then took on the deep indigo of night. The rising evening wind brought a chill as it sighed through the trees. He ran his fingers through his sparse thatch of hair and shook his head. He felt both sad and bitter, and he didn't know whether to pray or to curse. But he reproached himself quickly, for Michele was never one to question the ways of the Almighty. "It is the will of God. So be it. . . ."

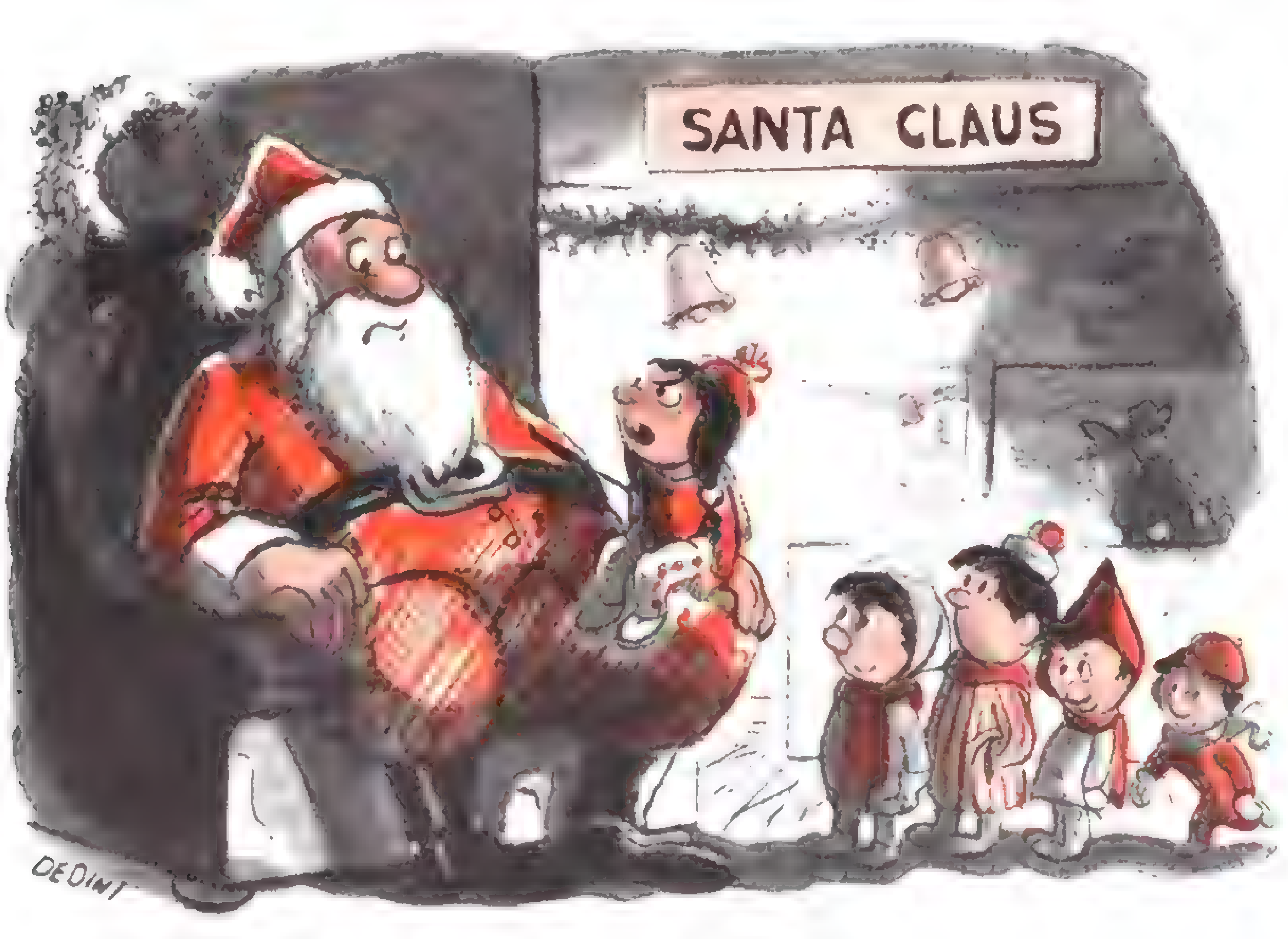
The cold weather had silently overtaken him, and he had failed to detect its approach. Once upon a time he could smell winter a mile off. Yes, in those days, when the blood ran warm in his veins, when his muscles ached for strong tasks to be done, he would advance to meet the winter with bold assurance. Its cold breath, its snow drifts, its challenge of ice and sleet, meant nothing. "How I have fallen! The first uncomfortable sign makes me tremble like an old woman. No wonder Zia puts hot bricks at my feet each night. No wonder she gives me hot wine to keep my blood in circulation. What a fate for a strong man. . . ."

He ruminated until the shadows had completely engulfed him and the cracked voice of Zia searched him out in the gloom.

"Mi-che-le-le-le-le-le!"

His wife had somehow discovered that calling him that way enabled her to send her voice clear across the fields to the woods. For many years the call had sounded over the rolling terrain. It sought him out as he bent over his plow behind the broad flanks of Patsy, his all-around horse, long since gone. It would come in a caressing vibration as he fondled the first shoots of newly-planted grapevines. It would echo around the woods as he gathered kindling. It was a command, an entreaty, a beckoning to that round walnut table in the kitchen upon which his good Carolina would place his hot supper. Yes, that was her name, Carolina—may she live to be a hundred!—but everybody called her "Zia."

Across this table he recounted, in solemn, serious tones, the adventures of the day in the field. Often as he did so he crushed the steaming "pizza" of crushed corn and poured over it a dipper of boiled beans garnished with a slab of pork, a bit of garlic and small, dried red peppers. He remarked, perhaps, upon the straightness of his furrows, or how rich and promising the soil looked and the color it took on when the sun began to sink. He talked of the puckish blue jays, flitting from tree to tree, jabbering "like the old witches who used to



"What do I want for Christmas? Hell's bells! Didn't you get my letter?"

wash clothes on the banks of the riviera back in Italy." He told about the old crow perched upon the rail fence he had built to mark off his land, who seemed to follow his every move with a contemptuous stare. "Someday I shall make the evil head of that crow jump high into the air with a blast from my double-barrel. I swear by all the saints that I shall. . . .!"

Yet, year after year that old bird perched upon the fence, cocked his head wisely, croaked throatily and followed Michele's movements. And because Michele never killed a living thing if he could help it, he never so much as sent a harsh word in its direction. And when one day he discovered its lifeless body near by, he grieved openly and buried the crow with a Pater Noster. Zia often twitted him about it, reminding him of his oft-repeated threat to blow its head off. He smiled benevolently and remarked that, "Yes, yes, Carolina, but even a crow is a creature of God."

Michele had retired to his few acres after years of rugged work in the deep caverns of the great cities. He had smote upon the rock with sledge hammers, he had wielded a pick and shovel and had made many painful ascents under the dead weight of mortar. He had wallowed in sewer beds and pounded the cracked stones under railroad ties hour after hour. Always in those days of toil in the searing sun, in the burning wind, in the rain and the sleet, always, like a mirage before his eyes, hung the dream of a few green acres upon which he might raise enough for his family. His category had been largely laborer unskilled, and no task was too hard or too menial. But he lived frugally, and he brought most of the new crinkly bills he took from his pay envelope to the bank each week.

Twice the dream had been all but shattered. Once a long illness ate up years of hard-won savings. Again the failure of a community bank had dissipated them. But then he met Carolina and took new heart. He accumulated enough for a payment on his plot of land, and Zia proved to be a willing and uncomplaining partner. Together they prospered on the little farm, but the Lord would not bless them with children. Then his only kin in America, a brother in Chicago, lost his wife and sent them Piccino to care for. "Take care of him, my brother. I am now a widower and cannot make him a decent home. You and your good wife can give him the same kind of love a father and mother can give him. Take care of him and God will bless you for it. . . ." Of course they cared for him just like their own son, for wasn't he practically Michele's own flesh and blood?

It was no trouble providing for one more mouth, and as he grew older he began to do little chores around the place. Someday he would be big and strong enough to do more. But that was still far off.

Now the weight of his immediate problem rested heavily upon Michele. How would he manage to span the long dreary bridge from now to spring? As his strength ebbed, the yield had grown smaller and smaller. A spell of sickness, a freeze or some other blight would hit them, and their resources kept shrinking. They borrowed. Decay followed neglect.

It was all so insidious that only recently did the appalling state of things strike him with its full force.

The years had slipped by and Michele's acres had become full of weeds and the scrubby wilderness edged closer and closer to the house. He had been unable to stay its slow steady creep which even now, as he stood eyeing it ruefully, seemed to be moving toward him.

"Mi-che-le-le-le-le-le-le!"

The voice this time held a portent. It was like that when the calf was born, when they brought Piccino and on one or two other important occasions. He hurried to the house.

"What is it, Zia?" he asked impatiently as he rested the hoe against the side of the house.

Once again a letter came, fringed with a black border. His brother had died. A friend had written that a sum of money had been left to him. Not a large sum, but a fantastic one for Michele. His brother wanted them to have it so they might "get some enjoyment out of their remaining days and also as a little reward for caring for Piccino." The words brought tears to the eyes of the three of them.

And so Michele, crossing himself fervently and murmuring his thanks to the Madonna, walked out into the darkness towards the fields that seemed to slope down into the deep blue rim of the sky itself, a sky dotted with glimmering points of light. The air was clear and cold, but as it brushed by his wrinkled face it brought no ominous message of winter's want and desolation. Nor did the realization that it was almost the end of December conjure the pangs of fear of the long months ahead.

Zia crossed herself, too, as he left the house and she did not ask him where he was going. "Poor Michele, he wants to shed a few tears for his brother . . ."

But Michele's grief did not bring tears. Instead it caused him to trudge along the frozen furrows with firm, full strides, ecstasy welling up in his shrunken breast, his shirt boldly flung open to the wind. He walked clear to the edge of his land and stood staring defiantly into the fathomless dark of the woods beyond. He kicked loose some of the soil, scooped up a handful and let its particles fall quickly through his widespread fingers.

"Bless you! Bless you!" after a time he cried, "you kept me and mine until the time came."

There was no cold, no gloom, only exaltation as he stood for a long time, murmuring his thanks over and over again. In this blissful eternity he heard dimly the reverberating summons to the Nativity Mass. The Bambino would be born soon and from the steeple came the joyous, many-tongued song of anticipation.

Ah, that was it! They sang of life and hope and happiness. They intoned forgiveness for those who died and joy to those who lived. Now Zia could fill the larder bursting full. And the wine cellar, too. She could hire, one, two men, to plow the fields in the spring, the way they should be plowed. The Christmas table would be heavy with all the good things of this world. Piccino could have a new suit and go to school. . . . "Oh, I thank you, my beloved brother! I thank you, my Bambino! Yes, sing out sweet bells, blessed bells. The Saviour is born!"

Zia slept. The greyish gleam of dawn came, and she became aware of an emptiness beside her. "Madonna mia! Michele . . . where is he!

"Mi-che-le-le-le-le-le-le!"

She hurried through the fields and seemed to hear faintly the raucous cawing of the old crow. It seemed to beckon, to draw her to the spot where she came upon Michele standing rigid against the worn shafts of the old plow he had been too weary to remove the spring before.

"Michele! Michele!" she called softly, in a tone one used to awaken a loved one. He didn't answer nor did he give a sign that he had heard.

Zia crossed herself and knelt beside Michele, sculptured against the grey shroud of Christmas morning.

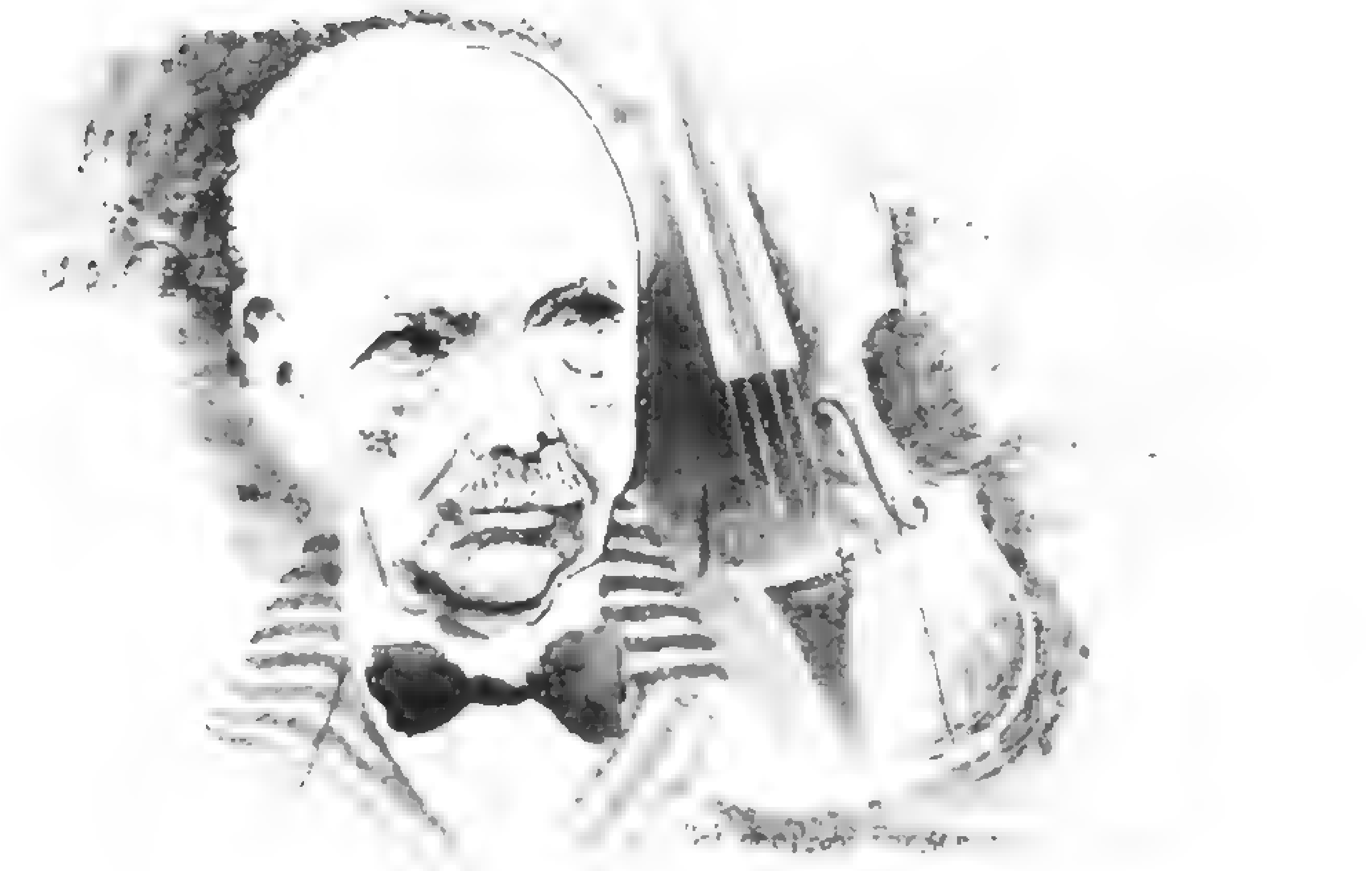
And she didn't grieve, for the tanned, wizened face was fixed in a smile of ineffable serenity.

The Lord's mercy must not be stained with tears, she said to herself. ###

To Thomas Mann's son "there is something perplexing and even frightening about a genius without any moral consciousness"

Three German Masters

by KLAUS MANN


SIMPSON

During the past few days I have paid visits to three artists who have at least three things in common. All three of them are world-famous. All three of them deserve their universal prestige in virtue of their extraordinary talents and solid craftsmanship. All three of them remained in Germany and prospered under the Nazi regime, although it would have been easy for each of them to leave the country and make a good living abroad.

The three masters I interviewed were Richard Strauss, Emil Jannings, and Franz Lehár.

Richard Strauss lives with his family in the Bavarian village of Garmisch-Partenkirchen—in prewar days one of Germany's most fashionable winter and summer resorts. Our conversation with the master took place in front of his stately villa, under the beautiful trees of his large, well-kept garden. There were five of us, seated in comfortable garden chairs: the composer, his son, his daughter-in-law, a friend of mine with whom I was making the trip, and I.

We introduced ourselves as "two American correspondents." I thought it wiser not to disclose my identity; our host might have been embarrassed or irritated if he had known my name. One of the first public gestures Richard Strauss made in 1933, after the establishment of the Third Reich, was directed against my father. The composer was among those German artists and intellectuals who signed a Nazi-inspired manifesto denouncing a Richard Wagner essay by Thomas Mann as "an insult to the nation's greatest musical genius." When later asked what he had found so "insulting" in this psychological eulogy and praising analysis of the Wagnerian style, Strauss shrugged the question off with this cynical remark: "I really couldn't tell you; I haven't read the stuff."

Unaware of the fact that he was receiving the son of a man whom he had once irresponsibly slandered, he was all smiles and gracious cordiality as he shook hands with us. His health was just fine, he assured us—and in fact he looked surprisingly well-preserved for his eighty-one years. His face, of pinkish complexion, beamed serenely under his silver hair. His gait and motions were not without grace and dignified elegance. There was nothing senile about him.

Yet when we asked him about his musical plans, he shook his head with philosophical resignation: "No plans for me any more! I have written fifteen operas, not to mention my symphonic pieces and my many songs. That's enough for one lifetime. Don't you think I have deserved some rest?"

We agreed, then listened respectfully to his complaints about the way in which the defunct Nazi regime had been dealing with his recent opera, *Die Liebe der Danaë* (Danaë's Love). This new musical drama was scheduled to open at Salzburg, last fall, but the production had to be postponed because of the "most total mobilization" then ordered by Dr. Goebbels. The master resented such lack of consideration on the part of a government with whom he had otherwise been on correct, if not friendly, terms.

"Of course," he said, "this was not the first disturbing incident. I have had two rather serious conflicts with the Nazi administration."

One of these "conflicts" developed only last year when Herr Strauss was supposed to take a bombed-out German family into his spacious villa. Such a nuisance was too much for him to bear. He protested, appealed to Hitler. The Fuehrer remained adamant. Every citizen, he replied, had to make sacrifices in a time of national emergency; Herr Strauss could not be exempted.

This decision—the only sensible one, to my knowledge, Hitler has ever made—seemed outrageous to the selfish old man. As he remembered now the scandalous incident, he got very annoyed again.

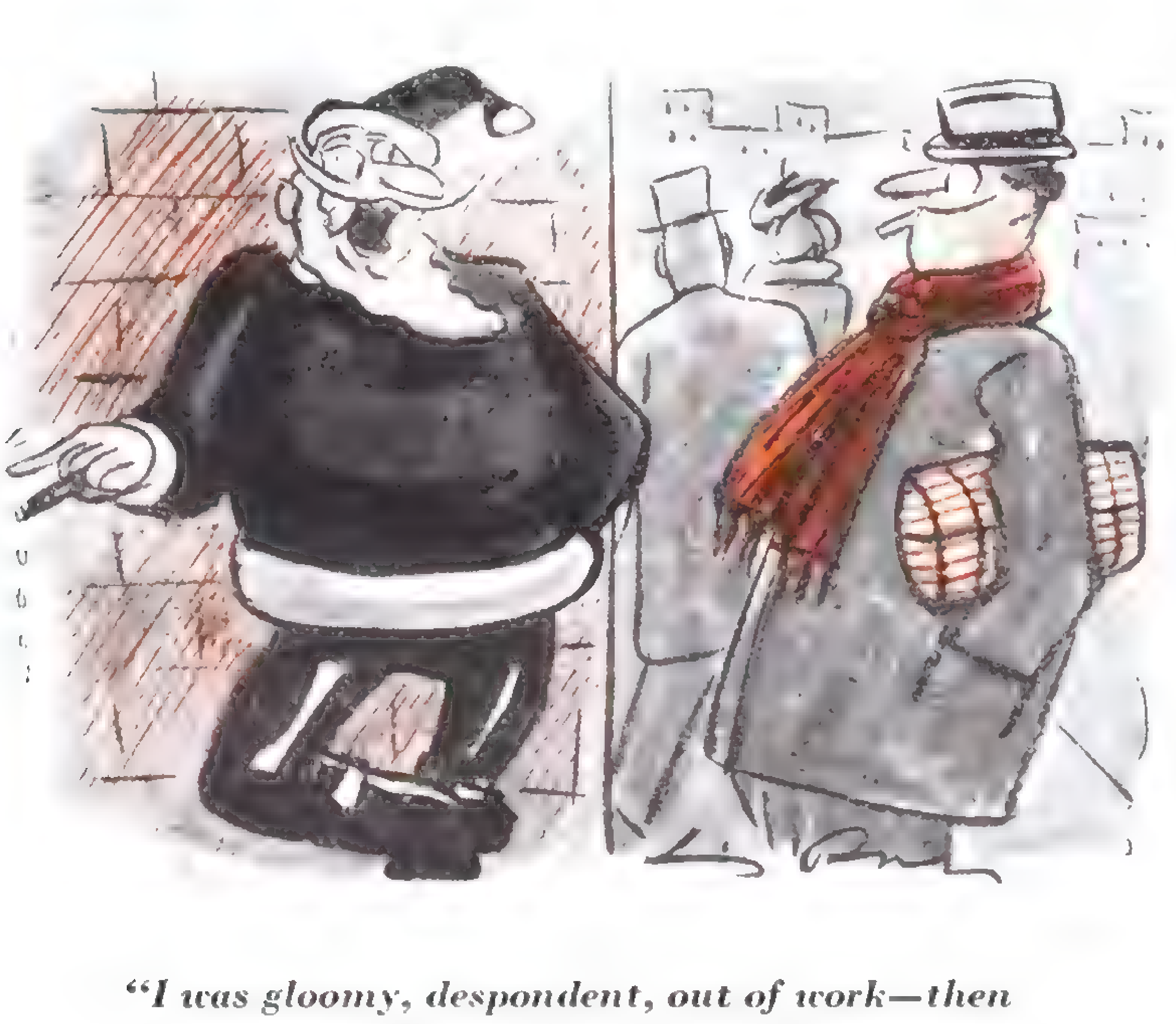
"A bunch of strangers in my house!" he cried. "Imagine! A family with *children*, if you please! I didn't know what to do. Really, I thought of leaving Germany and moving to Switzerland. But how could I afford to lose my main market? We have about eighty opera houses in this country: that's where most of my royalties come from."

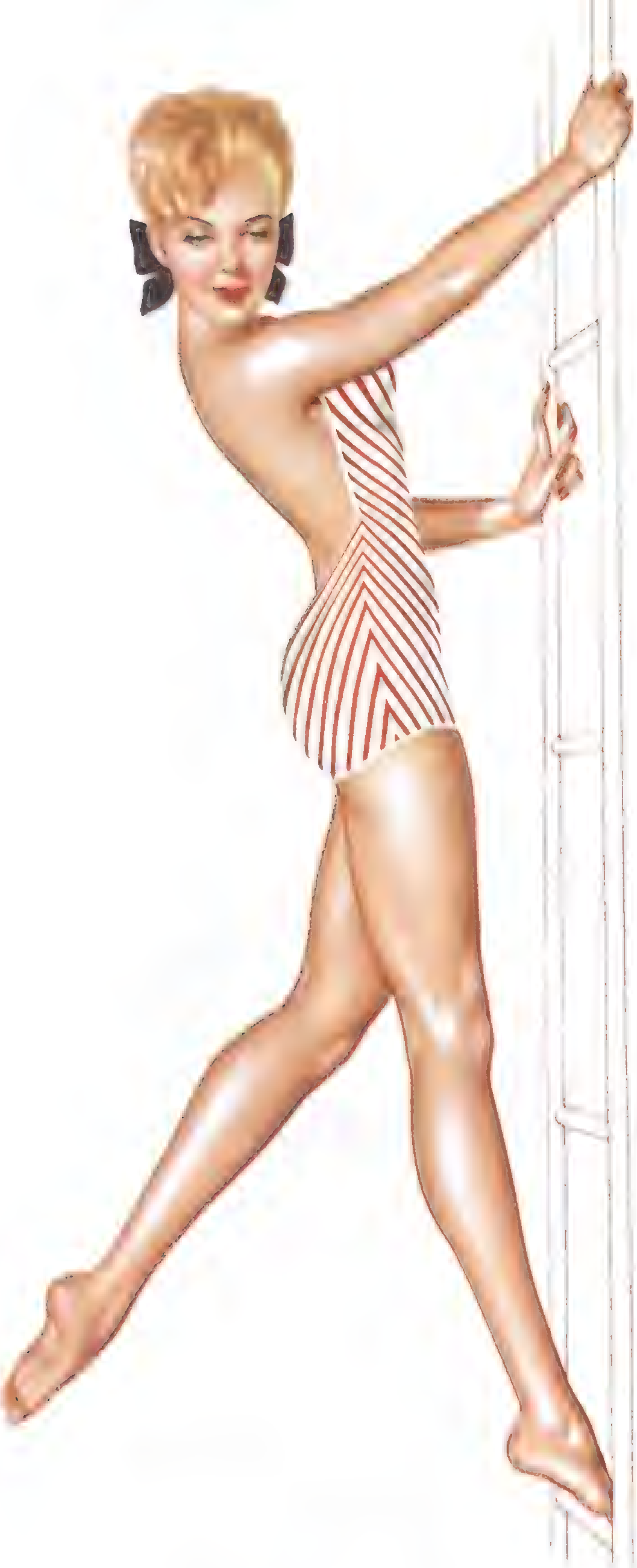
"You *had* about eighty opera houses," I ventured to interrupt him. It took him some time to understand what I tried to say. Exclusively concerned with his own affairs, he seemed hardly aware of such trifling occurrences as the destruction of German cities.

The second, or rather the first, collision between the master's interests and Nazi policy took place more than ten years ago, during the initial phase of the "Thousand Years." At that time Strauss had based one of his operas, *Die Schweigsame Frau* (The Silent Woman), on a libretto written by Stefan Zweig. The rehearsals at the Dresden Opera House—the institute which had the privilege of presenting most of Strauss' works for the first time—were already well under way, when Goebbels interfered on account of Zweig's racial background. In this case, however, Hitler proved more tolerant, or more diplomatic, than his Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment; he allowed *The Silent Woman* to be shown a few times in Dresden, whereupon the opera disappeared from the repertoire and remained buried for the duration of the Nazi regime.

"The whole affair was indeed most tiresome," Richard Strauss told us. "I hated to lose Stefan Zweig—the best librettist I've ever had since the death of Hugo von Hoffmannsthal who, by the way, was also partly Jewish. Well, what could I do? I had to find another man for the job. Do you know Joseph Gregor? He wrote three librettos for me—*Capriccio*, *Der Friedenstag* (Day of Peace), and *Daphne*. Not a bad fellow at all—and reliably Aryan."

Anti-Semitism, or any other manifestation of Nazi madness, irritated Strauss only when it affected his own interests. (*Continued on page 197*)


"I was gloomy, despondent, out of work—then I found this jolly job"

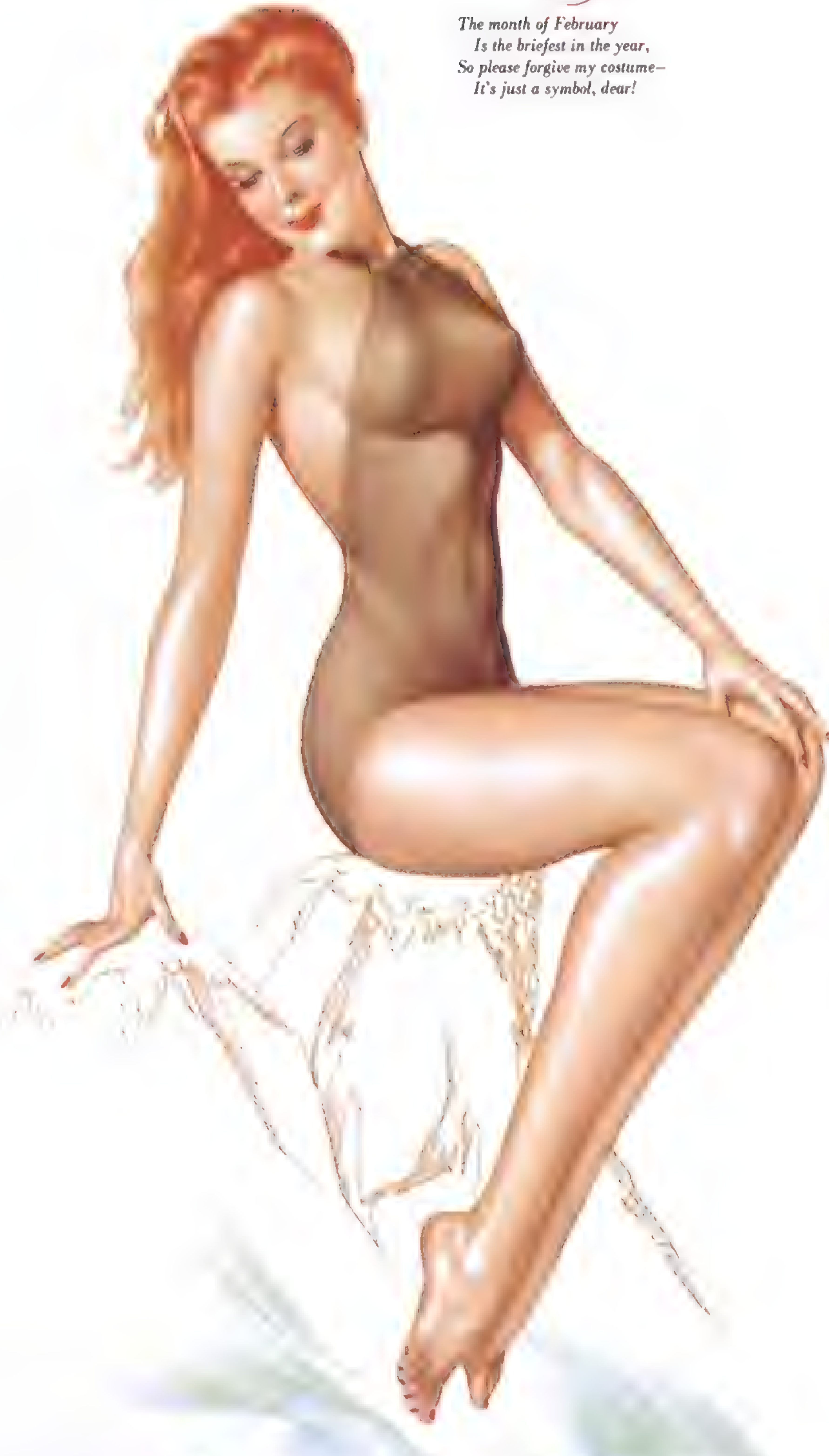


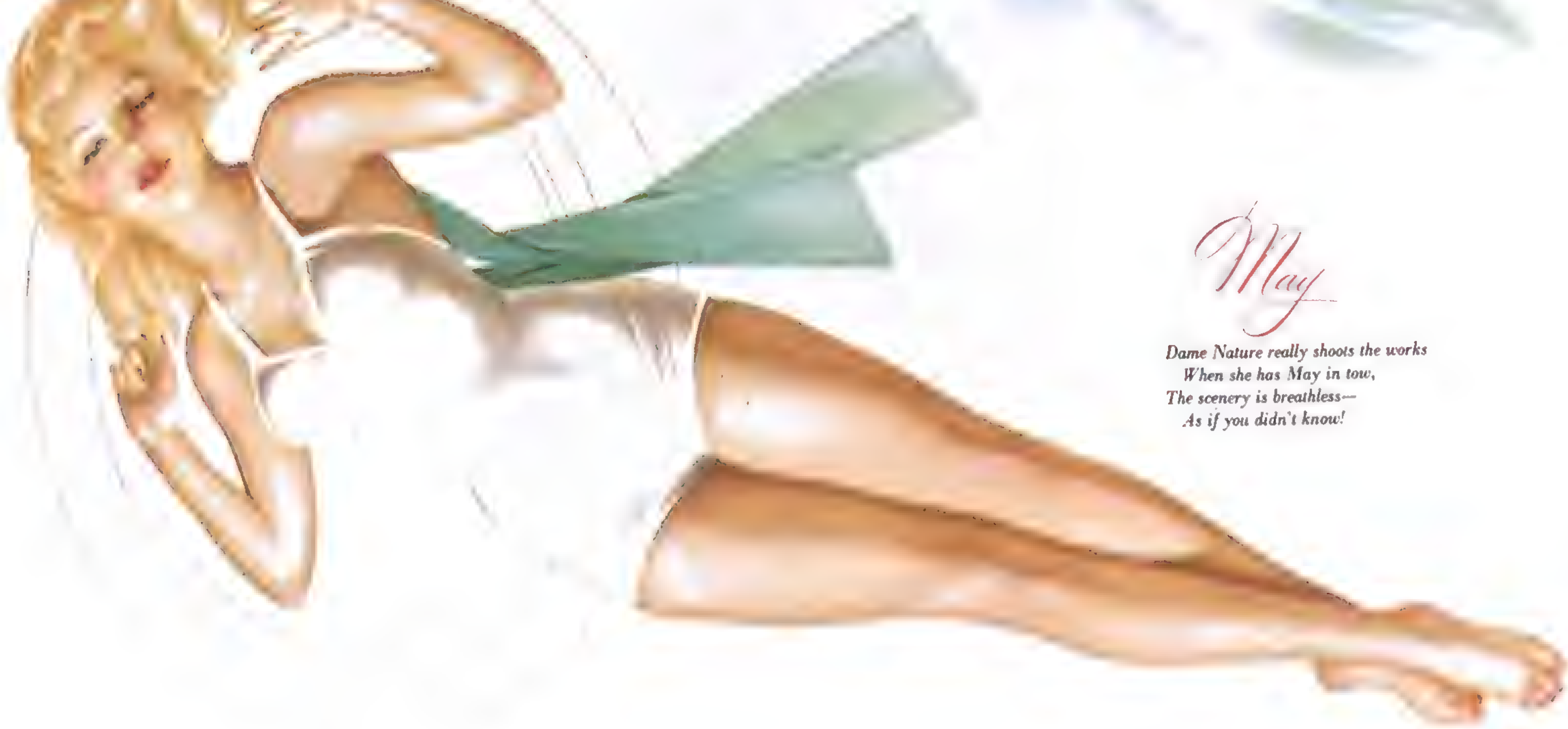
March

March brings that dear old income form
That puts us in a haze,
So here's a somewhat cuter form
To brighten up your days!

February

The month of February
Is the briefest in the year,
So please forgive my costume—
It's just a symbol, dear!



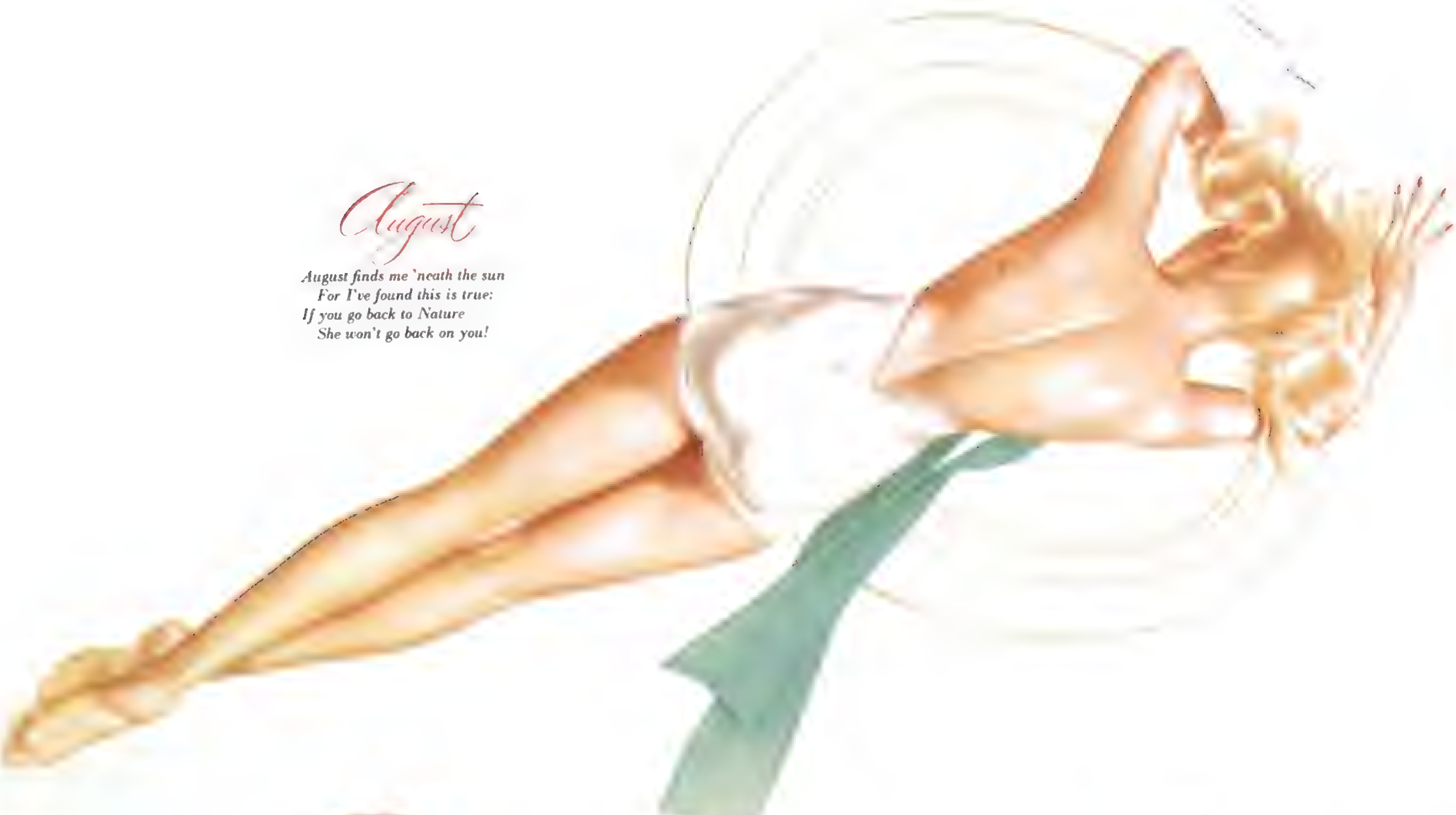


May

Dame Nature really shoots the works
When she has May in tow,
The scenery is breathless—
As if you didn't know!

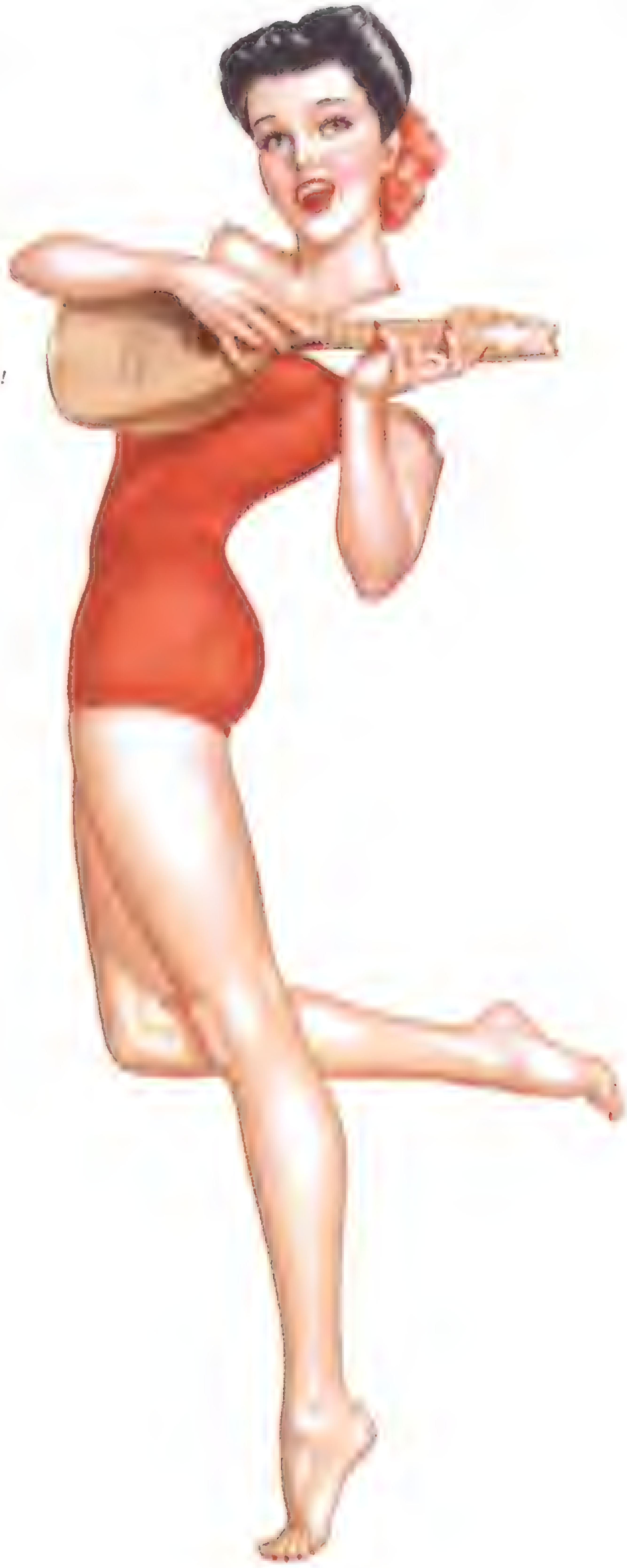
August

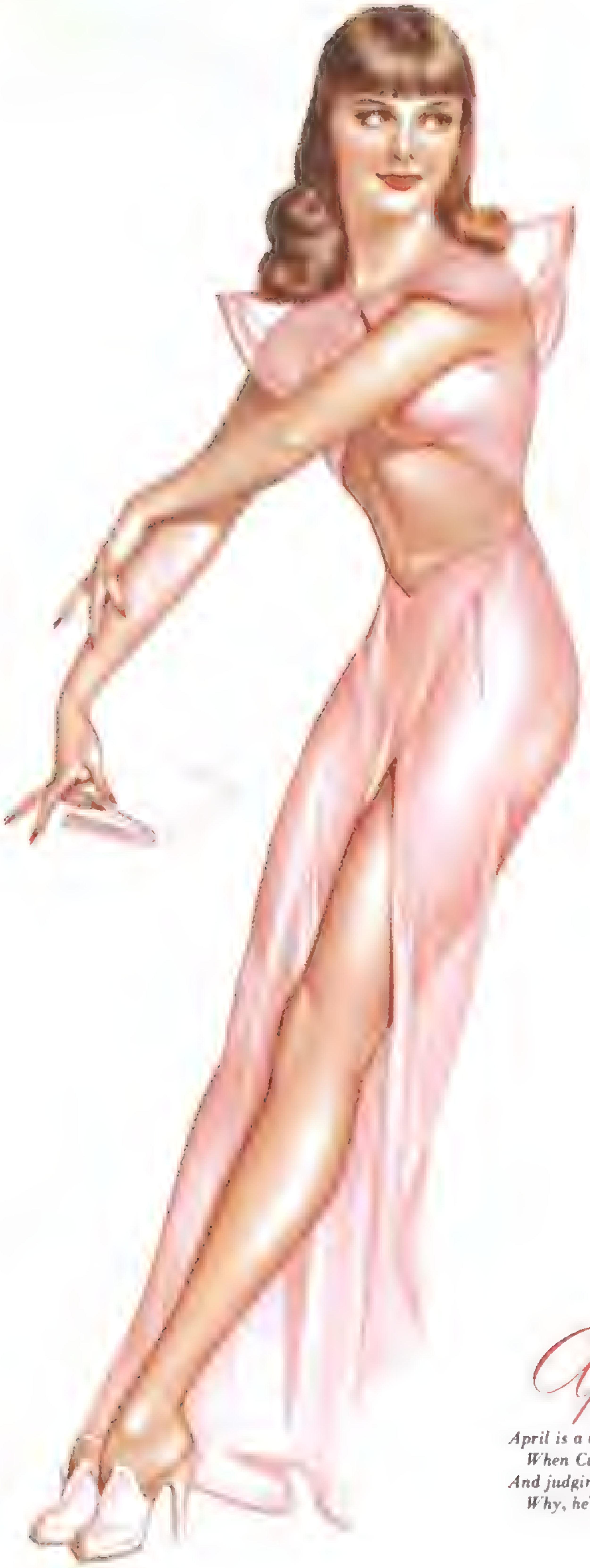
August finds me 'neath the sun
For I've found this is true:
If you go back to Nature
She won't go back on you!



November

November makes us thankful
For the freedom that we prize,
It also makes us thankful
That we still have got our eyes!



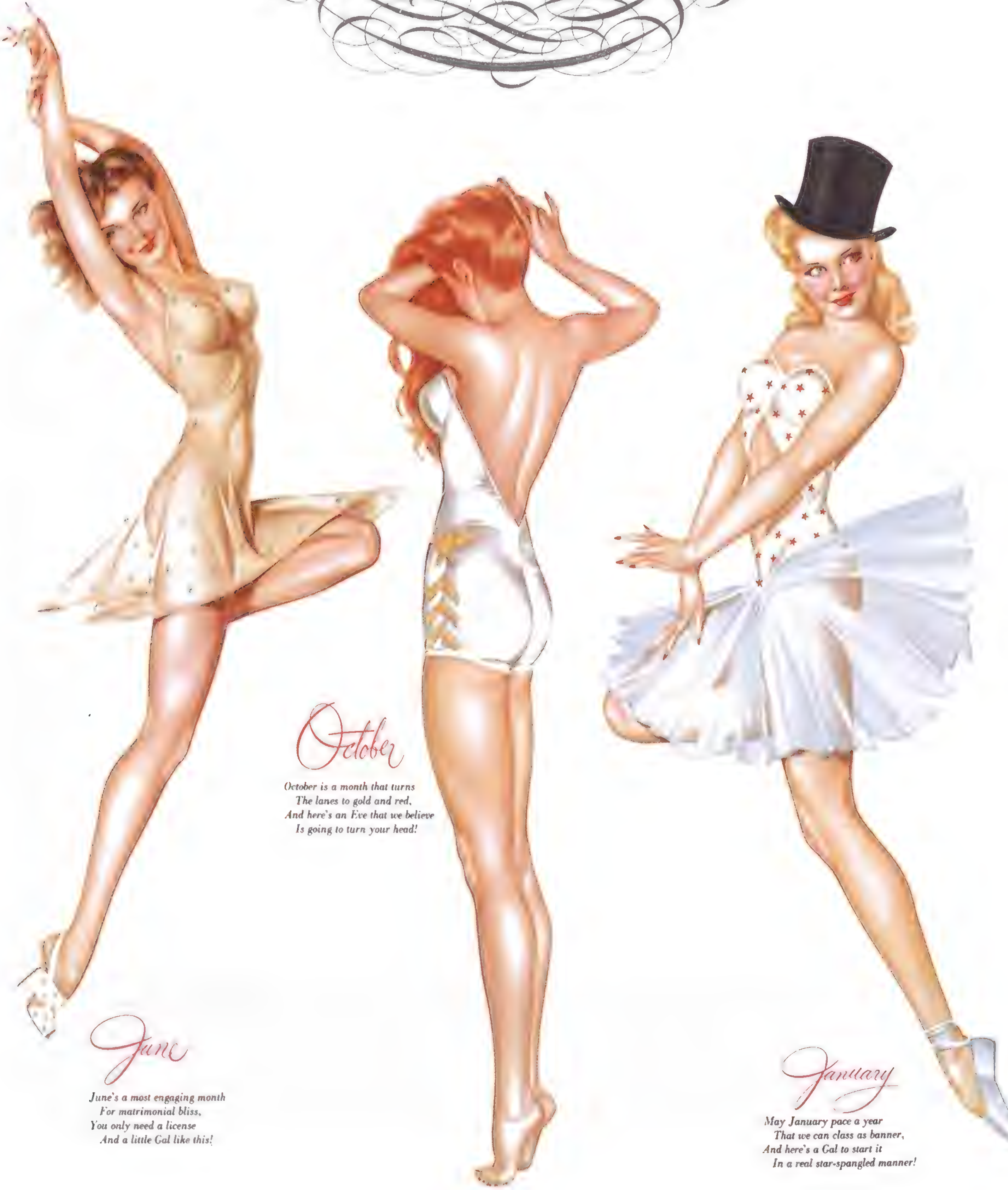


April

April is a balmy month
When Cupid starts to rule,
And judging by his pupils, Pal,
Why, he's no April Fool!

Varga Varieties of 1946

Esquire's 'round the year revue;
Twelve to the bar, just for you



June

June's a most engaging month
For matrimonial bliss,
You only need a license
And a little Gal like this!

October

October is a month that turns
The lanes to gold and red,
And here's an Eve that we believe
Is going to turn your head!

January

May January pace a year
That we can class as banner,
And here's a Gal to start it
In a real star-spangled manner!

September

September brings this Autumn Eve
Who's bound to make a stir—
She's taken off her hat for you
So take off yours to her!

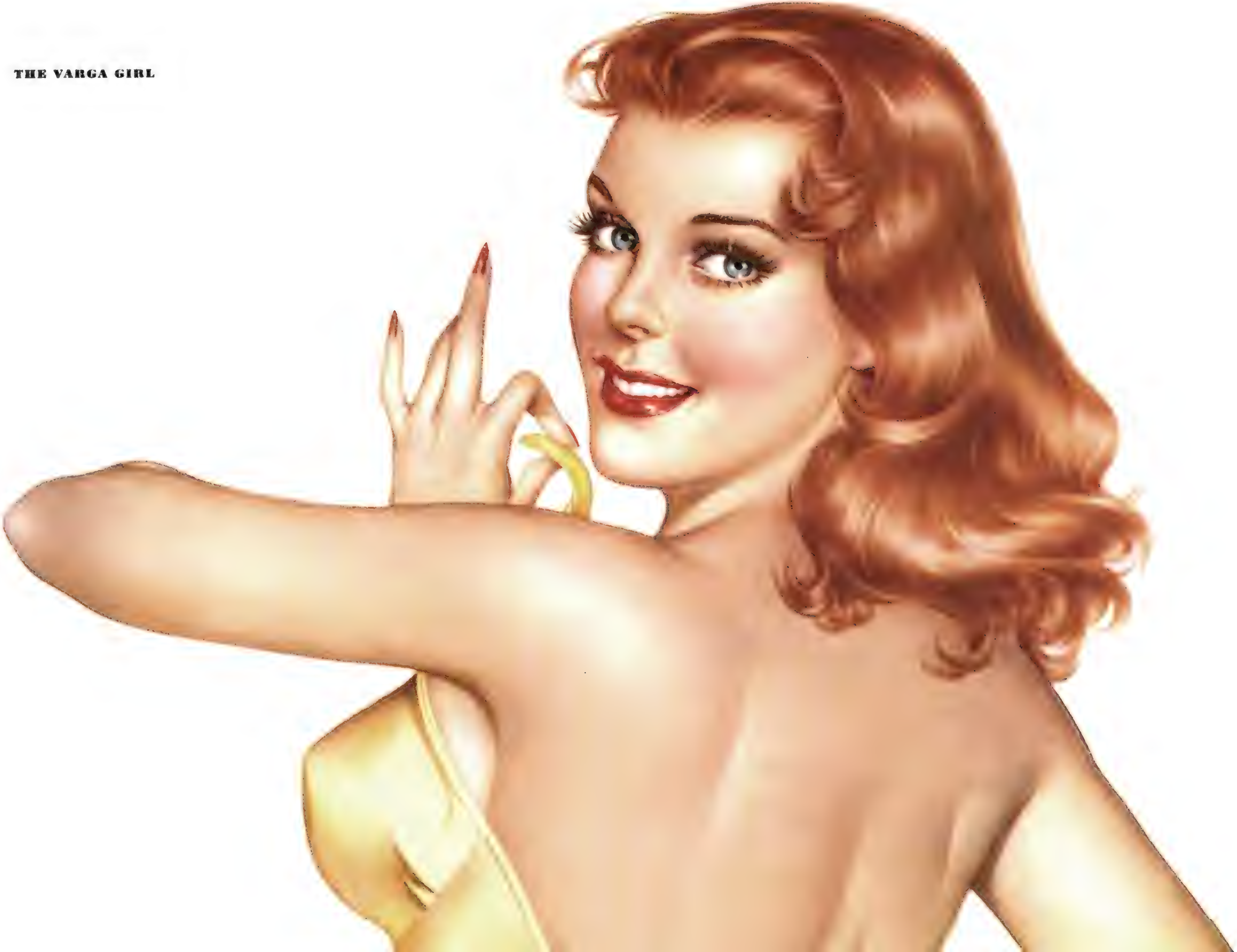
December

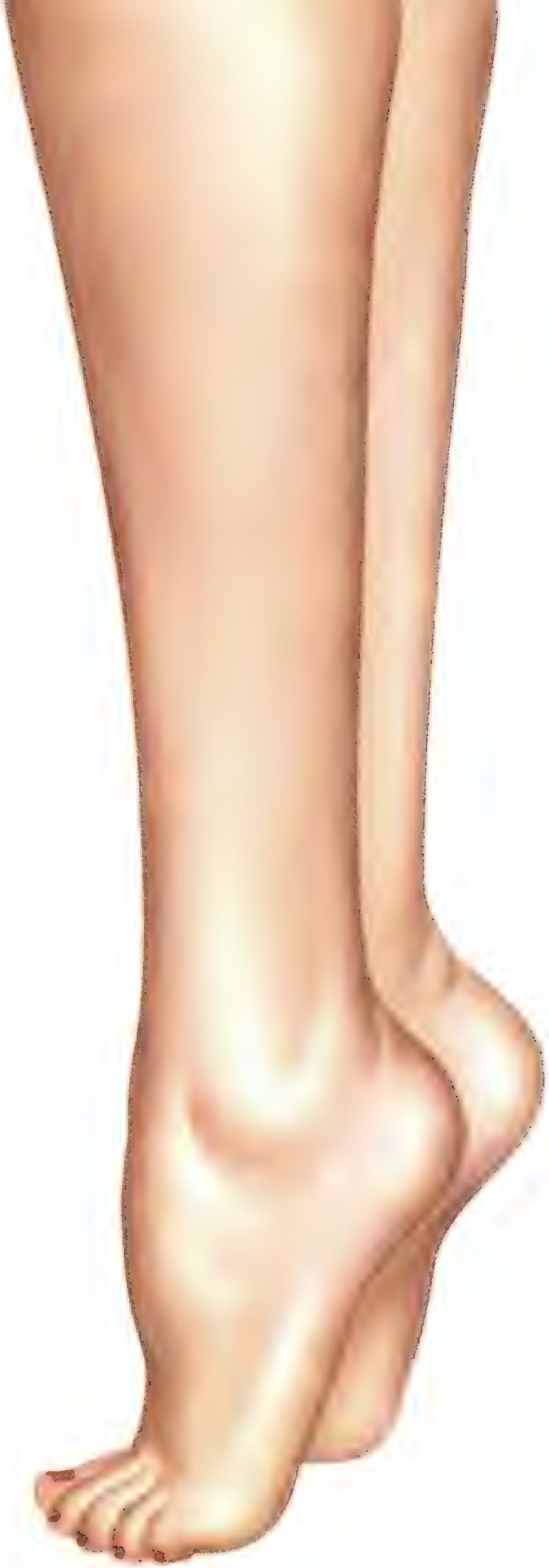
Though this month really ought to show
A picture of old Santy,
This calendar is for you, sir,
And not your maiden aunty!

July

July's a patriotic month,
Let's celebrate it right!
In case you're out of fireworks—
Why, here's some dynamite!

THE VARGA GIRL





Miss January, Nineteen Forty-Six!

This lovely starts a banner year
In patriotic hue,
Her hair is red, her suit is gold,
Her eyes are clear and blue,
She's half life-size to please you guys
And tanned in beauty's art,
The tops in tricks for '46—
So pin her to your heart!

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack

The young officer cursed the fate that sent him to a remote land where natives hated any representative of the Empire

Nothing Ever Happens

GREENHALGH

by ROBERT W. B. LOWE

FROM a neighboring doorway came the soft, insinuating call of a woman. He kept on his way without giving any sign that he had heard. Army laws strictly forbade any familiarity with the women of this treacherous land, and with good reason. Those who had chosen to forget the rules had, all too often, been found nastily mutilated in the roadways next morning.

And yet perhaps the safest way to spend the night, at that, would be in dalliance with some local wench. He could look after himself. It would be safer, at any rate, than crossing the native quarter, unescorted, in these troublous times.

His hand dropped to his side arms as a shadowy figure slipped by him in the half-gloom. He had the feeling now, as he had had all afternoon, that he was being watched, and perhaps followed. His eyes searched the area in vain. The East—not the glamorous, beautiful East of song and story, but the dirty, stinking East of reality, the East of poverty, leprosy, plague and filth—stretched all about him.

He had heard much from brother officers of the intriguing possibilities of Eastern service, but now that he was in it, he found that his principal reaction was one of annoyance at the constant discomforts, to say nothing of the danger of a quick stab in the back from some disgruntled desert dweller.

A distinct feeling of self-pity came over the young officer as he resumed his steps, picking his way over and around piles of offal and refuse in the streets which were little better than narrow alleys. He thought with homesick longing of the cool skies and the stinging spume whipped in from the Channel Coast. For a moment he could almost see the white cliffs . . .

That moment of dreaming almost cost him his life. With a sickening thud a heavy knife buried itself in a beam a scant inch away from his throat and a shadowy figure in a white burnoose disappeared into a dark cleft between two houses. It would be suicide to try to follow there. He pulled the vicious blade from the post and dropped it into his tunic. He had hoped that a walk would quiet his nerves and help him get a decent night's rest. Now he realized that it had definitely been a mistake for him to come out alone.

He roundly cursed the situation in which he found himself. He was the only officer for miles around. At least his men had the advantage of their own company and comradeship. Why hadn't proper arrangements been made for his stay in this desolate hole? He'd make a report that would set some ears burning in the quartermaster's department.

Perhaps, if he hurried, he might make his way to a little tavern on the other side of town, where he had discovered an innkeeper who, though obviously a rogue without scruples, would cater to his needs. He could get a bed for the night, some food and some of the local wine, such as it was.

It wasn't exactly the type of soldiering he and his friends had dreamt about during the rigorous days of the officers' training school. But the Empire was endangered, and her stalwart sons, responding to orators who stayed at home, had gone to the far corners of the world to defend her. Nor had there had been any who had hung back, even if it meant journeying to this inhospitable land with its dirt and smells and most unfriendly natives.

He emerged into a sort of square, where swiftly-moving, hooded figures slipped along the ancient streets, many of them pausing to spit at the sight of the stranger in uniform. But one didn't mention that in letters home. People there were pretty complacent about the all-goodness and essential popularity of the Empire.

"Take particular care not to antagonize the native population," had been the orders of his superior officer. Not antagonize the natives, indeed! Too bad the old boy couldn't have had that knife tossed at him. Maybe he'd change his tune.

It was strange how civilization was always opposed. Strange how the government of the greatest Empire the world had ever seen was still distrusted by those whom it sought to benefit. No matter what one did, these ignorant, graceless natives still looked at you with that mixture of cold enmity and haughty condescension which was so baffling, so annoying. Hawk-faced men of a dozen different faiths seemed united for the first time in history on one matter. They hated the Empire.

He stiffened into immobility beside a buttressed doorway. He could see through the darkness that there was some sort of movement up ahead. That man who had tossed the knife probably had half a dozen more in his belt. It would be an inglorious ending to a promising military career to be found here in the morning with a knife in one's back.

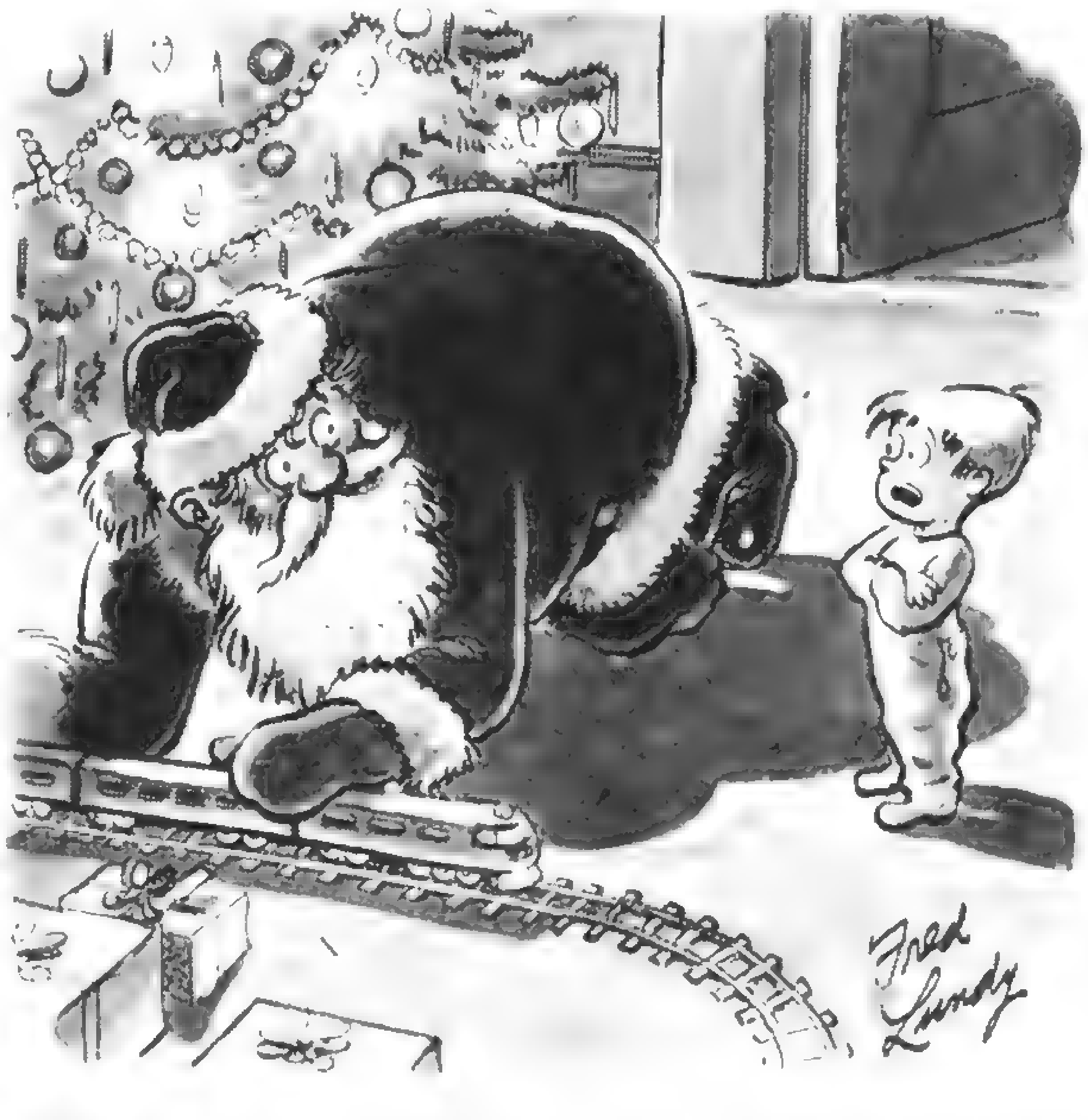
Too late to go back now, though. It would certainly be better to try to find a lodging right here, if such a thing were possible. A commotion up ahead caught his attention and then he had to stand aside in a frescoed doorway to allow a small train of camels to go by, spitting and snarling on their way, as they passed haughtily through the narrow byway.

Some of these natives were fine looking people, actually, by any standard. Take those three men on camel back just passing. They might even be kings, so fierce and proud was their bearing. Yet desert kings had little part in the scheme of things in this realistic day. They were suspicious-looking characters, actually. It was a wonder the desert patrol hadn't picked them up before they entered the town.

He gazed ahead to get his bearings and, as he did so, became aware of a star of unusual brilliancy shining in the clear desert sky through the minarets and archways, ahead and above.

Strange how old tales recurred. Those three camel riders and now the star! All at once there was in his mind a strange feeling of apprehension—almost a cold clutch of fear. He had felt the same way before the big attack in Cyrenaica.

But what business had thoughts like that in the mind of a war-hardened army officer? If he could keep a knife out of his back until morning, he would be doing a good job. When this assignment was over, he was most certainly going to apply for leave. This sort of thing got on a man's nerves. He remembered a girl at the Rock, who had told him the tales of the ancient Pillars of Hercules, while



"Suppose we get back to our reindeer and go galloping over roof tops!"

they watched the blue waters of the Mediterranean. If he couldn't persuade his commanding officer to give him sufficient leave to get back home, perhaps he could get back there for a while.

Struggling, sweating figures pushed by him as he passed a typical caravanserai of the town. From inside came noises of revelry. A poor place, yet it might serve. If he demanded strongly enough, he might be able to get a bed.

It would save him a long walk for which he had little liking. That knife had been too close. He'd try, anyway. The only argument these people understood was force. Yet one had to be careful. As he often reminded his men, good relations with the natives were of the greatest importance right now.

Several peasants, standing about near the entrance, slipped into the adjoining stable as his uniform was outlined in the flickering glare of torches at the inn's doorway.

A couple of urchins scrambled after their elders and then peered around the doorpost at him.

He smiled as his thoughts went back to his own childhood and his own home. Then, with a frown such as befitted the trusted servant of an all-powerful Empire, he entered the inn.

A moment later he emerged, cursing the landlord for having neither bed nor wine, cursing the loitering louts about the door and cursing the camel caravan forcing its way through the narrow passageway in front of the inn. It was headed, he noted, by the same three regal-looking individuals who had excited his attention earlier in the evening. Probably here to stir up trouble. He would most certainly make a report on the matter to the captain of the desert patrol when he next visited the town.

A small wail from the open stable caught his attention as he swung onto the street. So even the stables were in use. He paused and glanced inside. A patriarchal looking man was running about in the obvious distress and worry as old as time itself. Then he observed a comely young woman holding a newborn infant to her breast in a sheltered, hay-strewn corner of the manger, while the calm, cud-chewing oxen looked on in stolid indifference. A strange place to bear a child.

Well, there was nothing for it now, but to make the dangerous crossing of the town.

He stepped warily into the street and started on, glancing from side to side. As he did so, he muttered under his breath at the evil chance which had taken him from the Roman garrison in Gaul and had assigned him to supervise tax collections for King Herod in this obviously God-forsaken little town of Bethlehem, where nothing of real importance ever happened. ⵌ

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by **DAVID EMORY**

The Case of the Backward Barber

In the refined science of lamb fleecing your lady beautician has him whitewashed

IN EVALUATING the progress, if any, of mankind, look to the barbershops and beauty parlors. Don't go as far back as when Cleopatra was getting herself boob-trapped for Marcus Antonius and Julius Caesar. And skip those seventeenth century days when a gentleman wore wigs that required more currying than a Derby favorite.

Start in the nineties when Pa had his name in gilt letters on a decorated cup in a barbershop, and when the hairdresser came to the house once a week to work over Mother's crowning glory.

Pa's barber was the forerunner of the modern news commentator. He was more accurate and less egotistic. He had to be; the listener could talk back. Mother's hairdresser was an iron-muscled woman. In those days Mother wanted a mane like one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters. No frail esthete could wrestle with Mother's tresses.

But during two wars what a change has been made! Probably no other essential of American life, except lunch, has experienced the revolutionary transition that has come over the business of prettying-up. The first World War did away with free lunch. It looks like this war has done away with lunch.

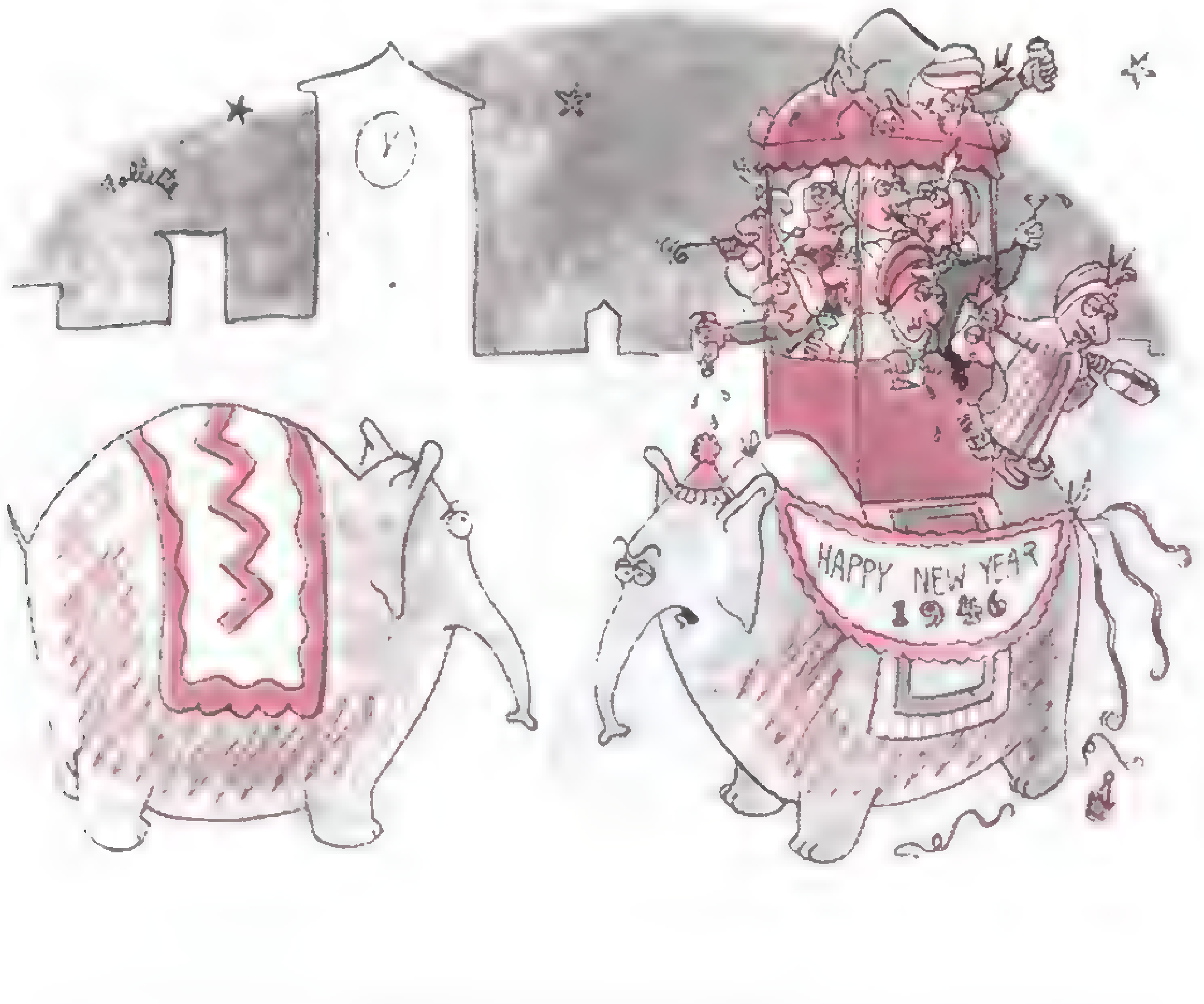
The barbershops and beauty parlors have progressed. The advances have been made at different rates. The beauty shop has gone so far ahead of the barbershop that male vanity loses altitude rapidly when comparison of the two establishments is made.

The barbershop has gone on a production line basis. Equipment has improved in one respect. The barber chair now looks like a frustrated dentist chair. The customer gets a ticket when he goes into one of the big places where he hasn't got an appointment. Then he's routed along in efficient silence, with all the intimate personal attention given to the manufacture of a shell casing. He gets a piece of tissue paper around his neck to keep the hair from leaking down between his hide and his underwear. In some ultra institutions, lather is applied by a super-suds squirt gun.

Barbershops of the better sort now claim sanitation standards equal to those of a maternity ward. The implements are germ-proof. The barbers are dressed like interns. About all they need to make them completely sanitary is face masks such as you see in pictures of surgeons.

Now porters have little devices for pressing neckties as evidence of advance in their department. But their race horse information is no better than it used to be.

It does seem that the barbershop manicurists have become strictly intent on paring your talons and getting you the hell out of the joint. Self-defense of the earlier manicurists often was in being more sophisticated than the dashing traveling man.



"Just a quiet little house party this year, he says —a few intimate friends!"

The traveling man might boast of his manicurist conquests, but it was the pioneer manicurists who homeward wended their weary ways with the cash folded beneath the top of the stocking.

Now the manicurist is a very respectable lady mechanic on the cuticle shift. She has lost some of her gaiety in becoming part of a factory crew, but that is no loss at all, considering the sleep a manicurist used to figure she had to lose in the course of social relationships entered into as a sideline to the day's occupation.

A few little tricks have been introduced into the massage machinery, but nothing astonishing. The same old dopes are used on the faces of the same old dopes. The same high octane scents are used unless the customers keep on the alert. Once in a while, still, a gentleman customer of a barbershop gets greying skeins furtively daubed with dye. Results are the same as they used to be. The client still looks as though he's borrowed his hair from a window trimmer's dummy. To his intimates and strangers alike it's very plain that the customer has been swabbed by hair paint instead of having had the youthful appearance of his thatch restored by a natural resurgence of male hormones. The beauty parlors do it much, much better. You can look at the back of some dame's head and think that she may be a pin-up, but when you get around and look at her face-on, you perceive that she is a relic whose hair has been dyed. Only on henna do beauty shops flop. For some reason, eight of ten women who have their hair hennaed look like horses that keep right on running after the race is over.

But very seldom do the beauty shops of the advanced sort seem to take a chance on henna. Sooner than take that risk they give the hair coloring customers blueing like you used to get on a carelessly laundered shirt, or some pink resembling the tint you see on pictures of the viscera in doctors' books. Those screwy touches are strictly from Paris. They make a homely moll look so godawful you forget to look at her face. Such exhibits were very amusing to the G.I.s in Paris. The Yanks expected those weird looking creatures to saddle brooms and go swooping around the Eiffel tower at the witching hour of midnight.

That hair tinting business goes to show you just how far beauty shops have gone past barbershops. Take the sun lamp treatment, for instance.

There are some guys who hanker for South Pacific or Arabian complexions winter or summer. They think it makes them look like they have hit policy and have been able to spend the winter at Palm Beach or Palm Springs, or summer on their yachts. The barber gives them a sun lamp. The most he ever asks them is: "Do you want to have your hide rare, medium or well done?" The clients are eager to get rid of their horse room tan, a grey like the walls of Sing Sing. So they ask for the works. They wind up with a synthetic sun tan that looks as phony as Japanese invasion money.

MICHAEL BERRY

"Well, could I have a few days to think it over?"

Beauty parlors wouldn't handle them that way, barbecuing them to a tropical crisp in a few fierce treatments. In a beauty parlor the gent would be given his choice of Casablanca beige, Yalta russet, Bonny Bum, Parlay amber, Come Seven cinnamon, New Caledonian Chieftain and other alluringly labeled shades, Senegalese sepia, and brown easing into Midnight brown. Midnight brown would be called just plain black by barbershop realists who lack the poesy that gets beauty shop prices.

The beauty shops go the full route of the romantic fancy in presenting fingernail and toenail enamel. These paints have names implying that the gentleman exposed to these fascinations hasn't one chance in a billion of retaining that which is more precious than life itself to a fine honorable young man. Maybe you think that big brawny males wouldn't go for that sort of la-de-da stuff under any name. So did I, but I'm not so sure after conducting some research in the pages of *Modern Beauty Shop*, a magazine devoted to the flourishing commerce of trying to make ladies' mirrors show that calendars are full of typographical errors.

In that opulent journal it says: "One of the most frequently requested items from men overseas is shampoo." Skip the grammar. I am not the one qualified to sneer at a sentence which starts out to say one thing and winds up saying that the home folks are requesting shampoo from men overseas. The little piece goes on to say that a company "has sent many packages containing shampoo to G.I.s in combat areas and in return has received numerous letters of thanks. To fulfill this particular overseas need, etc. . . ."

You know the rest; anything for the boys, at customary discounts to dealers.

I talked with thousands of guys overseas and never heard one of them ask for shampoo. What they shampooed with was anything that was handy in the way of soap. They preferred that soap that makes a man smell wholesome and hygienic like a new bedpan. It made it easier to identify your own patrols in the dark and minimized the risk of spraying lead into the stern of a friend.

But I'm not saying the shampoo people are engaging in what we used to call story-telling and now call propaganda. Perhaps millions of G.I.s voiced earnest pleas for shampoo in making it "one of the most frequently requested items." If they made impassioned pleas for shampoo, why not for nail enamel or the latest in hair styling?

I'll tell you why. The barbers didn't indoctrinate the G.I. The barbers who got into the armed services were turned into cooks and the cooks were made barbers. That is following the time-honored military procedure.

Consequently, the G.I. haircut customarily was done the same way a cook trims the edges of a pie. A few quick snips around the edge and a few punctures in the top to let the gas escape. There is your G.I. haircut.

The fellows in the armed services put up with it because the barbers hadn't taught them any better. If the nurses, Wacs, Waves or Red Cross girls had been given any female version of the G.I. hairdos there would have been a storm that would have blown the roof off the White House.

You think a guy isn't interested in his hair? Gaze at the ads of the many mixtures for preventing that fright-wig look. Those advertisers are not chumps tossing their money around just so they won't be hogging it selfishly. And look at the guys who carry combs in their pockets. Consider the volume of comb business at P.X.s and at naval stations, and you'll get an idea of an interest the barbershops aren't capitalizing.

When troops heat shaving water in helmets or draw it from motor radiators it's a tip-off that there is a chance for barber sales promotion among the armed forces. When men came out, after a week or months in the line, they hankered, without realizing it, for the expert works at a barbershop. What they got was a G.I. cut making them look as if they'd been barbered by falling flak.

The barbers feature evidence showing that they haven't advanced since the Civil War. *The Barber's Journal* proclaims itself "The Barber's Own Magazine." It has, as cover illustrations of a recent issue, a cut of field barbering in the Civil War and a photograph of a Marine Corps barbershop somewhere in the Pacific. The Civil War soldier is sitting in a chair made of a barrel, and he's resting his back and neck on a chairback that looks fairly comfortable under the conditions. His feet are propped on a stool. He's getting shaved. The Marine in 1945 A. D. is sitting on a box, a towel draped around him, and getting a haircut. The pictures indicate that the better field barbering equipment and service was available during the Civil War.

There are indications that the barbers are beginning to wonder if the beauty shops didn't beat them to the chair when Progress hollered "Next!" *The Barber's Journal* gives the trade this sage chat:

"Your customer, let us say, wants a haircut. So you proceed to cut his hair. Brother, you're losing a golden opportunity. Why not start to run your comb through his hair before cutting, as if studying his face? Tell him that you fit the haircut to the face and head. ***Every woman likes to feel like a queen or a glamor girl and every man like a king or a Wall Street tycoon. The beauty shops give their patrons this feeling by giving them all-around service, not just shampoos and settings or just permanents, but reducing treatments, manicures, facials, massages, *and* the staples, shampoos and settings. Well, the barbershops can rake in the greenbacks by doing for the men something a bit similar to what the beauty parlors do for women."

Theoretically, okay. But it's going to be tough pioneering for the aspiring tonsorialist. Some of the knobs discovered by the exploring barber's comb may be transient and tender. And the barber will have to be a genius at tact in suggesting that he can give a gent a haircut to fit the client's peculiar puss. The mere studious gaze of a barber staring intently at a patron's map may be misinterpreted and get the customer in no mood to relax while the customer's jugular vein and the barber's razor are only a quick reach apart.

Considering the foreign political situation, it is doubtful that the gentleman client would want to feel like a king. The Wall Street tycoons are getting duodenal ulcers worrying about taxes. So the chances are the barbershop customer would not want to feel like a Wall Street tycoon either. Probably the best break the good American wants from a barbershop is to come out of it not looking or smelling like an obviously recent patient of the barber, but appearing as though he looked and smelled that good all the time.

There is no imminent danger of the barber trying to talk his male clientele into cute coifs or run the bill up to the Himalayan heights of the beauticians' eagerly donated receipts, but there are faint rumblings of a revolution to produce Migent Beautiful.

Maybe it'll come gently by barbers cutting the hair of the gullible young so many of these youths will not appear to have been recently hazed by prankish pubescents of a fraternity. The barbers might begin by rearranging the thin strands on a balding elder's skull in some other way than the formal fashion of the past hundred years. Now these wisps are fixed in swirls or lines. They emphasize that the customer's face is rapidly retiring to the back of his neck.

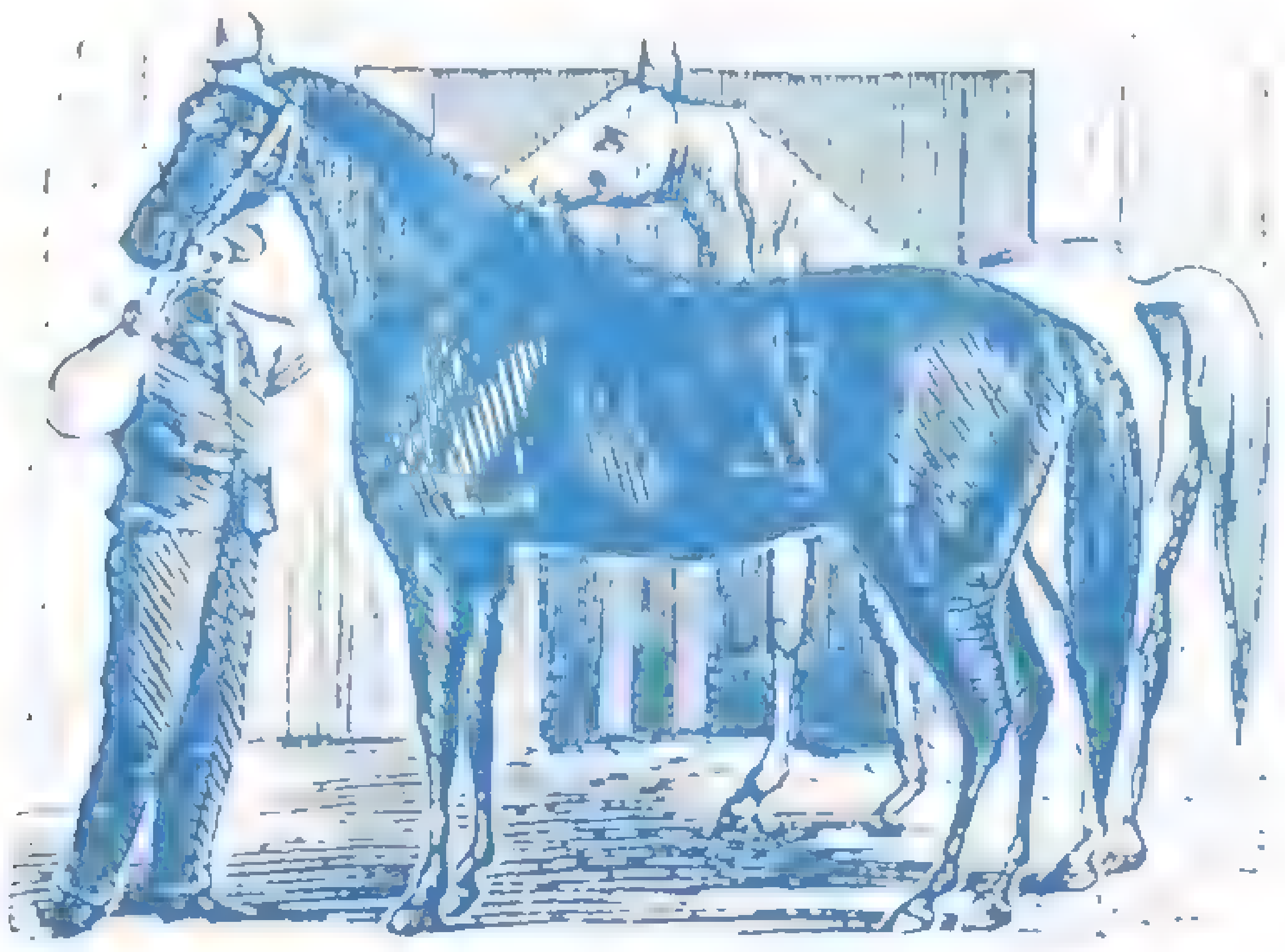
Those would be two revolutionary changes in barbering. They'd be simple things, but the barbers have to start cautiously in educating males of our species to consider the barbershop more in the class of a beauty shop than a comfort station.

The barbers can't go too far too soon in making up for lost time. Think what your own frightened reaction would be if you were to be the first gentleman to be addressed by the barber's synonym for the beautician's "moddom." You'd figure the guy was a psychiatric case. Then you'd wish hard for the safety of the antiquated barbershop with its chairs upholstered in steamboat red, its copies of the *Police Gazette*, and its large caliber cuspidors. ##

Rarey's sure-fire system for breaking a colt was based on three principles

The Lost Art of Horse Taming

by MELVIN RYDER



OLD STEEL ENGRAVING

These days, when a ranch owner or a cowboy wants to tame a wild horse, he drops astride the critter's back and hangs on until the horse hasn't a plunge or a charge or a sunfish left in him. It is a spectacular way for man to prove his supremacy over the horse, but it is also the hard way.

Less than one hundred years ago—there were many more wild ones to be tamed then—a Grovesport, Ohio, farm lad was taming them as fast as they came along. He never missed, and he spared his bones the jolts of bronc-busting. For John Solomon Rarey had a system. He could "interview" a mean, half-crazed maniac stallion for a couple of hours and the horse would emerge as calm and docile as if he belonged in front of a milk wagon.

Rarey and his horse-taming techniques are now all but forgotten, yet in the 1850's and 60's the noblest lords and ladies of England paid thousands of pounds for the privilege of learning the secrets of the wiry, thirty-year-old American who had the magic touch with horses.

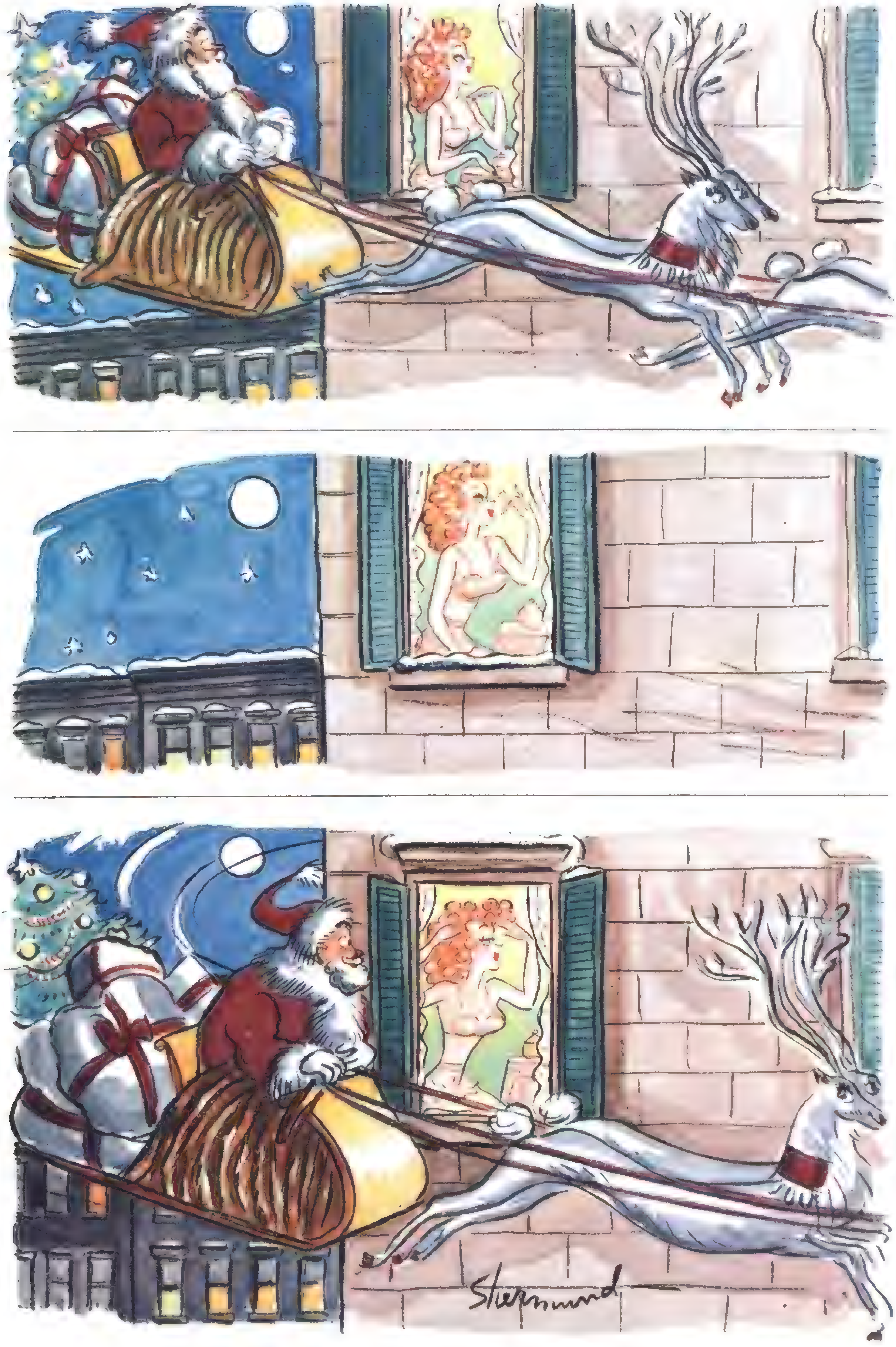
His astonishing successes with vicious English steeds—witnessed, approved and endorsed by such prominent horsemen as Sir Richard Airey, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Palmerston, the Marquis of Stafford and hundreds of others—moved the *Illustrated London News* to write: "Mr. Rarey's system of horse-training will infallibly supersede all others for both civil and military purposes, and his name will take rank among the great social reformers of the century. May we have many more such importations from America!"

Rarey's triumph was unlimited. Before he returned to America, he performed at good profit in France, Germany, Sweden, Russia, Norway, Egypt, Turkey and Arabia. A quiet brow may be arched at the last land in the list, but it has been conceded that the Arabs learned considerable from Rarey.

The chief value of the Rarey System seems to rest in the fact that it may be taught to and successfully practiced by a boy of thirteen or fourteen for use on all except extremely vicious and powerful horses.

It requires patience, it requires the habit of dealing with horses, as well as coolness, but the real work is a matter of skill rather than strength. By its use ladies of high rank have in the course of ten minutes perfectly subdued and reduced to deathlike calmness fiery horses of the blood.

Unfortunately, when Rarey died at Grovesport at the age of thirty-nine after an illness of several years, his method (from jealousy perhaps) was not pushed and soon became the Forgotten Art. And yet it is just as effective and of as much interest to the horseman today as it (*Continued on page 223*)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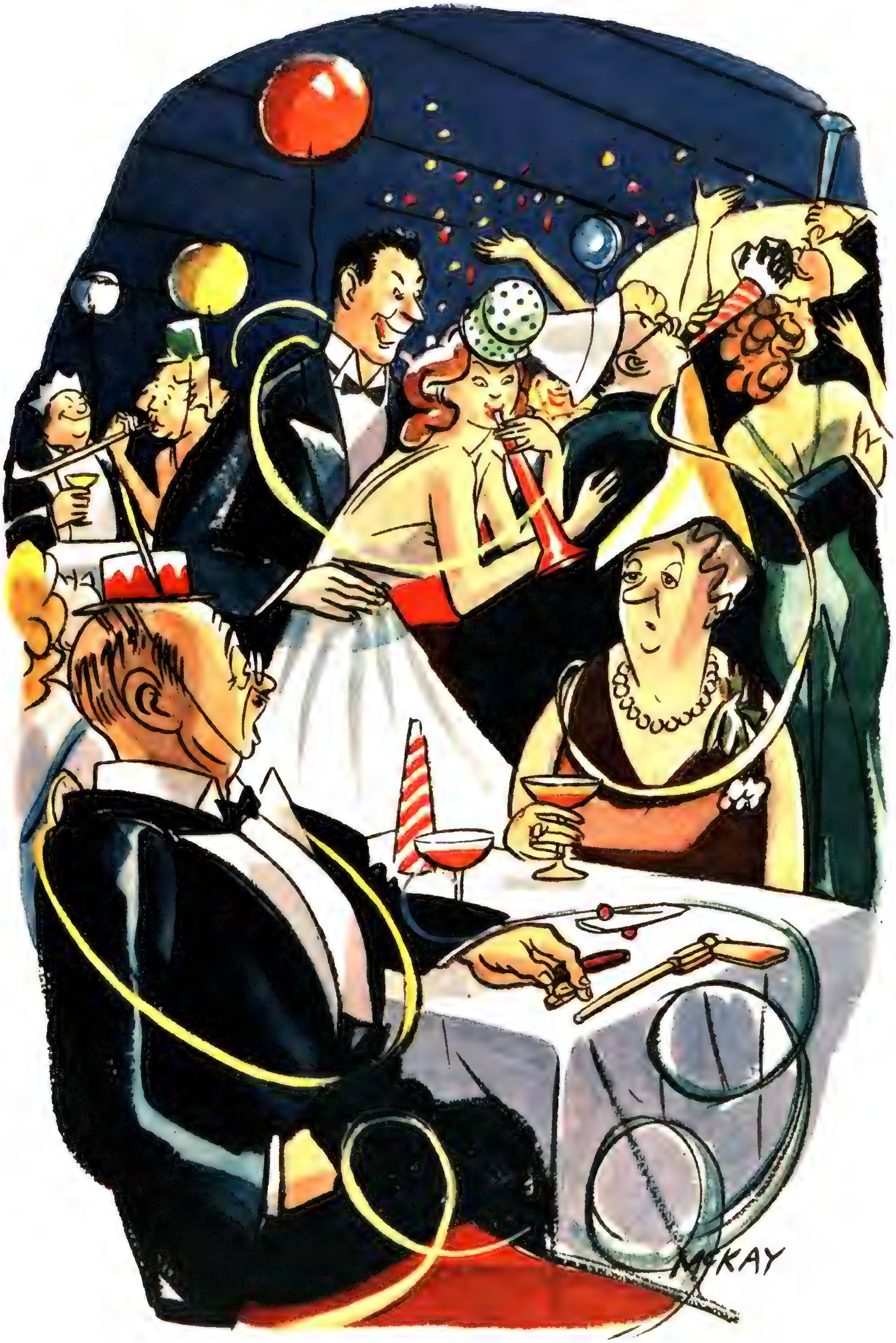


'*I'm getting so I need* ***more*** *than a year to recuperate from these New Year's parties*"

The Dorns were able to survive all the vicissitudes of Hollywood by a simple system of numerical strength

I'm the Star

by GEORGE JESSEL

IN THE Spring of 1923, the legitimate show business was having a very prosperous year. Almost every Broadway success had two or three companies playing on tour. Of these, the melodrama, *The Man I Love*, had five companies. This play had such fine situations that almost any cast of actors could play it, providing the leading man was just the least bit good to look at, and such a fellow was Frederick Dorn, in his early thirties, who was playing weeks of one night stands and a few week engagements in Kansas and the larger towns of Texas.

Frederick had been a sort of second leading man in a stock company in Rochester, New York. He had married the daughter of the property man in the theatre. Soon after their marriage, his bride was playing little bits with the stock company—maids, telephone operators, etc., and although you had to hug her to hear her, her looks got her by in small parts but, she was, definitely, not to the theatre born. She worshipped Freddie, and washed his shirts in Lux, and acted as valet while he played rummy with the boys. She excused his little flirtations with the town belles who waited at the stage door by telling herself, "I don't blame him. He is so handsome and such a good actor. I am lucky to be married to him."

The Man I Love was playing three days in Fort Worth and those three days were, to that company, like a year's run in New York, for after twenty weeks of one-nighters, now they were able to unpack their trunks, get things mended, send out the laundry and sleep in the same bed for three nights. Fort Worth was the first big town they had hit since the tour began. They opened on a Monday night to a big audience and were received very well. The Fort Worth *Star* had particularly noted that Frederick Dorn was the kind of leading man who would, no doubt, be gobbled up by the motion pictures. The Dorns bought many copies of this paper and Mrs. Dorn (born Amelia Musselwood, Mrs. Frederick Dorn, in private life and, if you please, Mona Marlowe, on the stage) clipped the criticism and mailed copies to half of Rochester.

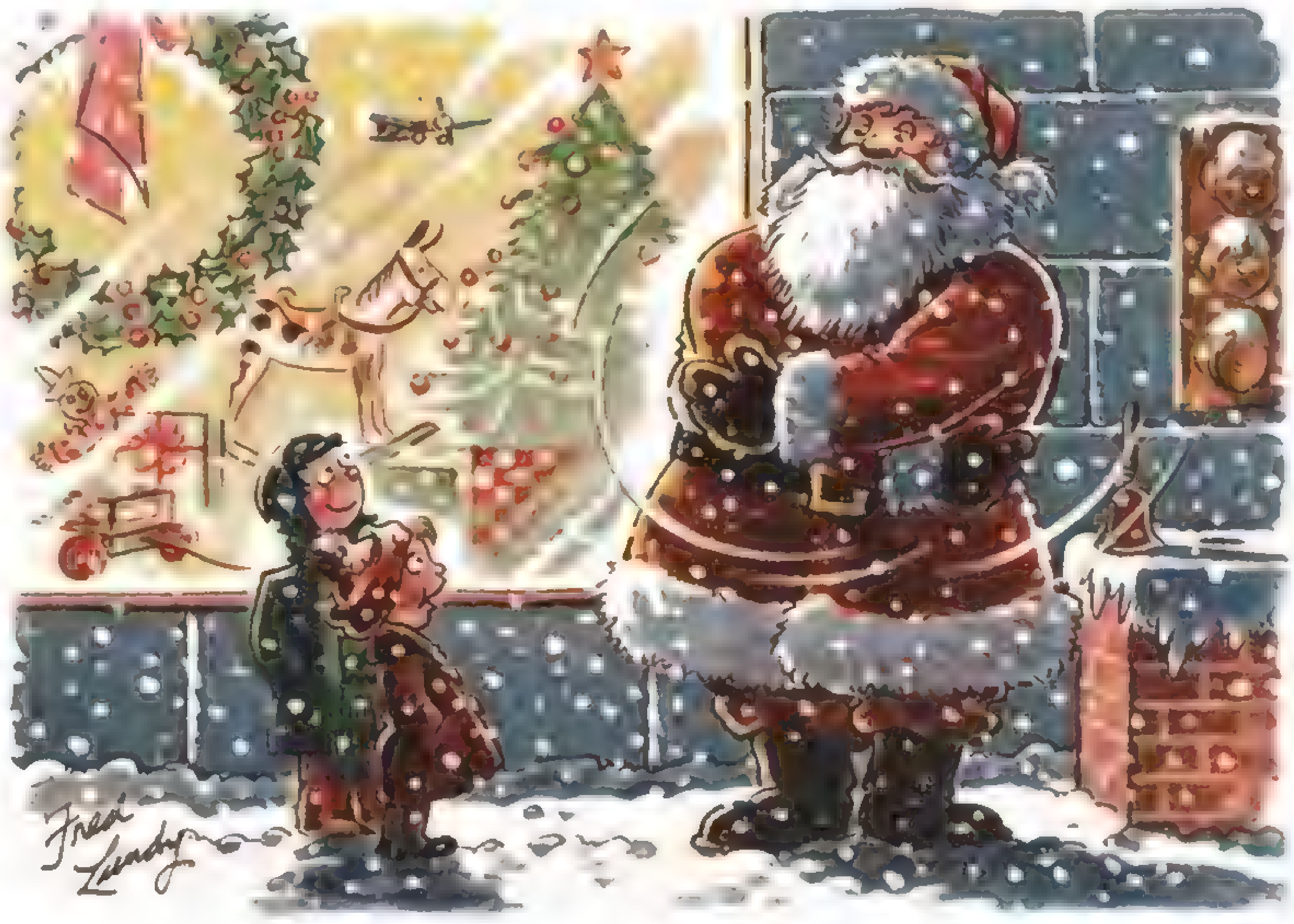
At nine o'clock Tuesday morning, while Mona was clipping, a plane landed at the newly-built airport in Fort Worth. This plane was one of the few that were accepting passengers from Los Angeles to Chicago. Aboard this ship was Felix Olde, high-priced talent scout of Famous Actors Maskey Film Company. As he stepped from the plane, he was madder than hell. He had taken this trip, by air, to save two days' time in getting to New York and, not only had the trip been bumpy, making him sick at his stomach, but he was told that the plane could go no further because of weather conditions and he would have to continue by train. There was no train until 2:30 a.m. This meant that Felix would have to spend a dozen more hours in Fort Worth. He rushed to the hotel, bathed, made ten or twelve long distance calls, ordered some coffee, sent for the district manager of his company, and started to read the morning paper. Just as Mrs. Dorn was reading aloud, for the fiftieth time, "Mr. Frederick Dorn will no doubt soon be gobbled up by the motion pictures," his eyes found the same phrase. That night, he saw the show and rushed backstage after the second act, not to see Dorn, the leading man, but to get a closer look at the girl who played the secretary, a role which consisted of about eight lines—but what a kisser, thought Mr. Olde. The same whimsical look that Pickford had; the limpid eyes of Talmadge and even a touch of the sensuous walk of Barbara LaMarr.

Before Mr. Olde took his late train eastward, he had a signed contract for Mona Marlowe to report within two weeks at the Famous Actors Maskey Studio, in Hollywood. There was a fairly important part that she could step right into. Those were the days of the silent picture so there was nothing for her to learn except to walk where the director told her to and, with the aid of two cellists, an organ and violin, squeeze out a tear or two in a close-up, when called for.

The next six hours were absolute bewilderment for the Dorns. The talent scout had said only a few perfunctory words to Fred Dorn and had rushed to sign the contract with Mona. He did not ask what salary she was receiving for playing the small part in the play (it was forty dollars, which of course, Fred took care of; he was getting one hundred and fifty). For the first six months she would get three hundred and fifty dollars weekly with six years of options, the final year bringing her salary up to four thousand a week.

"Even that," said Mr. Olde, "is nothing to worry about. If your pictures make money, we tear up the contract and give you a new one just like they did with Gloria Swanson whose contract called for three thousand dollars a week, and she is now very nicely collecting fifteen thousand a week."

Poor little Mona, wide-eyed, was fulfilling her usual duties, washing Fred's shirts, etc., but Fred wasn't playing rummy with the boys. He was looking out of the window. Mona stopped washing for a minute to look at his handsome face silhouetted against the Texas sky, and then she stopped work altogether, not because of the sky or Fred's face, but, because it suddenly came to her mind that her hands might be impaired by the soapsuds and it would break her heart if they had to have a stand-in for her hands, which she had read about in a movie magazine. She sat up all night looking at herself in the mirror. Fred was silent, also, not sleeping. He looked so sad, thought Mona, and very gently, almost benevolently, she said, "I hope you remember what Mr. Olde said. When you get out there you will be signed before you know it." (Olde hadn't said this at all. He suggested that there was quite a possibility of Fred's finding work.) With that one touch of Hollywood, Mona was already exaggerating and continued, "I am sure you will get a contract, immediately, at enormous money, Freddie dar-



"I suppose it never gets this cold at the North Pole"

ling, and if you teach me and I am lucky, I might even get to play in one of your pictures. Wouldn't that be wonderful?" This acted as soothing sirup to the wounded ham and he immediately wrote out a two weeks' notice to be handed to the company manager, and the rest of the small hours of the morning were spent planning the future.

The Dorns arrived in Hollywood. Mona was photographed by the dozen and, as they were taken to the Hollywood Hotel in one of the studio cars, the publicity man of the company informed Mona that he had reserved a suite for herself and maid and, although they did not know her husband was coming with her, they would immediately engage a room for him, if not connecting, as close by as possible. And so these two had their first baptism in the land of ever-shifting values.

Mona skyrocketed to the top. Fred played two or three bits and, since the talkies were still a long way off, his mellow stock company voice was of no use. Added to that, for some reason or other, film companies never go in much for publicizing an important actress' husband. In those days, particularly, picture marriages were not encouraged. If such and such a star was married or had a lover, it was best that this be whispered so that an aura of mystery would be added to the star's personality. This made her all the more glamorous and didn't stop important leading men, directors and producers from going on the make.

All these things, naturally, turned Mona's head and how can anyone blame her? This Hollywood—this satin-covered desert—these magic cameras could do such wonders. Who knows how far Mona would go; wasn't a former Mack Sennett bathing girl now a Marchioness of France? Well, anyway, the days of being her husband's valet, maid and wide-eyed admirer were over. "I'm the star," she said.

Soon it looked like a divorce was in the offing, particularly since, at the preview of her last picture, the studio had suggested that she enter the theatre with her new Spanish leading man, while Fred stayed home.

A day later, there was a big talk between them. Perhaps it was better, said Mona, with a voice that needed only studio music to bring the tears, that they separate.

"You can't blame me, Freddie sweet," she told him. "It isn't my fault that the screen is not your forte."

Before any action could be taken, however, a very important factor came into play. This was that Mona was to have a baby and now that her mother and father were with her she found that they were old-fashioned, actually fond of her, and determined to have a grandchild. So Mona left the screen to prepare for the occasion. Fred got quite a nice part in one of the last of the silents, and then, before you knew it, a little boy was born and life made sense again.

Then Mona went back to work again and *boom*, came the talkies and out went Mona. That lovely face that was a combination of Pickford, Talmadge and Barbara LaMarr, wouldn't stand up against her speaking voice, and she was through. Then there came a great change in Hollywood. Everything changed but the executives, of course, and whichever actors could talk at all were rushed into star parts. Frederick Dorn's stock company experience and melodramatic voice skyrocketed him to fame as quickly as had Mona's face. "I'm the star," said he, and positions were reversed.

Mona's mother and father went back to Rochester. Fred's maiden aunt and an old school chum came on for, of course, Fred needed another secretary with all that fan mail to answer. This lasted for a couple of years. Mona was not quite content with just caring for the baby, and there was talk of Fred's carrying on with his leading lady.

Fred and Mona had a chat. This time he did the talking. It wasn't his fault that she couldn't act and, perhaps, they should separate. By this time the Broadway actors had come to Hollywood en masse, and when Mr. Dorn played a scene with them even he could feel that the die had been cast, and it was. Before you could say, "What about my option," he was out. Like everyone else, he and Mona had been extravagant and before long, there were no relatives or secretaries around and they were in pretty bad straits. A few vaudeville engagements, together, and then nothing.

By this time their little son, Ronny, was about seven years old. One day he was lost and while mother and father were frantically telephoning and searching, lo and behold, a big studio car stopped at their door. From this car emerged little Ronny, and Felix Olde, the talent scout, with an executive from an important film company. (Practically every year, Mr. Olde was with a different film company.) Yes, you are right, little Ronny was a natural, and Fred and Mona were to come down to the studio the following day and sign the contract for him and *boom*, Ronny Dorn was to be found on the marquees of all the picture palaces and soon said little Ronny, "I am the star." He raised hell after a while and it was suggested by his agent that since he was soon to play the part of a young earl, it would be better for his accent if he separated from his mother and father, at least for a while.

Naturally, this kind of talk was a harsh blow to Mona and Fred, who had always felt that blood was thicker than water. They had sacrificed the best years of their lives, between contracts, to Ronny. And it seemed to them that while little birds must someday leave the nest, a boy could still use a certain amount of parental guidance at seven. Still, if they had learned nothing else in Hollywood, they had learned to be flexible.

They had quite a talk, and little Ronny told his folks, "After all it isn't my fault," etc. . . . etc. But, little Ronny grew very fast and, before you knew it, critics were saying, "He isn't nearly so pretty as he used to be," and "Didn't his nose get funny?" Before you knew it he was finished, and the Dorn family was again in a pickle.

They moved to a smaller house, with the tiniest of swimming pools. When a minor fan magazine sent a junior reporter around for an interview (just a short news item, this time, because of the paper shortage) Mona and Fred went on record with the statement that money wasn't everything. Ronny had retired from the screen to be a real American boy, living a simple, normal life.

Little Ronny stayed home and taught tricks to his little dog; cute little dog he was, too; did everything but talk. One day Ronny was to be used to do a bit in a picture and he took the dog with him to the studio. In his scene in the picture, Ronny was being whipped by the villain and the dog rushed on the set and bit the villain and also, the director. There was quite a to-do about this, but Ronny pleaded that the dog didn't mean it and was only acting. He then proceeded to put the little animal through his tricks and, who should be on the set that day, but Felix Olde. He had just joined this company and here was a chance to set himself in solid and he did, with a new dog star.

The Dorns were in the money again and a few months later, while the second butler was serving dinner, the first butler having become a producer, they all had a talk. Whose place was it to go to the studio with the dog? Who was to have publicity pictures taken with him? The dog stood up and barked and if you listened very carefully, you knew that he was barking, "I'm the star!" ###

ENGSTEAD

Marie Denham, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Tall and lissome, Miss Denham joined a modeling school a couple of years ago to overcome the awkwardness she believed her height gave her. Then, walking in suburban Westwood one day, she was discovered by photographer Mead-Maddick. Now her days are crowded with modeling for West Coast photographers—singing, dancing, dramatic lessons and, incidentally, attendance at Los Angeles University High School. With an Arizona ranch background, Marie's specialty is riding. Her hopes for the future include a movie career, a ranch of her own and an airplane, but she'll forfeit all three, when the right time comes, in favor of a happy marriage. Note to the men: Marie is intrigued, not insulted, when a boy does not *ask to kiss her good-night. Vital Statistics:* Height: *5′ 9″*; weight: *125*; bust: *35″*; waist: *27″*; hips: *35″*; age: *seventeen.*

ROMANO

After twenty-five years of being slugged the old girl surely deserved a windfall

Sacred to the Memory

by GERALD KERSH

"WELL, what I mean to say is, you take the case of a certain party I know. She's a woman. She got married to a bloke, and this bloke used to knock her about something terrible. All you could hear, all day and half the night, was Biff, Bang, Wallop! She was under the doctor's care half the year. He used to crown her with vases, chuck cups of tea all over her, lam her with the leg of a chair, and once he nearly did her in with an overmantel—slosked her round the head with it, and give her concussion of the brain. He got three months for that. As soon as he come out, he threw her down three flights of stairs. She used to be a pretty girl once, but this geezer pushed all her front teeth in and wouldn't let her get false ones. He was one of them kites that thought if his wife washed her face and combed her hair she was trying to get off with other men. This went on for about twenty years until she was pretty well punch drunk. Of course, her love turns to hate."

The Monk likes this phrase and says it twice.

"Her love turns to hate. Her love—"

"We heard it the first three times," says Jock.

"Well, her love turns to hate, and she told my Mum many a time that if she wasn't a religious sort of woman she would of put ground glass in his food many a time, or soaked the arsenic out of a few fly-papers, or given him a bit of an overdose of the old Liverpool virus. I heard her say myself that if it wasn't a hanging matter, she'd let him have it with the good old coke-hammer while he was asleep. He slept pretty heavy because he was always on the beer. He never give her no housekeeping, and then, if there was nothing to eat in the house, he'd give her one in the eye for neglecting her wifely duties," says the Monk, with enjoyment, "one in the eye for Neglecting her Wifely Duties; or maybe something to go on with a candlestick across the jaw. He drove the kids away from home, and was carrying on with two other women. At *least* two other women. And he'd come home, up to the back teeth in booze, covered with powder and lipstick from head to foot, and go to bed with all his clothes on; in his muddy boots. And if his wife dared raise so much as a finger to unlace his muddy boots, he'd kick her round the room like a rubber ball until he was tired. So taking it all-in-all, between you and me and the lamppost, she didn't have too good a time of it, what with first one thing and then another. Well, when the War come it got a thousand times worse because this geezer was making good money at a factory, and took to drinking spirits, with what results you can imagine."

Monk Mason rolls this on his palate and feels that it will bear repeating:

"With what results, you can imagine. But one day he goes to the factory after he has had one or two, and gets caught in some machinery; some sort of flywheel. It picked him up and swung him round, and bashed his brains out, all over the place and it sort of killed him. Yes, between you and me, it just about put paid to Old Joe. And so some of his friends shoveled him up and broke the good news to his old woman, who wasn't what you might call exactly brokenhearted about it. In fact, her words was: 'I wish it had happened twenty-five years ago, and it serves him bloody well right, the lousy sod.

"And then the firm where this bloke worked give her a matter of £150 compensation. He wasn't entitled to it, because it was his own fault, but they give the money to the widow just the same.

"So now she's all right, and she starts wondering should she open a shop, should she buy a piano, should she get herself a new hat, or what should she do with this windfall? Some people say she ought to open a boarding house—being used to keeping house for four people on nothing at all a week. And some say she ought to buy herself some war savings with it.

"I maintained she owed herself a good time, so she should take that hundred and fifty smackers and go to Blackpool, and blow it in; have a proper couple of weeks of it.

"But then all the neighbors started getting at her, and one says that after all what has been *has* been, and you ought to respect the dead, and all that kind of bull-and-baloney.

"And do you know what the end of it all was?

"She spent that hundred and fifty giving that old bastard a smashing burial and putting up a white marble angel over his grave with something about Sacred to the Memory of Poor Old Joe, Deeply Mourned by his Loving Wife Sarah; and Not Dead but Gone Before; and God Took You from Us Only Because the Angels Were Lonely; and Hoping We Shall Meet You in Paradise. I caught my death of cold reading it all.

"And that is just about all she had to show for all them years she suffered.

"If you ask me, death is overrated." ⁂

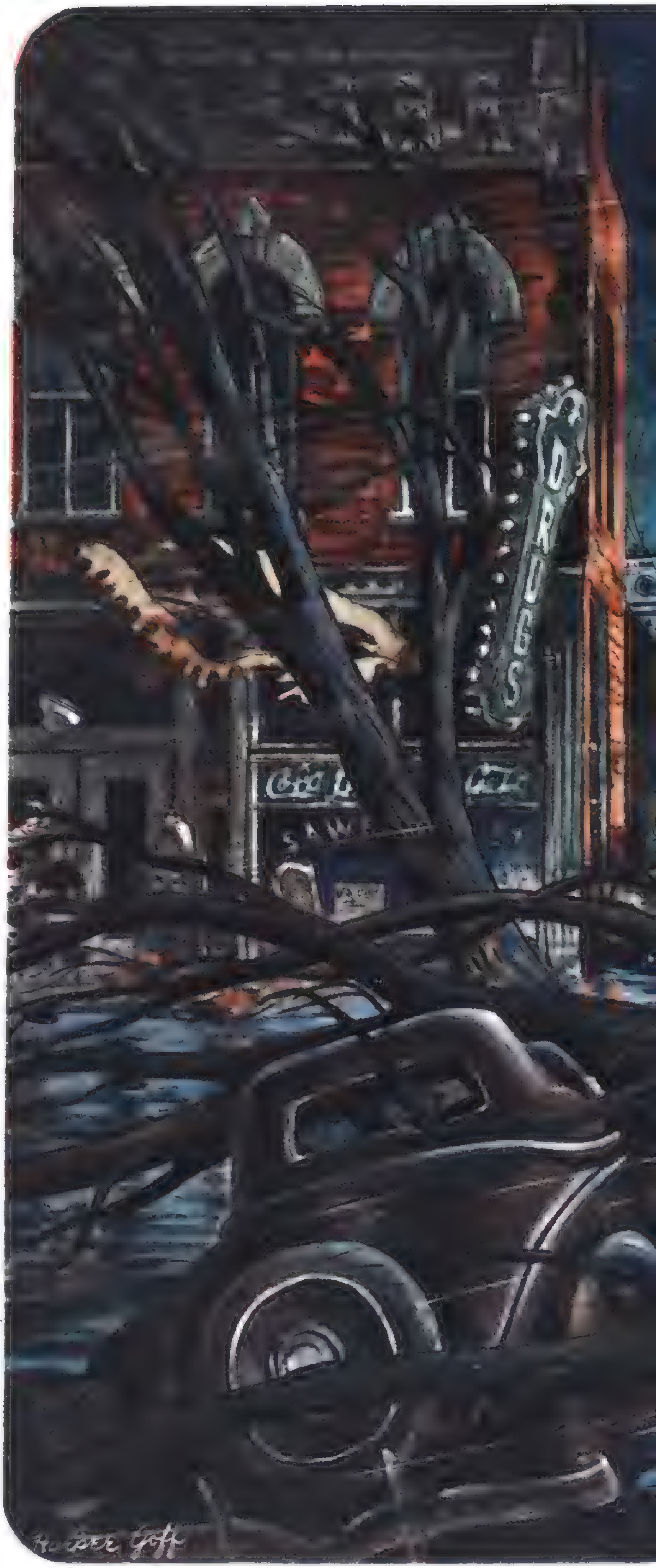
RAVITZ

Luba Malina, From Moscow to Fame

That balalaika is an anachronism, for when Luba shelved her melancholy guitar and started playing for laughs, Broadway was dazzled by a vibrant new musical comedy star. Last year in Mexican Hayride, *her Mischa Auer accent (plus contour allure) weren't hay at the b. o. Above, you see her as the elegant, predatory countess she played in* Marinka. *She prefers roles where she doesn't "get her man" because there's more chance to be funny. (This goes strictly for* on stage.) *She was born in Moscow, and spent some discouraging years as a singer in the cellar cabarets of Shanghai, London and Paris. She was incidental in several New York shows until she got wise to that balalaika. As a comedienne, she's rowdy and wonderful. Her technique she explains—"I tearrr myself down. I make Malina reedeeculous."*

The New England Hurricane of 1938

Rain, wind and tides demolished homes and highways, causing hundreds of fatalities



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For a week before September 21, 1938, rain fell along Long Island and New England. Early Wednesday morning, swollen rivers were rising, and strong winds whipped the region. Weather experts feared the results of this gale—it was coming from the south.

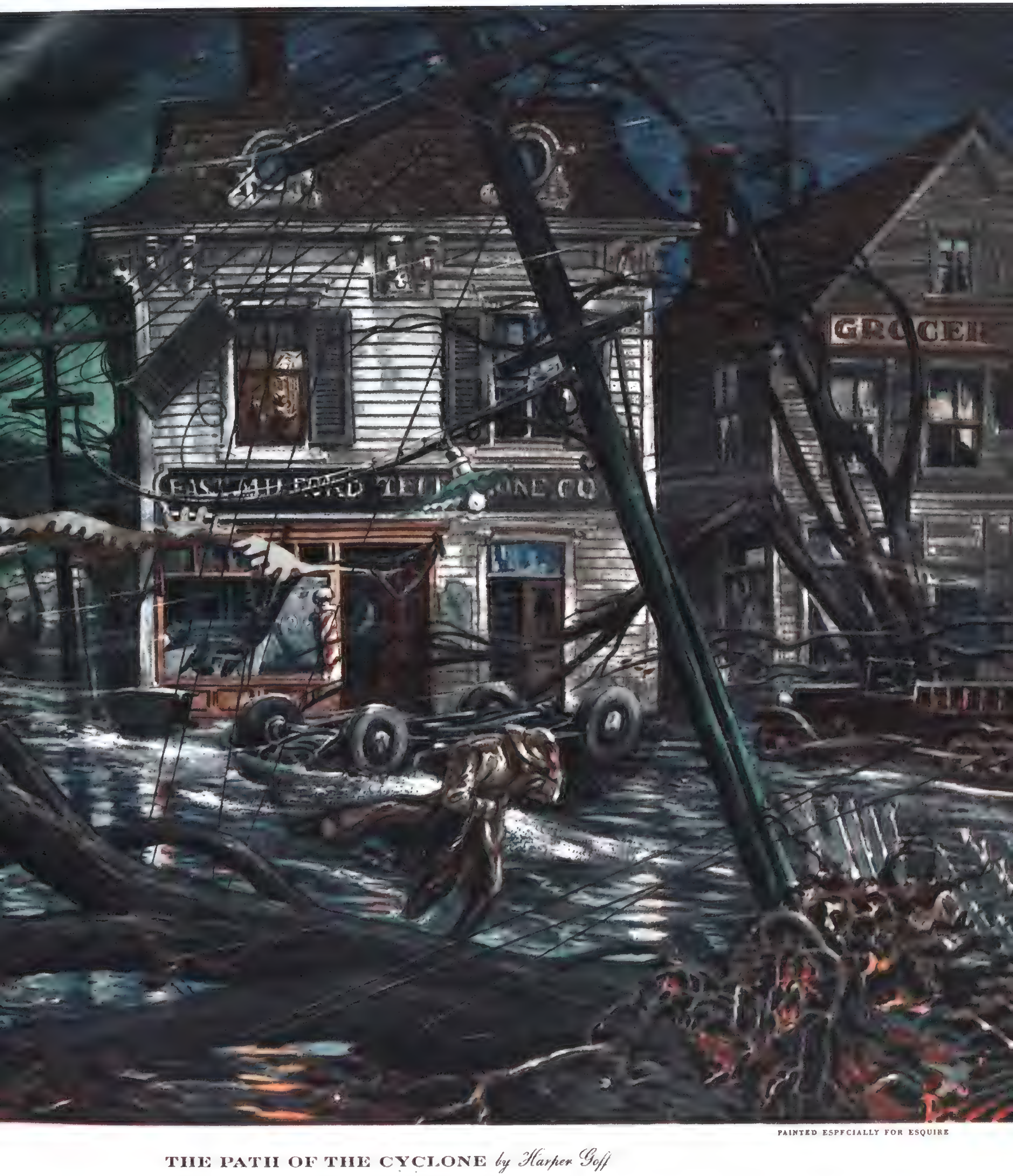
A tropical hurricane had missed Florida and was sweeping over the sea at forty-five miles an hour; then over the Carolinas, Virginia, Delaware and New Jersey. By mid-afternoon, the New York Weather Bureau issued a warning that a hurricane center would cross Long Island and Connecticut late in the afternoon, attended by shifting gales. At 3:30, the Boston Weather Bureau issued another warning.

The temperature was high for the twenty-first of September. The air felt close, oppressive. Whipping raindrops started again at four; barometers slid. The hurricane center was seen crossing Long Island; then for a few minutes the sky became blue and the breezes gentle. Those who had been concerned about the warnings relaxed a little. But the rain began to blow into a fine mist. The wind grew, and the rain slanted in blizzards, bending sign posts and felling branches of trees. Someone watched a barometer needle skid to twenty-nine "like the second hand on a watch." Telephones went dead. Gas and lights were out. By five, the rain was torrential, by six it was savage. An old stone chapel tower crashed to the ground just after an audience had left the opening exercises at Wesleyan College in Middletown, Connecticut. Frightened girls at Connecticut College in New London watched the wind bend in their windows and a tidal wave blow across the campus. At Watch Hill, Rhode Island, another giant wave roared ahead of the wind, washing houses away like so many pebbles. When it receded, owners were unable to identify the sites where their homes had been. At Ocean Beach, Connecticut, some chairs floated slowly and certainly from a furniture store into the establishment of a competitor just across the street.

After six, there was a shrill squealing in the wind. Trees pushed their roots up and fell over houses and automobiles. Elms that had thrived for two hundred years were downed. Of three thousand sugar maples in a Vermont planting, all but a few thundered to the ground. Long Island Sound was an unbroken wall of sizzling white foam. Empty cars headed downward towards the water. Narragansett Bay suddenly loosed itself over downtown Providence. At Quogue, two-foot-high breakers washed over elaborate lawns a mile from the sea. A railway bridge went, and five hundred passengers from the five o'clock New York train sloshed into a near-by town. Somewhere a cottage floated away with ten people on its roof. In New London, Worcester and Peterborough, New Hampshire, fires reddened the sky as the winds rushed northward.

Around midnight, the hurricane blew itself out along the Canadian border. Destruction had been threefold: from the rains, which had flooded towns, farm lands and highways . . . from the winds, which blew the destruction inland . . . and from the storm waves, which at their worst had demolished everything in their path. Seven states and Quebec counted almost seven hundred fatalities. No storm in New England history had caused so much damage of property. Boston was in havoc, and patrolled by militia. Thirty-room mansions at Westhampton were gone. Tracks of the New Haven Shore Line were so badly damaged that passengers had to take busses for two weeks after the storm. Electricians from neighboring states endeavored to repair broken telephone lines. Roads were blocked by gaping washouts. The Red Cross went into action mobilizing food and clothing for the homeless.

On Thursday the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and men and women appraised their losses. The worst damage had been near the coastline; inland, the disaster was a combination of smaller incidents—a tree gone here, a highway blocked there. People scurried about comparing their versions of the storm; and in Boston Commons a weary sandwich man is said to have walked up and down with the sign: "For twenty-five cents, I'll listen to your story of the hurricane;" for the real story of the storm was told in terms of individual experiences. ⌗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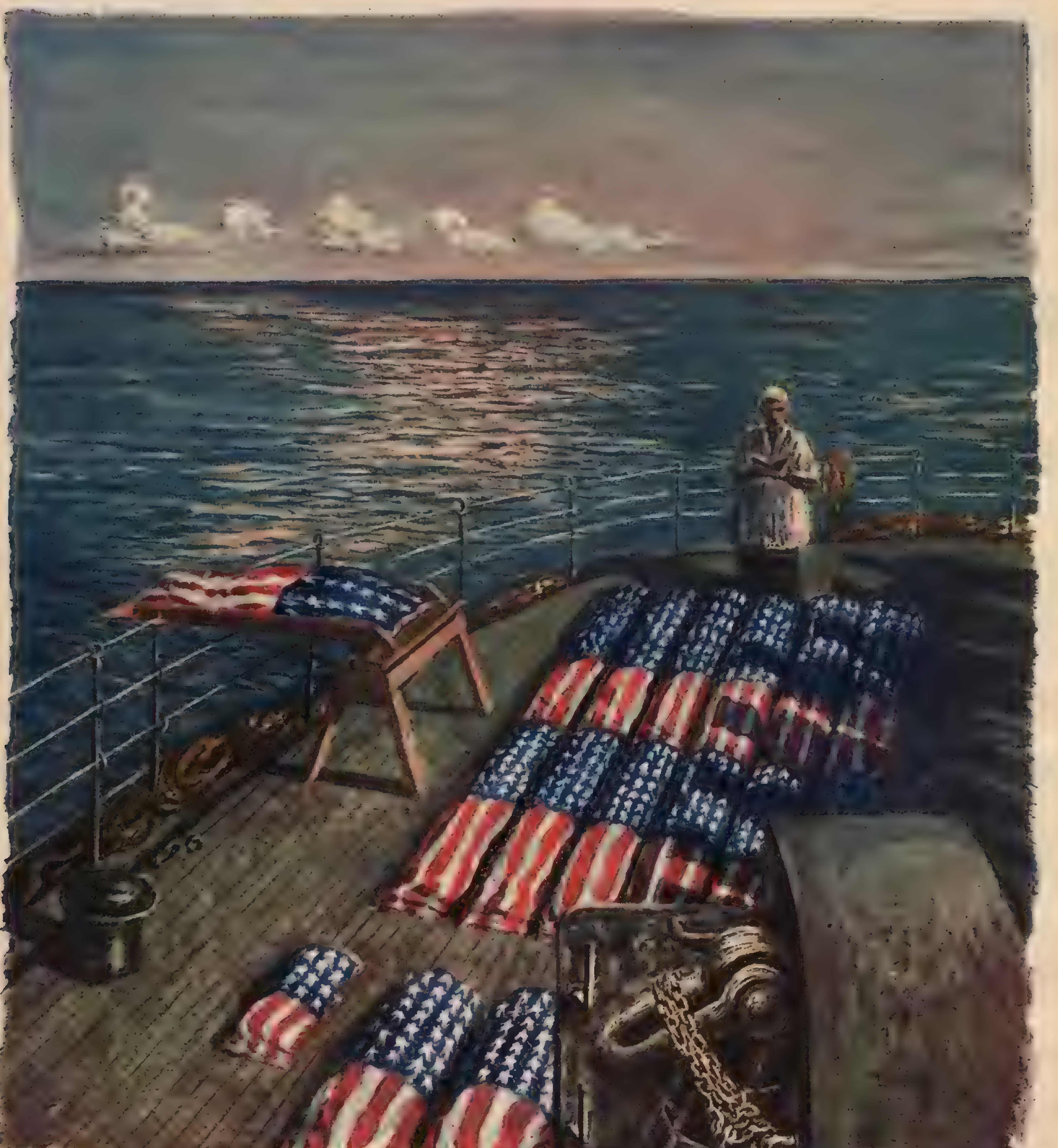
THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE *by Harper Goff*

"All Hands Lay Aft"

by LIEUT. COMDR. JOSEPH E. SHANER



DEDICATED to officers and men of the United
States Coast Guard,
With whom I serve; to men of all nations who sail
To fight in freedom's name; to crying women, and
The shambled hearth.

Bear a hand, lads, carry the bodies aft
To the well deck, the sky pilot's waiting,
Book in hand.

Say, Doc, are they all ready,
Sewn in canvas and well-weighted? I've seen
Sea burials before. When you're underway
You must add empty shells enough to make
Them sink right down, or else the propellers
Coming abreast grind and gash them to bits.
That's it, planks six feet, two inches, strictly
Regs, eh, Doc? Now one end on the life-line,
The other on the horse. Wait, Doc, the heads
Go inboard. There, see! Feet must go down first.
All set? Let the Boatswain pipe the order:
"Now all hands lay aft to bury the dead."

In the name of the Father,
And of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost,
Amen.

Here are the names, fifteen men and one dog . . . .
Let the chaplain read them, the Yankee names,
The muster of the valiant ones who died:

Ronald Tayloe Adams, seaman, second class.
Michael Joseph Bianco, carpenter's mate, third class.
James Arthur Brown, coxswain.
Jesus Carmelito, seaman, first class.
William Robert Davis, chief pharmacist's mate.
Samuel David Goldenberg, storekeeper, first class.
Nels Hansen, boatswain's mate, second class.
George Washington Jones, mess attendant.
Karl Lorenz Kline, machinist's mate, second class.
Edward Cornelius Manthison, seaman, first class.
James Patrick Francis O'Doul, gunner's mate, first class.
Sailor, ship's dog, first class.
Charles Wesley Smith, radioman, third class.
Thomas Andrew Thompson, signalman, third class.

Edgar Allen Yingling, lieutenant, junior grade.
George Zupopopilis, ship's cook, first class.

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord:

Of all the dead, your going cuts us most.
A boy's death is not like an old man's death,
Passed off solemnly with a mundane shrug;
"Well, he lived his life. All must go sometime."
No, it is more as though a fledgling fell,
Or a sapling had snapped from weight of snow.
Death's quick scythe is sharpest when it slashes
Dreams of boys in 'teens and their long, long hopes.
I saw you get your full pound of steel,
And turn, surprised, half-dazed: "Jesus, fellas,
I won the Purple Heart," and then you fell.
Now should the C.P.O. bawl, "Hit the deck!",
You would not stir, nor those beside you here.
The world weeps reading your last letter home,
The best a sailor wrote: "Dear Mom . . . . Out here
I've had time to think and know you're swell,
Mom.
You're the best Mom anywhere in the world.
When I get home I'll earn money to buy
The things you ought to have, electric iron,
Electric washer and electric stove,
A farm, everything I can get for you.
I sure do love you, Mom." Good kid, Adams.
I hate to see you here. So long, Adams.

He that believeth in Me, though he were dead,
Yet shall he live:

Well, Joe, how's the sculptor? I remember
That night you came in from watch and we sat
And shot the breeze. I liked you after that.
You said when you got back you'd get a block
Of marble, and take hammer and chisel,
And cut away here, smooth out there, and make
This one lighter and this a shade more straight,
Until you'd captured Lincoln in the stone.
You'd leave a path of beauty where you'd trod,
You said, talking more like a Greek than Italian.
Happiness is how you sculptor your life:
Cut off the crooked, impure and excess,
Until life reflects your soul's own splendour.
Well, Joe, what happens now is not for me
To say. Michaelangelo has an in
Up there, no doubt, and maybe you can carve
New archways and columns around the place
With tools borrowed from him. We who sail shall
Walk under one day. Tap, you know, tap, tap.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me
Shall never die.

When you're facing forward, the starboard's right,
The port's left. The port light is red as wine,
The starboard green. And you lubbers, no stairs
Defile a ship, they're ladders. Floors are decks,
Walls bulkheads, the toilet the head. Salty!
I can hear you still, barking at the boots.
Oh, how you'd sneer and blow your steam when
one
Asked for ketchup, bawling: "Red lead, you
scum!"
How could a farm boy in a year and a half
Sling salt as you did, Brown, if he hadn't learned
The lingo from Conrad read in a loft,
Moby Dick and Captain Bligh, and in love
With the sea before he'd ever seen it?
Your keel was laid too late. In other days
You might have sailed with Drake, or in a brig
Flying the Jolly Roger, Yo, heave, ho!
Watching you on the fan-tail on some nights
Looking at the stars, I almost thought you had.
So I was not surprised when, crazed with pain,
From steel that smashed your backbone to putty,
Lying on the deck like a rag, you cried:
"Thar she blows! Thar she blows! Harpoons
away!"

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand
At the latter day upon the earth:

The girls you had, the hot blonde at 'Diego;
The waitress at Shoemaker, the dancer
At Great Lakes, the two-striper's wife; that babe
In Brooklyn, the boatswain's sister; pictures
Of nudes, pin-up girls and ones you'd slept with,
Pasted on the bulkhead over your bunk.
Life's a stew, that's how you put it. Each man
Selects his own ingredients, simmers it
And flavors it. What he tastes is his own.
You loved the passionate pepper's sweet heat,
And savored your stew as a gourmet does.
You loved life so, I pause to ask you this:
What made you lay it so freely aside?
No one could bring Smith from the flames below,
But you had to have a try. Sleep, Lover!
Men shall not forget, but as for others . . . .
Will the blonde weep? The dancer? The waitress?
Will any woman weep, Carmelito?

And though this body be destroyed,
Yet shall I see God:

Wars do come, Doc. We lose the prescriptions
We had for living. A shame, isn't it,
Just when you had started in well back home,
The drugstore on the corner paid for, trade
Coming in on its own, your life content,
The house all yours, a maid to mind your boys?
Free at last to hide away in the lab
And burn your eyes out at the microscope
And heavy tomes, perhaps, perhaps, to find
A little clue . . . a clue . . . a clue . . . to cancer!
And there was Helen beside you, helping
With deft hands and spirit like your own.
Girls come in from school: "Ice cream sodas, please.
What do you hear from Doc, Mrs. Davis?"
She'll pick up the dipper, and take a glass,
And not looking at them, she'll shake her head
And bite her lip. They'll understand.
"What flavor?"

Behold, He that keepeth Israel
Doth neither slumber nor sleep . . . .

"Davey, they're all gone now; Davey, they're
gone . . ."
But you didn't hear, your body strangely hung
On the gun strap at your waist. Then they knew—
That queer look on your face. You were dead, too.
We counted them as they fell, six zeroes,
Spinning, sickened and black, out of the sky
After you'd taken the .20 mm
Where O'Doul left off, logged down in blood.
That wasn't your station, but you took it,
And never said a word but kept pumping
Holes in the zeroes and holes in the sky.
Sad for your father, weeping at Kaadah,
Or at home alone, the blinds drawn, sitting
And praying seven days and seven nights
For the son he gave to Democracy.
"The Navy Department Regrets . . ." Ay, yes.
And the neighbors, the fine, sweet neighbors,

Who protested when you moved to their block
Because you were Jew, they also regret . . . .
In their way . . . . But they cannot understand:
"No Jew goes where the fighting is," they say.
Hut, two, three, four! March on, Democracy.

Whom I shall see for myself,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not as stranger.

Viking! You had the watch. It was your eyes,
Sweeping through the sunset that first proclaimed
The zeroes in the skies; your lusty voice,
Leading to "Condition Red", full minutes
Ahead of when the others saw them there.
Sound the alarm! Batt. 2! At your stations!
Yet what was there for you to fight for, Nels?
Was there anything home? Anything left?
We hid our eyes when the letter came.
She said it was hard to write you, but time
Had come when she'd have to tell you. That's why
She'd waited so long before she'd written:
"I don't want to hurt you, Nels (O, sweet girl)
But I've found someone else. You're a nice man,
You'll find someone, Nels. I'll take Josephine.
You know I never really loved you, Nels.
Write to me that you won't stand in our way."
Of course not, lady, not Nels, good old Nels,
He'll not stand in your way. Why, he's even
Left you 10,000 dollars insurance.
Buy your wedding gown with that. Hop in bed,
Sweet girl. I'm sure Nels won't disturb you there...

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain
We can carry nothing out.

Well, Abe, here is one of your boys, turned back
To the land where everything is equal.
He shall come to see you. Ask him, Lincoln,
Was it all right down here? Was it all right?
Ask him about the back seats of trolleys
Down in Dixie; the stout-limbed sycamores
And ropes in the land of the Cavaliers.
Ask him of Chicago, the smashed windows:
How the things he learned in college gave him
Knowledge enough that he could push a broom.
Ask him about the signs, "for whites only"
Ask him about the slums in the cities,
The broken-down dwellings, the black ghettos,
Baltimore, Pittsburgh, points east, west and south.
Ask him how it feels to die for freedom,
The gifts, the riches, the joys of freedom.
Oh, Abe, walking the Pennsylvania hills
In the black winds of midnight, remember?
Is the blood in the Valley forgotten?
What was the proposition, remember?

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away:
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Down in the black gang you'd expect to find
Most anything but a philosopher,
But our ship had Kline. Born a German, yes,
Yet he might have fought at Thermopylae,
The way his voice rose over the pistons
Sputtering below in smells of hot oil,
Shouting down the infamy of ages.
Were they Persian, Hun or Turk or Tartar
Who crushed the rose of freedom to the dust,
Were they of his own land or kith or kin,
He'd damn them all. How is it that the men
Who've had no freedom fight for it the most?
Down in the black gang was Polodinus,
Chatting with Aristotle, and a man
Who'd fought in Abraham Lincoln's brigade.
That was Kline. And Socrates stood ranting,
Trying to point the irony of it all:
How for his thoughts his wife had struck his head
With a pot de chambre, hurled from the window.
They hardly heard the bomb. They picked up
  Kline,
And walked out into the stars, arm in arm,
Long friends. This is only Kline's body here.

Out of the deep have I called unto You, O Lord;
Lord hear my voice.

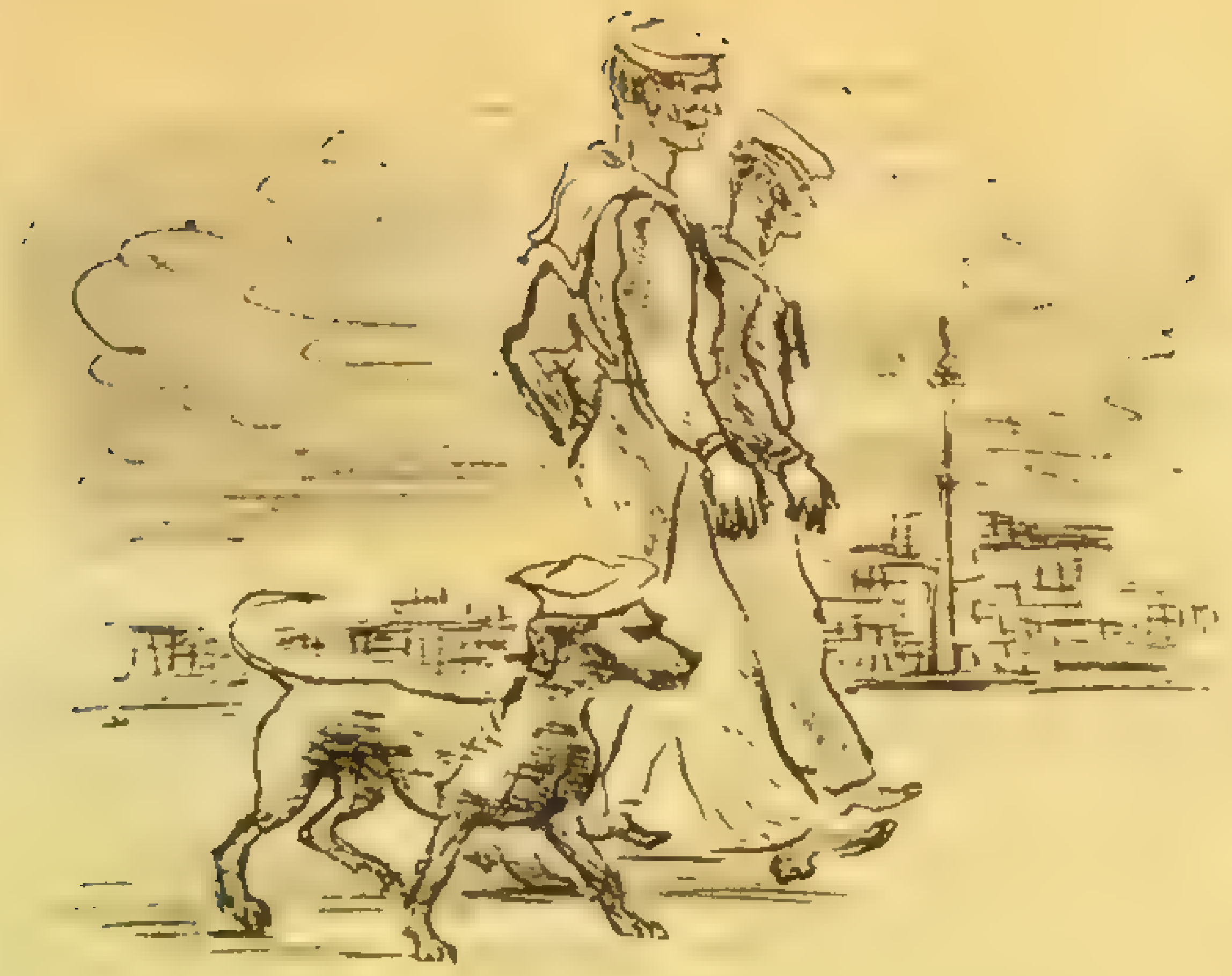
Hang a gold star in the window and weep.
Your son is dead, ah, yes, a hero dead,
Yes, yes. So you've been told, and so believe.
But we beside him in the battle's din
Saw him run below, trembling as a bird
While the snake slides up to devour him;
A fear-stricken man, head and hands in sweat,
Who could not move nor even speak a word.
Something that was in him once had gone,
His will was sawdust, and the apron string
Crept up about his neck and strangled him.
Lady, your son is dead, your pampered joy
You cannot toady after any more;
Nor lavish on him gifts he didn't earn
Nor ever knew that he should suffer for.
His was no great crime, and him we forgive.
You we deride! Parents who plant marrow
Where bone should be, beget rag dolls, not men.
I see you now, walking the shady street,
Taking solace on neighbors whispering:
"Her son was a hero." Ah, yes, yes, yes.
Hang a gold star in the window and weep.

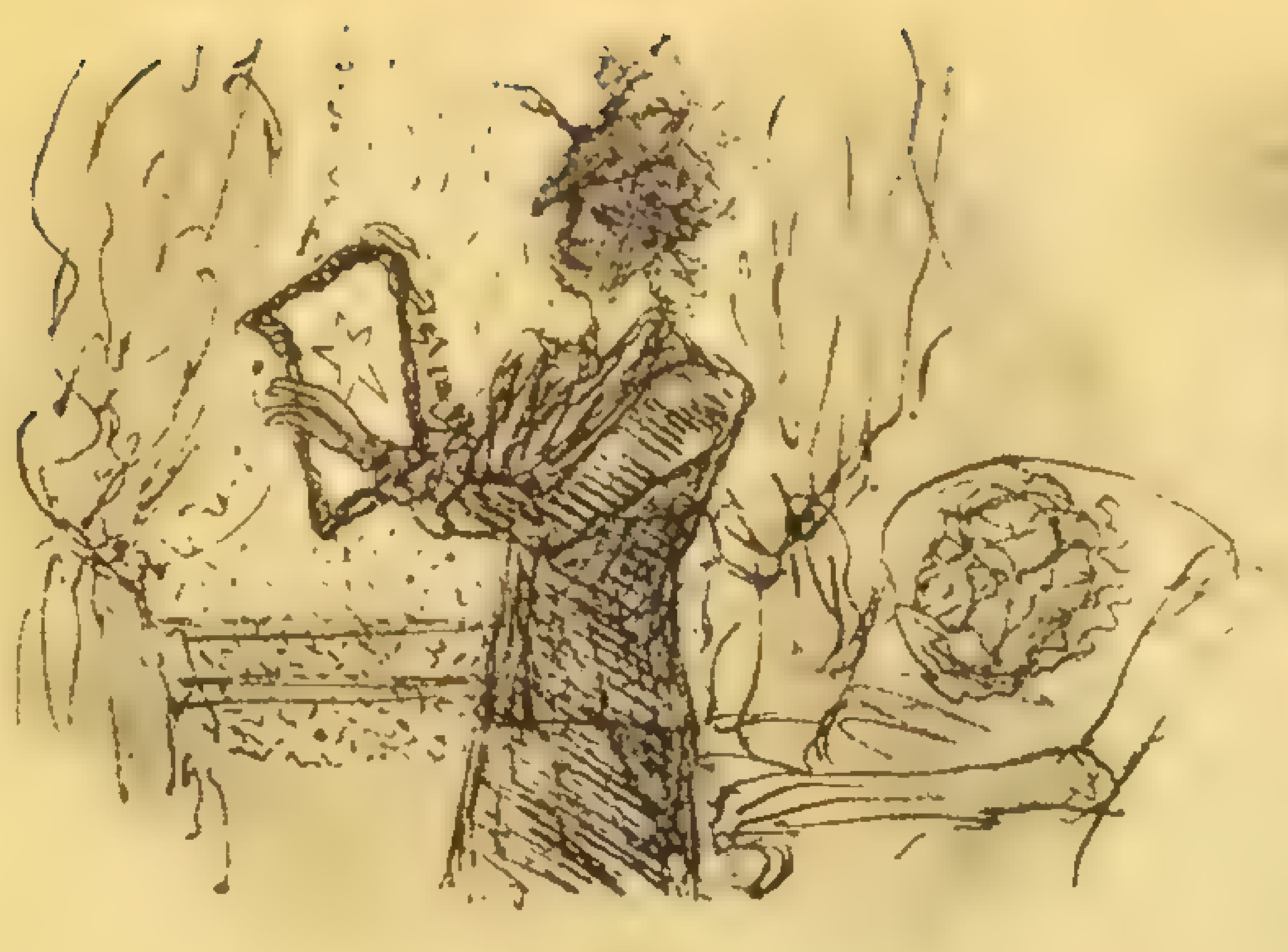
Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord:
And let perpetual light shine upon him.

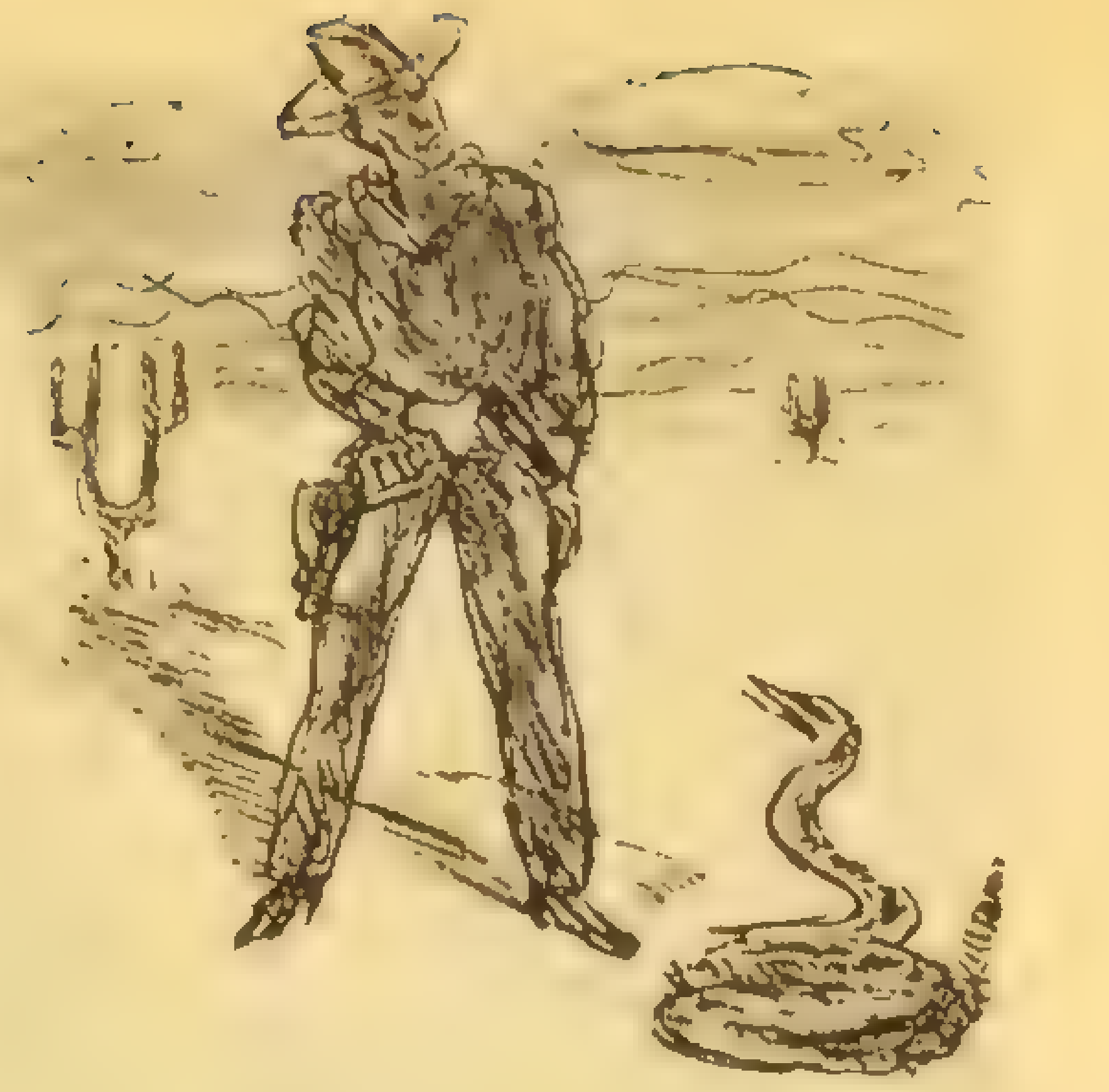
Only an altar boy could hope to swear
With that eloquence of yours, Pat O'Doul!
You cursed the captain, the ship and the sea,
The chow you ate and everything you saw,
Except your guns, the shining, deadly guns.
With their nose, why you could track mosquitoes
At 300 yards! Remember that tale
Of yours, how the captain said, "There, O'Doul,
See if you can hit that gull in the eye",
And you replied, "Right or left eye, Captain?"
That flood of Jap flags grave-stoned on the stack
Was most all yours, but Pat, the mightiest fall.
And when you picked out that last one, slipping,
Out of a cloud bank at the stern, and saw
His teeth in the flames and smoke, you shouted:
"I got the son of a bitch." But you, Pat,
He got you, too. Davey took over then
And nailed six, and him not even Irish.
The Holy Joe came down and helped you pray,
And held the Crucifix before your eyes.
You said: "This don't make me Baptist, does it?"
He said, "No", and you winked, and grinned, and
  died.

If Thou, Lord, will be extreme to what is done amiss,
O, Lord, who may abide it?

This dog went with us every place we'd go.
At Brisbane he took his beer like a man,
And at Pearl we taught him how to shimmy
In a grass skirt; and to stand attention
At colors morning and night. In Iceland
He bathed in the hot springs with us. He went
Along Piccadilly Circus, looking
For girls, dressed in sailor hat, neatly squared.







He was ashore at Guadal and Oran;
At Sicily he lost a leg. This time,
On deck to see how his lads were doing,
He lost the rest of him. You who love dogs
Shall know our pain. The canvas sack Doc made
Makes him seem so small beside the others . . . .
Only a fragment, a mere little dog.
So long, Sailor; so long, old man. So long . . .

For there is mercy with Thee . . . .

Down the long apple orchard you would go,
Loving your baldwins, pippins and stamens,
Saying the earth had no dear place like it.
How could the sea vie with Winchester's hills
For the affections of an apple man?
We drop you in the curling, foaming wake,
But we know you are back in the orchards,
Striding down the orchards in the moonlight
Under the warm sky of Virginia's spring,
In the fragrance of green and white petals
And lilac by the farm-house door. Your son's
Tender hands will care for them now. Tourists
Coming down in Apple Blossom Time ask:
"Whose trees are these? Who grows such lovely trees?"
And that will be your laughter in the leaves,
And when the apples tump, tump to the press
In the fall, and as you tip-toe tracklessly
Over the snow in the white of winter,
Your laughter on the winds of Winchester.
Death cannot hold you from your hills. All know,
In the end, Virginians all return home.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord
before the morning watch . . . .

Branded upon this youth, under this flag,
Are the sun, the winds and rains of Texas.
The questing look of distance in his eyes
Is gone, and the sea has reaped a stranger.
Cry dogies, under the broad Texas moon.
Weep, Panhandle, he is no longer yours.
He was a colt, frightened when he found you,
His city corral broken forever,
A runaway, prancing for his freedom.
What could a boy as he was do but go
When battle called the legions of Texas?
Deny the brave ghosts of the Alamo?
Deny the Lone Star, the Old Republic?
The cavalry was gone. He chose the sea,
Broad enough for the broad men of Texas,
Wider than the range, though he'd deny it,
And left his six-guns in their holster
With chaps and spurs, hanging in the bunkhouse.
His was the three-incher. He socked it home
As though, he said, he was killing rattlers.
Sam Houston would have loved to see him there,
And how he smiled going out of the picture.
Hail, the eyes of Texas were upon him.

Trust in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy . . .

This is all of Edgar Allen Yingling
There is left, lying here upon the deck
Ready for shipment to the sea, except
For his clothes, his watch and ring, and trinkets
His wife wanted to show the girls where he'd been,
Curios for her collection. The club
Would be startled to see: baskets from Buin:
King bows and arrows adorned with pas-pas:
Carved stools and wooden pillows from Sepik;
Fish-tail canoe paddles and wooden bowls;
Malagans from New Ireland; dyed fibre
From Vanimo; native tambu, Jap guns
And flags with soldiers' names smeared upon them.
How their eyes would ope to see bright kindus,
The carved hand-drums with heads of taut lizard skin:
The mats from Nokumanu; tortoise shells,
Goldlip, gourds and beads. But ladies, wait,
Here's another trinket, the last item,
Add it, too . . . The Congressional Medal.

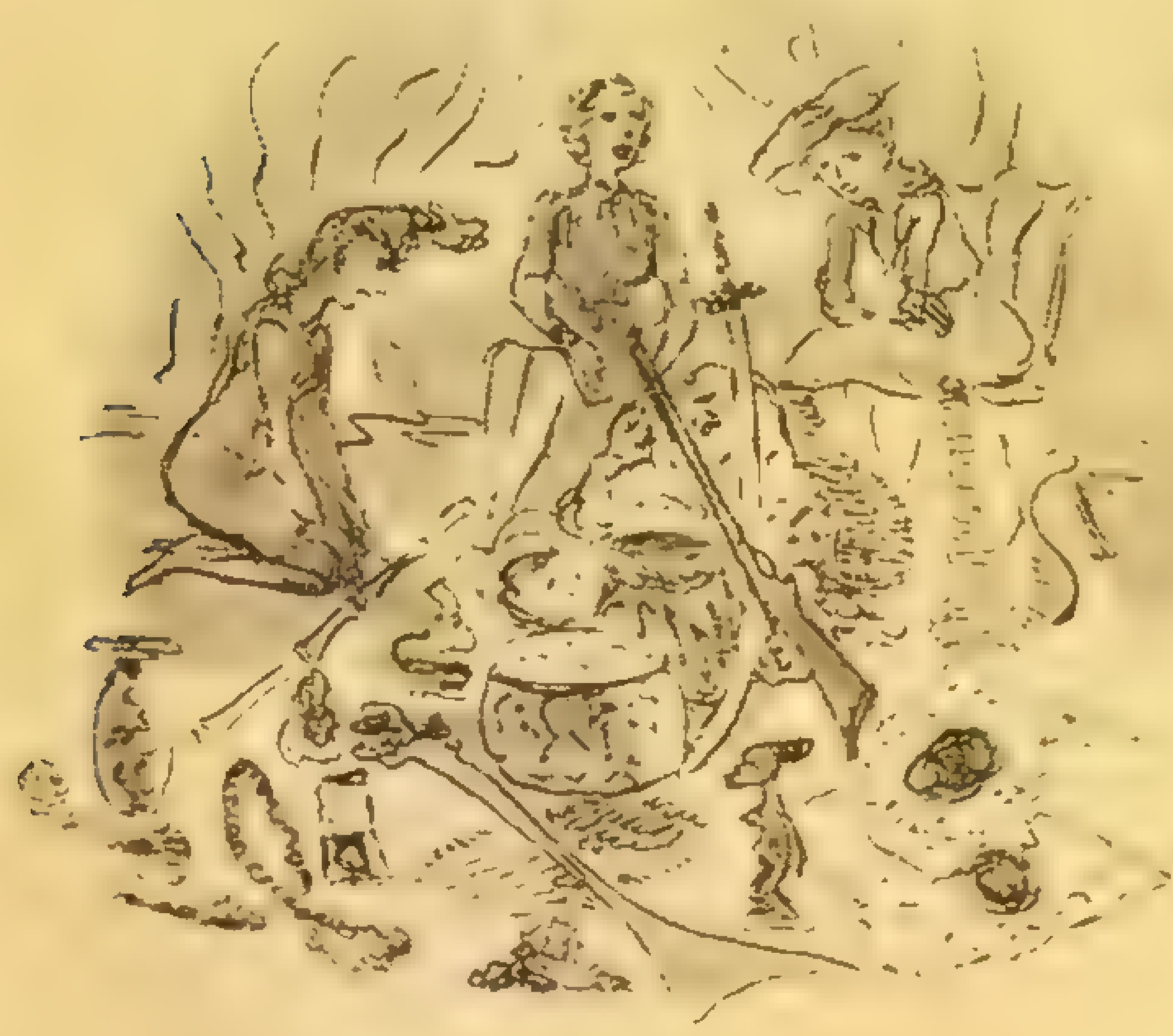
And with Him is plenteous redemption.

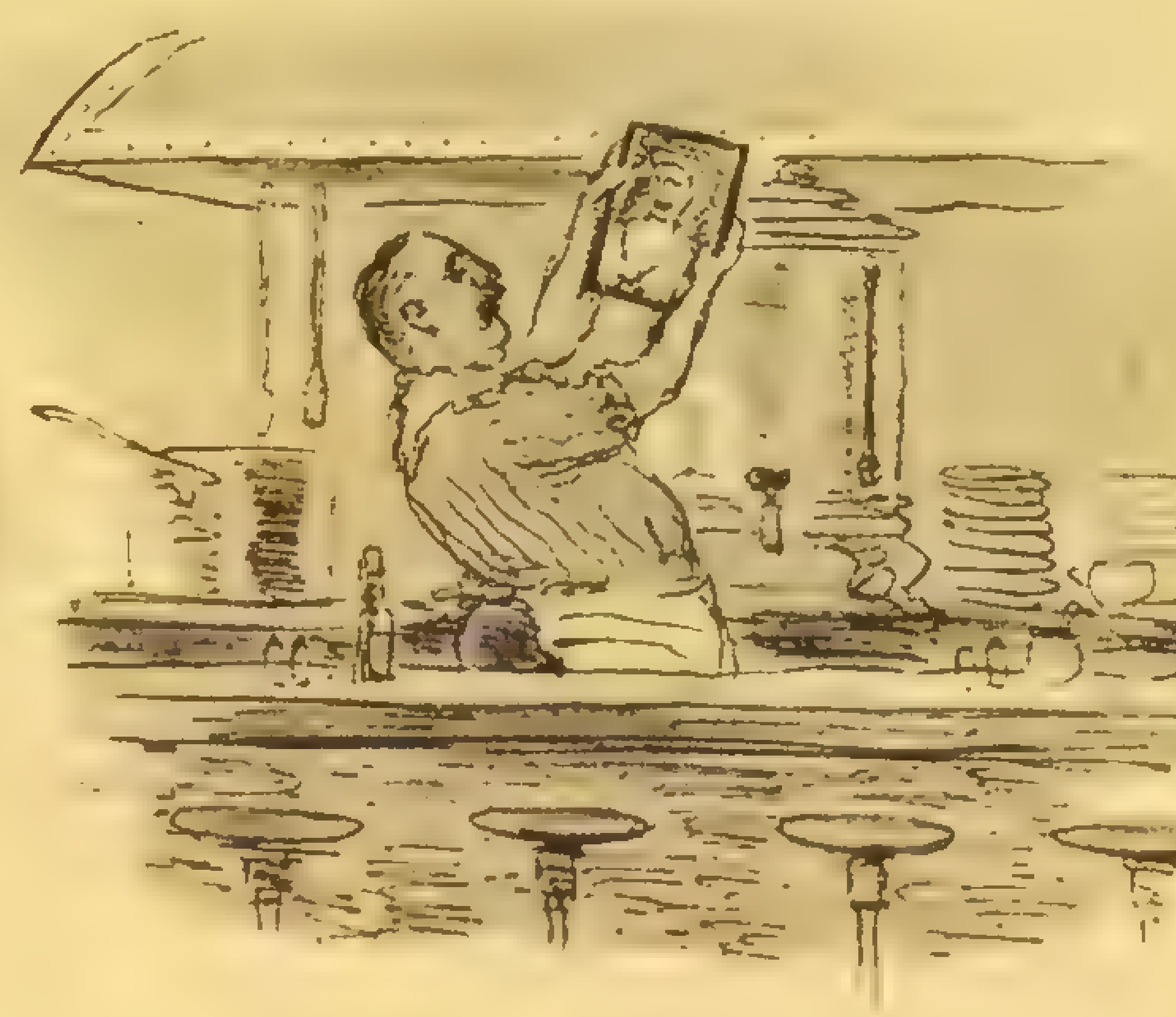
I am George Zupopopilis who speaks,
Last to die, last to enter to the deep.
I was last in everything, last in names
Read in school, the phone book, directory.
My corpse even hit the waves with a zumpf!
Forget us if you will, forget our names,
Forget the dreams we had, forget our youth,
But remember, remember, that we gave
All we had to give, heart, soul and limb . . . Life!
En garde! War shall come again, new tyrants
Suckle their strength from the indifferent
Breasts of Democracy, and poison them.
They come as snakes; scotch them before they feed!
Not the first of Greeks, nor the last to die
For freedom, I know. We Greeks, we all know.
And when it comes again our ghosts shall rise
From the sea, and in our faded blues, stand
Beside you in the conflict; mark you this;
Who dies for freedom never really dies.
Well, Pop, what do you think of your son now?
Another Greek pointing the path to truth?
Another Protagoras? Another Plato?
Take down my picture, Pop, from where it hangs
Over the coffee pot in the lunch room.
Say so long to the customers for me.
Say so long to George and Alec and Jim. . . .
Adam and Eve on a raft, one up, Pop!

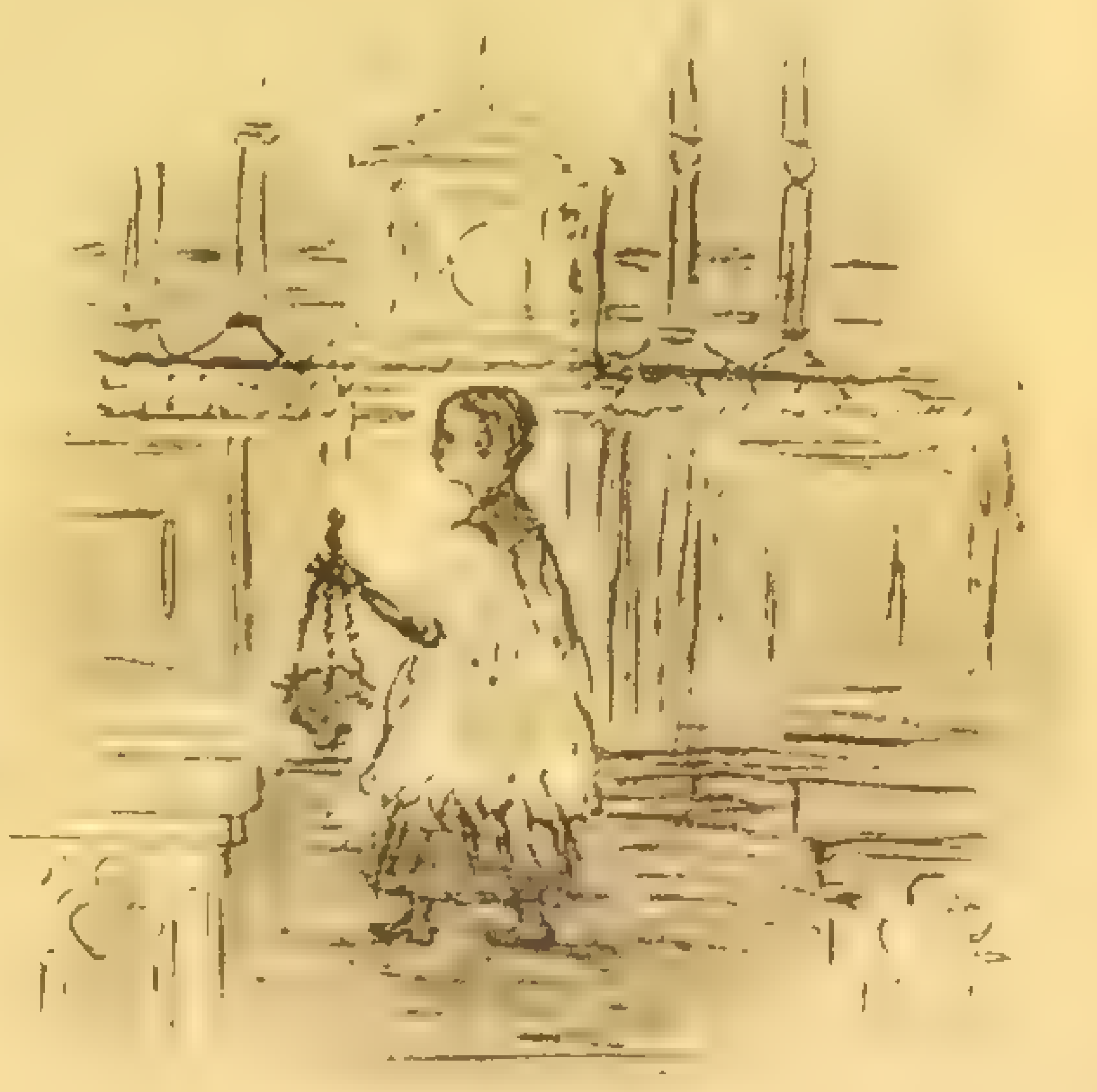
Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed
And we commit his body to the deep; in sure and certain hope
Of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord,
Jesus Christ; at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world,
The sea shall give up her dead . . .

Sound the volley! Blow, bugler, blow, blow!
Plumpf. Plumpf. Plumpf. Plumpf.
Plumpf. Plumpf.
Plumpf.
Plumpf.
Plumpf. Plumpf. Plumpf. Plumpf.
Plumpf. Plumpf.
Plumpf.
Zumpf.
Two-block the colors. Return to stations.

Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end
Amen.







The milk of human kindness covers an unstrung poet, a composer of letters in Cuernavaca and Mr. Gilbert Seldes

This Man's World

by PAUL GALLICO

INASMUCH as I hold the unique privilege of being permitted to write in this space about anything that happens to come into my head, I shall avail myself of it this New Year and begin the new edition of these instructive and educational essays with a lament for a gentleman and a poet, who in my estimation holds the Most Thankless Job in the World.

I will no doubt have the pleasure of meeting him someday to express my admiration for his talent doomed to burgeon unseen and unrecognized, and condole with him over his lot, which is to prepare monthly verse which, for all it ever catches the eye of the beholder, might as well be written in invisible ink.

By this time you must have caught on that I could only be referring to Esquire's personal poet, Mr. Phil Stack, whose peculiar fate it is to write the little rhyme that appears each month on the same page with the Varga Girl and in clever meter expounds what that particular specimen of twist happens to be about.

What? You mean you aren't even aware that there *is* a verse accompanying the picture? Signed, "Painting by Varga: Verse by Phil Stack?" It is usually set in the page somewhere down around her gams. I know, I know. You just hadn't noticed it. God, how Stack must hate Varga!

Who is Phil Stack? Where is he? I'd like to take him out and buy him a drink. How he must suffer, month after month after month, and a male eye has yet to light upon his efforts. Why doesn't Esquire print his picture, or tell us something about him, or run a page of his poems all by themselves just once a year? I tell you, it must be maddening.

And I know, because I used to write those sport pieces hooked up with a double-page or gatefold painting, until I got wise. The other side of the sports painting was always the Varga Girl, and with the gatefold turned over you'd always see half of her right next to my article. Well, I'd watch clients reading Esky, and they'd open the book and there would be my article on the left-hand side and half the Varga Girl on the other.

I'd see them take one look at that kisser and the rest of the upper half, and that would be all brother, as far as my essay was concerned. Zip, they'd whip over the page to get the full-length effect of Mr. Varga's bait, completely obliterating and smothering my deathless prose. And they never came back either. Once Varga'd got 'em, they stayed got.

I caught on after a while and, when requested to prepare one of those little articles, respectfully declined and advised the editors that I wasn't having any. I knew when I was licked. You haven't seen me in that neighborhood since, have you? I catch you about three pages later now, after you've had a chance to cool off. I'm no sucker.

And there is poor Mr. Stack trapped right on the same page with the nation's pin-up girl. Mr. Stack with a message each month, battling gamely but vainly to get it across. My heart aches for the guy. I want to help him.

Take the neat little verse in the October issue which happens to be before me now on the Varga page. Well, she's a brunette this time with lovely grey-blue eyes that match the tricky little feather headdress that falls over one eye.

Then she's wearing a kind of blue dickey with doves flying around on it, and . . . Oh, hell, I suppose I *will* get to reading one of Phil Stack's verses myself someday.

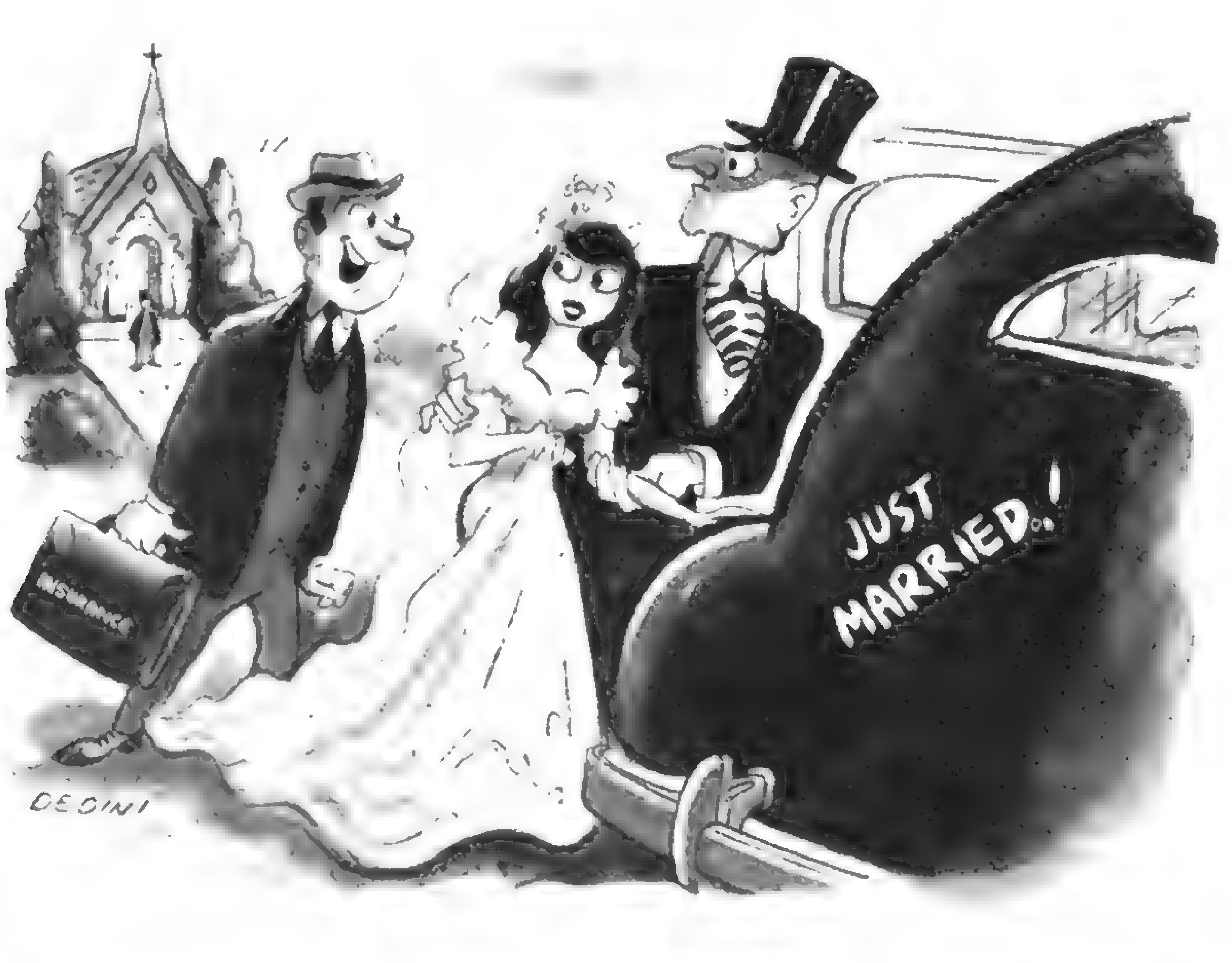
The Letter Writers of Cuernavaca

When I was living in Cuernavaca, Mexico, every time I walked across the plaza by the Palace of Cortéz, I used to see Pedro and Miguelito, the public Letter Writers, sitting at their ancient Oliver typewriters, one on each side of the walk beneath the spreading branches of the great Whamwham tree.

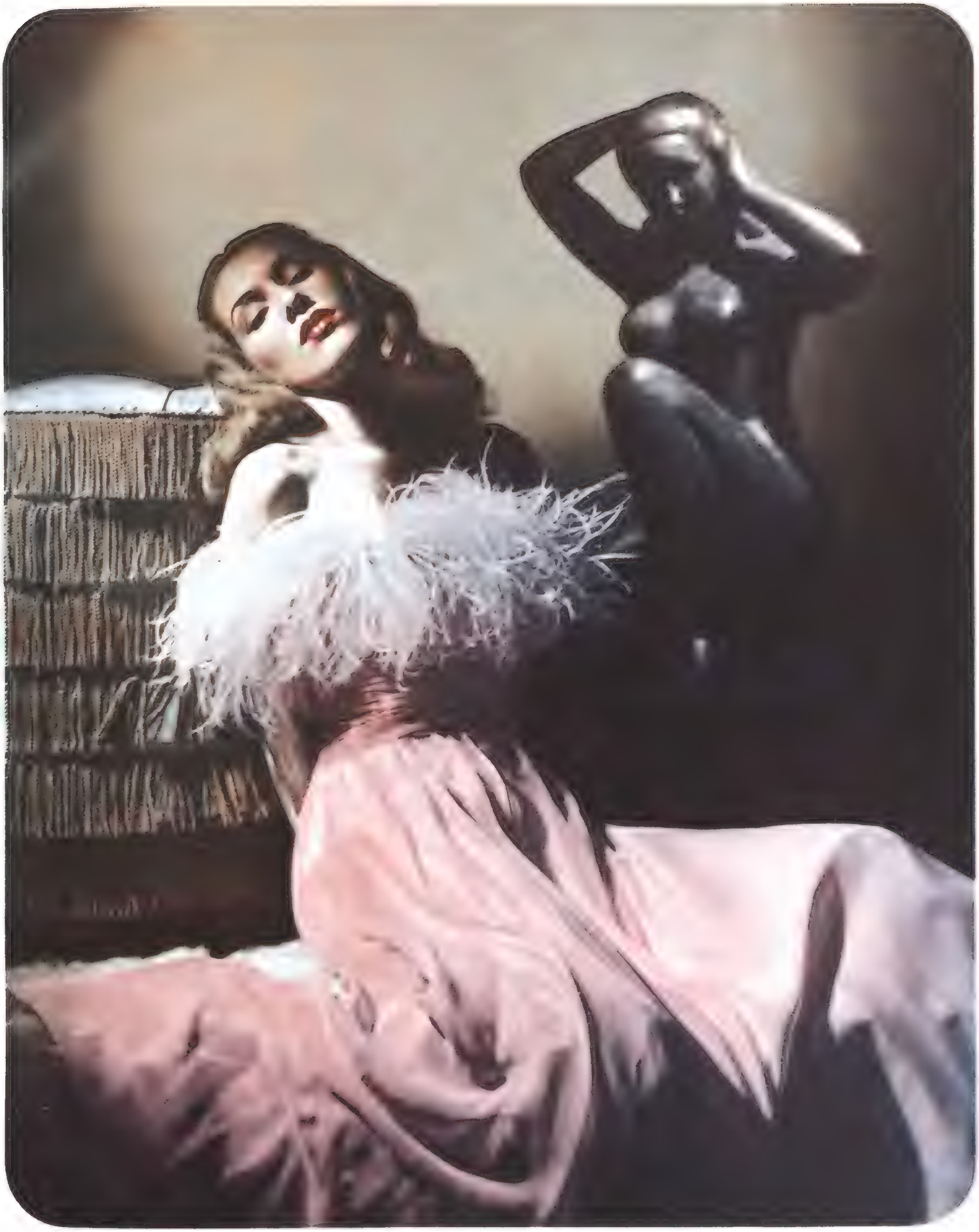
That really wasn't the name of the tree, it was called something Spanish which I have forgotten, but it was a primordial giant that spread its canopy over nearly half the little park in the center of the plaza. It was old when Cortéz in his steel armor clanked his way past its grey-green bole and the Conquistadores shaded their horses from the hot sun beneath its branches.

But Pedro and Miguelito were real and fulfilled an important function in a country where so many of the natives are still illiterate. They were public letter writers. Each day they set up their creaking, clacking Olivers on little stands opposite one another. The park bench was their office and they were open for business. Did old Innocencia wish to advise her nephew in Guadalajara that she was thinking of paying him a visit, did Rosario care to notify little Carmen who lived in Zacatecas that she was still first in his heart, or José notify the company in Mexico City that he had not yet been paid for the last batch of hand-tooled huaraches he had sent thither, they would engage either Pedro or Miguelito, outline what was on their minds in a torrent of Spanish, and then sit wide-eyed and marveling while the old Oliver clacked and the letter was written, addressed, stamped and handed them.

Always, when I crossed the plaza, there was some wrinkled old Indian woman wrapped in a shawl seated at the side of the letter writers, or some young dark-eyed blade in dirty whites with a serape over his shoulder, purchasing the magic of communication dispensed by Pedro or Miguelito for a fee. They fascinated me and I used to sit for hours watching them, and so observed that the typewriter of Pedro was far busier than that of Miguelito. In fact he hogged most of the trade, particularly that of the young people which was the most lucrative. Business rivals, they never spoke to one another, but neither were there recriminations, and if Mi- (*Continued on page 181*)



"Well, well, Mr. Adams—are we going to have to change the beneficiary on your insurance policies again?"

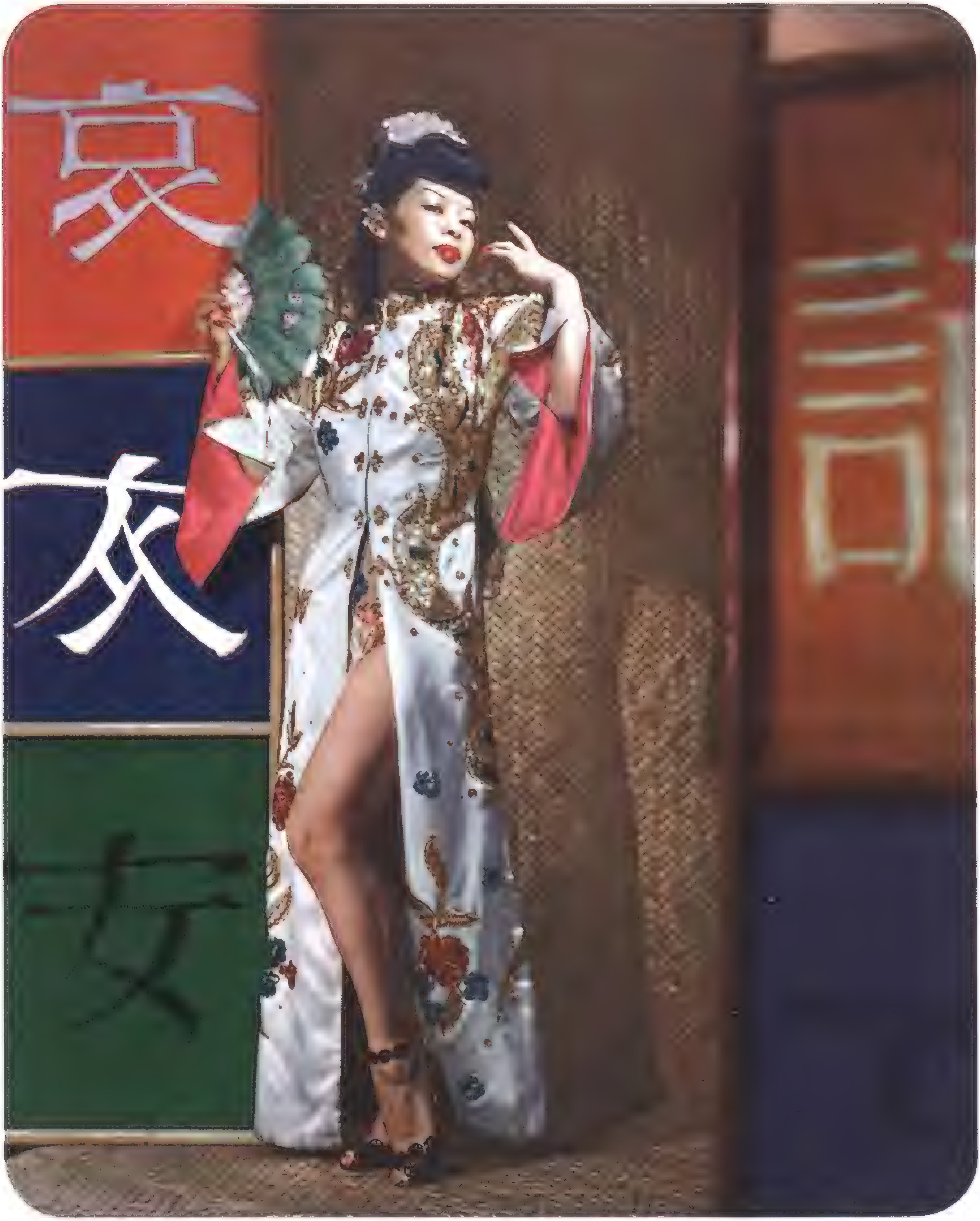


AMERICAN BEAUTY

Zita Miller

Photograph by Hurrell

With an f.-and-f. that spells z.-and-z. (face and figure—zip and zing), blonde Zita often heard herself tagged as a Typical American Girl during her fourteen years of schoolgirlhood in Switzerland. She's a native New Yorker—daughter of the head of a famous watchmaker family. And despite her years abroad, she's all for Typical American Men in the romance line. These days she's a zealous working girl as she trips around with her professional model's hatbox. She's also one of the prettiest philatelists Esquire's ever met, and has found another time-consuming hobby in the fine collection of antique tick-tocks given her by her father on her last birthday. Vital statistics. Height: 5′8½″; Weight: 115; Bust: 34; Waist: 24; Hips: 34.



THE DYNASTY

Noel Toy

Photograph by Ravitz

A doll-sized ninety-pounder, Miss Toy takes the almond cakes for exotic entertainers in East and West Coast nightclubs. Born in San Francisco, she completed one year at U.S.C., majoring in French, Spanish and Chinese. She *parler*-s and *hablar*-s fine, but learned only enough of her ancestors' brushwork to keep her checkbook (egad!) in sing-song. She began her limelight career one summer when she got a job in a nightspot to earn school tuition. She said, "I can't dance." The manager said, "So? Here are some bubbles. Learn." Known for her wit and her fun-brimming giggles, she has turned *diseuse* in her engagement at New York's Latin Quarter, and talk-sings her own material that's plenty *ding-how* with the customers.

Some soldiers would have laughed and called it a stroke of luck, but this lad was neither grateful nor amused

Homecoming Hero

by SIDNEY CARROLL

Lieutenant Ernest Crispin was stationed on an island I shall call Tongetau. It was a tropical paradise of an island. I hesitate to call it typical, because there are very few islands which measure up to the accepted standards established by novels about the South Seas. If anything, Tongetau was unique, because it measured up to those standards. It was beautiful, lush, green, with more than its share of smiling natives, lovely sunsets, rich yellow fruits. The war was being furiously fought in those days, but Tongetau was a long, long way from the war.

Lieutenant Ernest Crispin was not a modest man, but neither was he immodest. He did not like to put on public view that sign of weakness which is sometimes referred to as the Finer Side of a man. Cynicism was in Crispin's face, a long horse face, so that he found it easy and natural to be cynical. But he had his generous, his charitable impulses. Although they came to him just as easily and just as naturally, they made him self-conscious. And then, as if his inhibitions were ganging up on him, he would be further embarrassed by that self-consciousness.

I am trying to point out that Crispin was a natural man. Any action that justified his own face to himself amused him and satisfied him. But to be impelled to do anything from the heart that seemed to him to refute the cynicism in his face, annoyed him. He was a tall man, and he was a Southerner, and he was tremendously homely.

Pride is a justification. Crispin was always justifying his face; he was proud of it. He was not so proud of his heart, because it so often seemed to contradict his lean, lined, spectacled, big-nosed, big-jawed, underslung, skeptic's face.

He was, for instance, forever handing out chewing gum and chocolate to the native children on the roads of Tongetau, but he never did so when any white man was looking. Also, under the spell of the same impulse from that annoying Finer Side of himself, Crispin always managed to drop into the Dispensary on the Naval Station every three or four days. Whenever he turned off the road to walk up the half-dozen steps to the pure, white quonset hut with the sign "Dispensary" on the door, he always looked around to make sure that nobody in the vicinity was bearing witness to his good deed.

Crispin was the only officer on the station who made these visits to the Dispensary, regularly and voluntarily, to see the sick men on the base. Of course, Dr. Hastings was in there every day, but the Dispensary was Dr. Hastings' domain; it was his line of duty. Crispin's visits to the sick men had nothing to do with his regular chores. It was always one of those things. He would walk up to the screen door, look around at the filled-up beds, stick his chin out aggressively and say, "I happen' to be passing by . . ." Then he would sit down and visit with the sick men.

One morning of a bright summer day on Tongetau, Crispin happened to be passing by.

He walked up the steps of the Dispensary with the one self-conscious glance to right and left. He pushed the screen door open with a long index finger propped against his stomach like a cane. On this morning when he got through the door, he saw that four of the nine beds were occupied. Three of the men in the beds were cases familiar to him, but on the fourth bed his hawk-eye lit and paused, and one of his eyebrows shot up. "Great day in the mawnin'!" he said to the man in the bed. "What the hell happened to you?"

The patient in the fourth bed had the covers up to his chin and his hands beneath the covers. But his head, sticking out, still made him the most conspicuous object in the room. The head was bandaged so thoroughly that only the small, sharp features of the patient were visible. The gauze came around his cranium, under his chin, around his neck, and over his ears. With his fevered face, flushed like something hot and foetal, the boy beneath the bandages was like a White Sister in agony. His very red lips had the highly polished fevered look. Crispin strode over to his bed and pulled a chair up.

Crispin seated himself, limberly as usual. Then he bent stiffly from the waist and brought his face down low until it was directly over the boy's bandaged head. Crispin adjusted his glasses and proceeded to scrutinize every inch of the boy's face and the bandage. He sniffed at the bandage and ran his chin all over it, like an anteater on the prowl. The boy in the bed averted his eyes. A few moments of this and then Crispin raised his head, and there was a look of recognition in his eyes. "Aha," he said. "It's Bradley!"

The face in the bed, pink as a ceremonial Christmas pig, gave Crispin a quick anguished look and then looked away again.

"I wonder," Crispin said, "what the hell happened to Bradley."

The boy's small petulant mouth hardly moved. "Nothin'," he mumbled, and bit his lip.

"Ah," said Crispin, "they got you here to warm up the bandages."

The boy did not answer.

Crispin turned to the boy in the next bed. "Dugan," he said, "how's the belly?"

Dugan said, "Fine."

"Dugan, perhaps you can enlighten me. What the hell has happened to Bradley?"

There was a look of suppressed delight in Dugan's eyes but in Dugan's reply there was the expression of the code that exists among all the wounded brethren. "He'll have to tell you himself, sir."

Crispin knew the code. He turned back to Bradley. "Seems," he said, "that you are the best authority on the subject of what the hell happened to you. Is it a secret?"

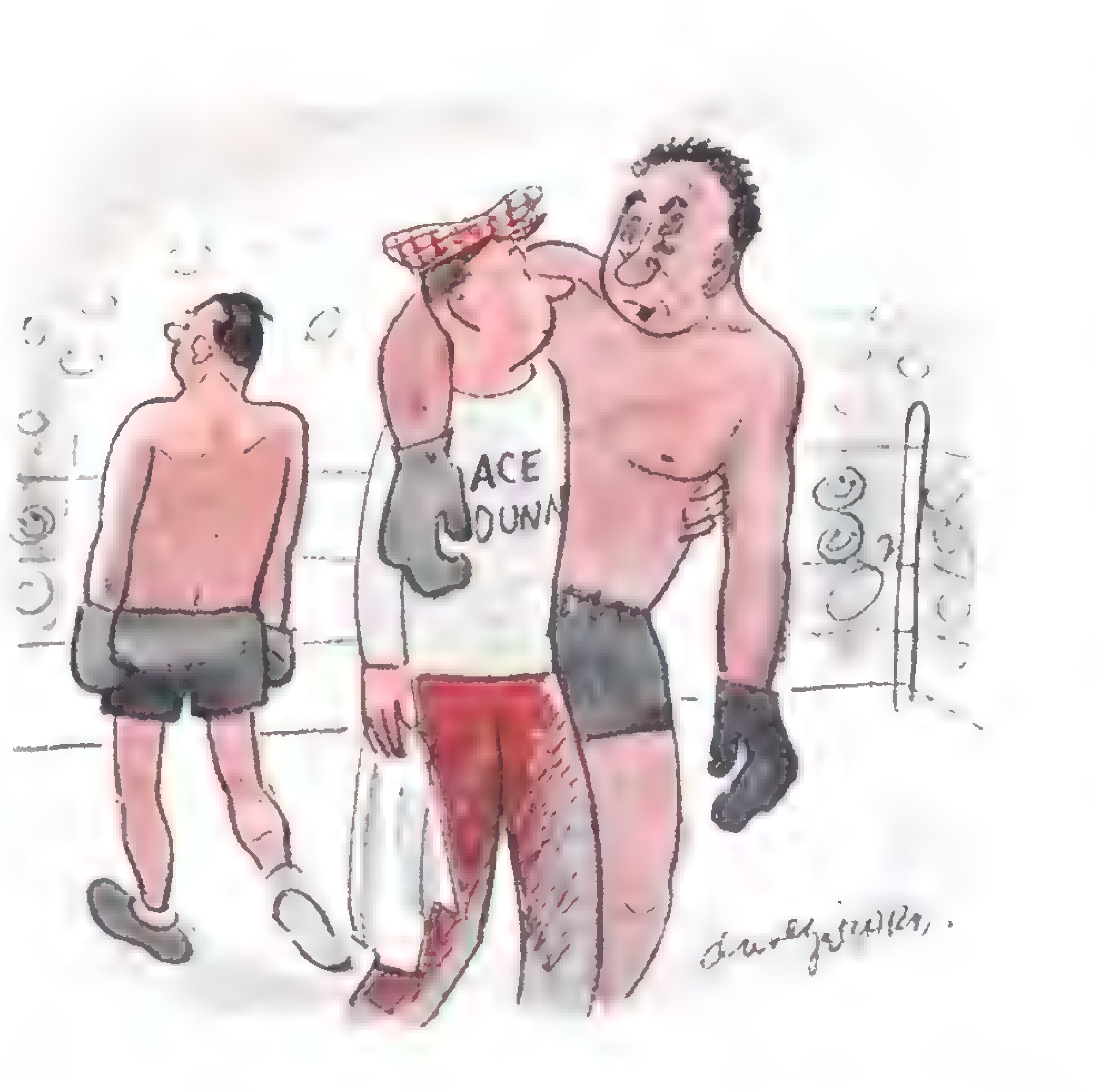
Bradley did not answer.

"Did you by any chance encountuh a Jap down by the beach? I would be pleased to hear about same if so, considerin' that such things are a menace to the welfare of the island and the station command is entitled to hear of . . ."

Crispin did not stop suddenly; his voice ran out, because he was suddenly looking at two enormous tears in Bradley's eyes. The tone of Crispin's voice changed. "Whatsa mattuh, boy?" he asked.

Bradley gulped, "Nothin'."

"You don't hafta tell me, boy. I'm just a goddam inquisitive bastard and I ain't meanin' to hurt your (*Continued on page 191*)



"I dreamed about you during the last round, Mort"

Another blow for the crusade carried on by such newspaper purists as Ring Lardner, Ambrose Bierce and F. P. A.

Here's to Grammar

by STANLEY WALKER

HERE is trouble again. There is almost always dirty weather somewhere on the journalistic front. The present difficulty may have its instructive aspects. It seems that Franklin Pierce Adams (F.P.A.), the old columnist and poker addict who now appears on the radio program *Information, Please*, has written a book (*Nods and Becks*) in which he has something to say about newspaper writing and the newspaper business. Walter Winchell, in quoting from the book in his column, included as one of the things Adams said he had learned in newspaper work:

"That the newspaper business is not so cruel as other businesses are said to be, or as it is supposed to be."

Whereupon Damon Runyon (known as Alfred Damon Runyon when he was a youth in Colorado), wrote a column entitled *The Grandpa of Grammar* (he meant F.P.A.) in which he said: "Coming from F.P.A., that is a lulu."

In what might be called a mellow rage, for Mr. Runyon, as his friends know, is incapable of a towering rage or a screaming rage, he went on to pick Mr. Adams to pieces. He said he used to think that Mr. Adams practiced his part of the newspaper business very cruelly, indeed. He recalled that, in his columning days, Adams was always picking on other newspapermen for their shortcomings in education, for their grammar, or for their inapt or inexact usage of the language. Mr. Runyon charged that in the old days Mr. Adams often "almost broke a young writer's heart by nailing him to his grammatical cross." On one occasion, it appears, Adams caused Runyon himself to spend a sleepless night by his criticism. Said Runyon:

"I was the young writer, and impetuous. It was my opinion that the situation called for the critic receiving a good bust in the nose, but I was dissuaded by wiser men. You can imagine how sore I was that the memory of the criticism rankles after lo, these many years."

According to Runyon, he made the grammatical break out of sheer ignorance. It is his point that Adams took an unfair advantage in calling public attention to his ignorance. He argues that such things might be funny if the writers criticized had known better. He charges Adams with wanton cruelty to youngsters who, handicapped in education, were struggling to get ahead. So far as the net effect on journalism goes, however, Mr. Runyon holds that the Adams influence has been negligible, and that writing continues, as always, to be "grammatically good, bad, and indifferent." In what looks suspiciously like a pout, he says:

"I will not read his book. I do not need him now to tell me that the way I have been saying things all my life is dead wrong, though he can no longer hurt my feelings by mentioning it."

There. The fat is in the fire. Some good may come out of the argument. The bad part of the controversy, however, is that both men are, and have been for many years, consistent champions of the best that is in the newspaper business, the best newspaper writing, and the most decent and intelligent aspects of reporting. They think the newspaper business, taking it by and large, is a good business. I like them for that. I have known both men for quite a time; I like them both. Each, at one time or another, has been extraordinarily kind to me.

Can we get at the truth about all this stuff? I think we can. In the first place, Runyon is absolutely right on one point: Adams used to hurt the feelings of many young newspapermen—and some old ones, too, for that matter. Sometimes he seemed to go out of his way to detect and expose defects in usage. In the old days I used to hear him denounced frequently. At the same time I noticed that those who did the denouncing were, more often than not, exceedingly slipshod writers as well as confirmed bellyachers and culture-haters.

Adams was a hound for accuracy, and he never seemed to care who got hurt in the quest for accuracy. Now, there are two kinds of accuracy: the positive accuracy that omits no detail, and the negative accuracy that admits no error. Adams was alert and adept in both fields; he was always asking for more details, and he was always raising hell about mistakes. He was proud of little things, like knowing the difference in the spelling of the names of Sam Untermyer, the lawyer, and Louis Untermeyer, the poet. And he went on from there. He was really erudite, and kept his eyes open all the time for facts, no matter how trivial. He also had a quality I liked very much: when stumped, he had the good sense and the courage to say flatly, "I don't know." Adams in his heyday was the sort of fellow who, upon reading Runyon's stricture upon him, would have said:

"Well, what was the grammatical error for which I called him, and caused him to spend a sleepless night? And did he ever make the error again? I think a good reporter ought to tell these things."

And F.P.A. would have been absolutely right. A great many persons would like to know what boner it was that Runyon pulled back in his fledgling days. The only thing I ever had against F.P.A., outside of his relatively harmless habit of hanging around with a gang of self-conscious wits, was that he could be pretty nosy on occasion. I was city editor on the same paper where he ran his column for several years. He usually got into the office earlier than I did, and many times I found, when I arrived, that he had already gone through my mail. He was even ready to ask me what I intended to do about such and such a problem that had been mentioned in one of the letters. This rather unconventional habit would have burned up many persons (it did, more than one time), but it never bothered me particularly, for I always had the feeling that the old boy's heart was in the right place and he did what he did simply because he was so all-fired fascinated by what was going on

"*. . . and they all lived happily ever after*" that he couldn't help it. In a way, his officious inquisitiveness was admirable. I am not particularly tolerant—in fact, I abhor the word—but that's the way I felt. Now and then, too, F.P.A. would bring in a good tip on a story. He was not all nuisance and gadfly by any means. And when he read a strikingly good story he would always inquire who had done it and, if the reporter was a new one, he would go out of his way to say a few words of commendation. This sort of thing, while it may not have paid off, helped the staff. F.P.A. gave a boost, at a time when it was most needed, to many a young writer who later amounted to something.

Cruelty? It is a tricky word. Surely Runyon, who has worked for the Hearst papers for many years, has seen many examples of refined cruelty, playful cruelty, deadly cruelty. F.P.A. sounds a bit too mellow on the subject. If he will think back, surely he can remember examples of shocking cruelty. He has not gone unscathed himself. As a man grows older he generally likes to forget the pain and to remember the good and generous things that have happened to him. He can afford to do this if he has some money or a good job, as F.P.A. has. These ancients just can't help being sentimental. They have some justification. It seems that, possibly by its very nature and because of the type of men who enter it, the opportunities for kindness, or at least non-cruelty, are enormous. And, by the same token, the opportunities for meanness are not to be sneezed at. I do not think that the newspaper business is the cruelest business in the world, but I do think it is fully as cruel as, say, running a ranch, or performing for a circus, or acting in motion pictures, or selling bonds, or doing any number of other things. It is not so cruel as politics. Sometimes what happens doesn't seem cruel because, say what you will, newspapermen like to make even their misfortunes romantic and, in a sense, attractive.

The man who probably knew most about cruelty in the newspaper business was Charles E. Chapin, once city editor of the New York *Evening World*, who was sent to Sing Sing for life for the killing of his wife. He practically made a hobby of being cruel, in big ways and little. Toward the end, mulling over this subject, he said of newspapermen:

"They give all that is in them to the service of their employers, and when they are old and worn out they are cast adrift like battered wrecks. Some find a brief haven in an obscure political job, to be again turned adrift with the next administration. I shudder at the thought of what must come to them after that. The luckier ones die young. Few remain actively in harness as long as I did."

There spoke a truthful man. Not all the newspaper guilds in the world, and not all the pious publishers who protest their appreciation for their staffs, can alter the fact that what Chapin said is substantially true today. There are exceptions, to be sure. They do not change the main fact. One of the most profound things Albert Jay Nock ever said, and he has said a great many, was a remark to the effect that while he had nothing in particular against newspaper work, he was saddened by what it did to the men who engaged in it. Yes, these people know cruelty, though of course it is true that often the cruelty seems to be self-inflicted. Newspapermen have a positive genius for quixotic forms of self-destruction. And many of them, even the best ones, are sentimental masochists.

A question arises: does the parading of the errors of others really constitute a very objectionable form of cruelty? It may be doubted. The man who has seen one of his inexcusable mistakes held up for public derision may squirm a bit, but the chances are he will not make that mistake again—and that is sheer gain, even if Runyon is right in saying that F.P.A. has had no influence on the general quality of writing.

A young newspaperman is subjected to many forms of mild hazing which the squeamish might call torture, but which actually are no more killing than what is encountered by a new man in the Army or a new boy at school. In a charming memoir written when he was very old, Selah Merrill Clarke (he was "Boss" Clarke, the unexcelled night city editor of the New York *Sun*, who served in that post from 1881 to 1912), tells of the copy reader who yelled at the young reporter, while thrusting a sheet of his vernacular at him:

"Now, what would that mean in English?"

That surely is cruelty—humiliation in the presence of one's colleagues. But Clarke, who was not only one of the most exacting but one of the gentlest men who ever sat at a newspaper desk, goes on:

"Need he have yelled it? But it takes not many experiences of this kind to cut the young rooster's comb. He learns, with daily diminishing surprise, that the insignificant-looking little fellow at the next desk can 'write rings around' him; that while he struggled to hammer out a comic stanza or two for Sunday, the dude in the corner did a dozen twice as comic and three times as melodious; that the office boy knows what news is better than he does; that with his slender equipment he is competing with the coming playwright, the coming novelist, the coming war correspondent; and that he will do well to find a specialty of his own and be a comer himself, if he can. The air is fine and salty in the Valley of Humiliation."

There is true talk, wise talk. And old "Boss" Clarke himself came to be a famous stickler for grammar and correct usage. He was hell on such things as the statement that a sermon had been preached "during" the eighteenth century, that a cause had been "jeopardized" instead of jeoparded, or that counsel has asked for "leniency" instead of lenity. Probably his major campaign, one which he never won for journalism, was against the use of the phrase "involuntary petition in bankruptcy". "An 'involuntary petition,'" he said, "forcibly suggests that someone has punched his victim in the wind and driven a gulp out of him." "Boss" Clarke insisted, rightly, upon using "petition in involuntary bankruptcy.". Few papers get it right today. Likewise, James Gordon Bennett insisted that reporters, in referring to a bawdy house, must not use the phrase "disorderly house" but "disreputable house." He was right, but "disorderly house" is still in wide use, even in papers with excellent reputations for good English. Would Mr. Runyon really let down all the bars? I doubt it.

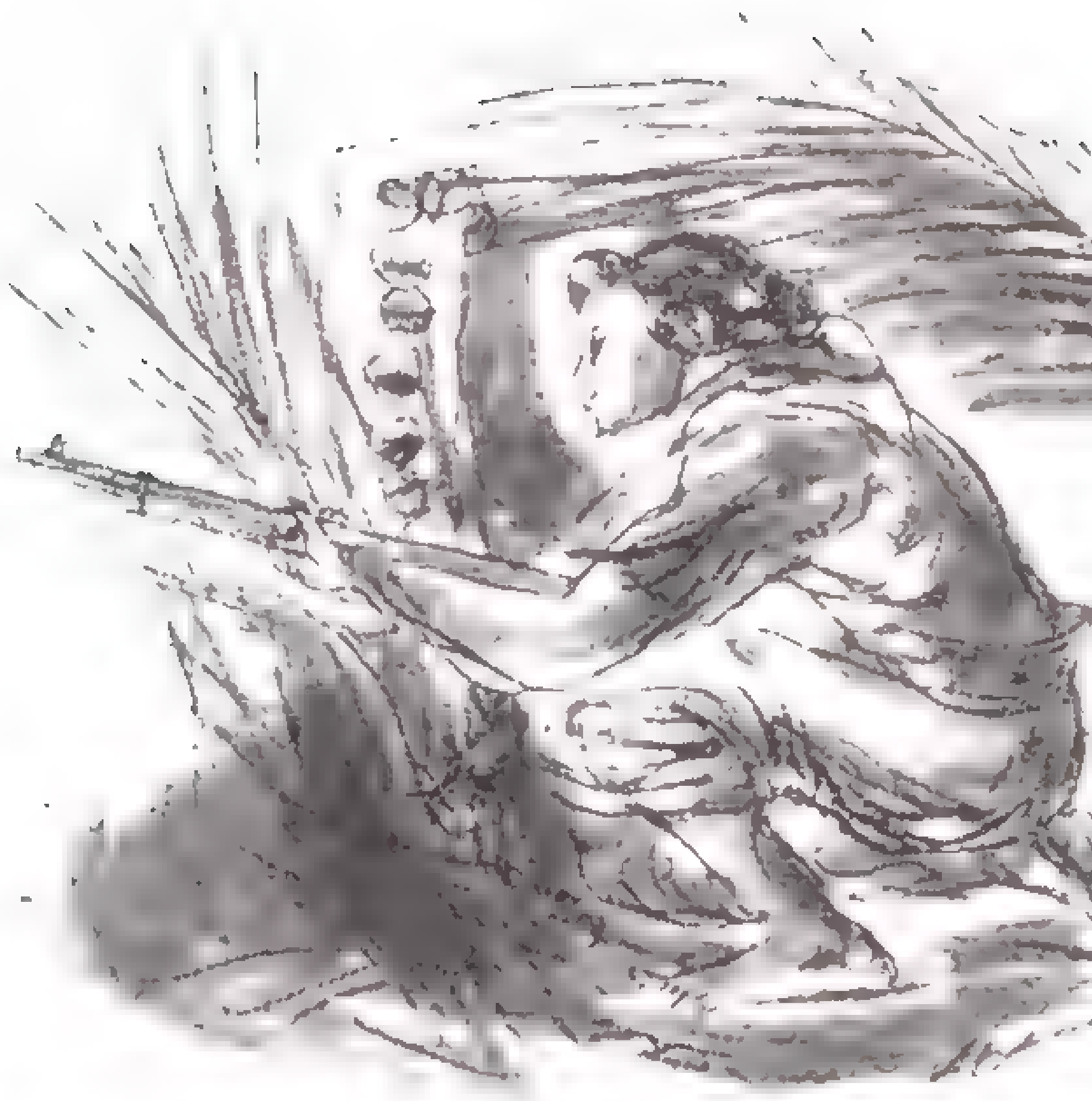
Indeed, grammar has served both Adams and Runyon well. Adams has found it useful in fashioning his own well-turned stuff; he has virtually made a career of being a double-barreled bug hunter in tracking down and nailing the derelictions of others. (His constant crusade against such non-hissable sentences as " 'Try and get it, John,' she hissed," has been not only amusing but helpful.) Runyon, when writing a straight piece, employs an easy, ingratiating, loping style which has faintly ironic overtones. And it is grammatical. His short stories, which have made him known in some quarters as the O. Henry of Mugdom, owe much of their charm to Runyon's ear for the distorted grammar of underworld and half-world characters, to whom, in the old days, he used to listen by the hour while drinking many, many helpings of coffee. The man has made a fortune out of grammar, good and bad.

The worst thing about the Runyon stricture on Adams (the cruelty charge is a hard saying, but let it pass) is that many persons, some of them possibly at the beginning of their careers in journalism, may get the notion that the great Runyon is advocating a general thumbing of the nose at all precepts of grammar and telling young people to go ahead and write as they damn please. If so, it is too bad. I cannot believe that Runyon had this in mind, though his piece could be interpreted in that fashion. He has the ordinary sensible man's contempt for picayune pedantry, the straining at gnats in the language, but I doubt that the man is anti-grammar.

This brings up a serious matter: the tendency on many newspapers to glorify bad writing. Good usage is among the necessary tools of the newspaper trade, or used to be in the best circles. A school of thought has grown up which seems to hold that all the ancient precepts can be tossed out the window, replaced with hit or miss gibberish, and that the result will turn out to

(*Continued on page 167*)

The fourteen-year-old Filipino kid who called himself a guerrilla and adopted our C. O. was literally a one-man war



I Will Be the One

by ED FITZGERALD

THERE was something about this kid that right away made him look different from the other Filipinos. Maybe it was just that he was taller than the average native man already—and he couldn't have been more than fourteen.

Standing alongside one of our beat-up jeeps, he looked a little beat-up himself. He was wearing a tattered pair of nondescript shorts that just barely covered his little behind, and a G.I. undershirt that had seen better days not less than a year ago. Barefoot, his only other adornment was a G.I. pistol belt slung around his thin waist with four mean-looking hand grenades hooked to it. The kid's legs were long and graceful, unusually long for his race, and on his left knee was a loosely knotted, dirty bandage, spotted with blood.

We had so many natives hanging around the area, hustling us for food and conducting spirited negotiations for the sale of souvenirs, that we rarely paid attention to any of them. But this hawk-eyed boy with his coal black hair, sharp features, and air of belligerent watchfulness, intrigued me.

The C.O. was sharing a double slit trench apartment with me in this alleged rest bivouac. We were in a safe spot, having been pulled back from the front several days ago to prepare for another mission. He's a cheerful agent, very talented in the matter of taking life easy, and he was in the prone. I nudged him and asked, "Hey, Cap'n, see that kid standing by your jeep? Looks like a one-man war, doesn't he?"

"That's Benny. Haven't you met Benny yet?" he replied.

"Never saw him before. What's he doing with us?" I wanted to know.

"Plenty. You know that patrol Lt. McNeill took up to San Juan yesterday? Fifteen miles through the Jap lines. The regiment's going to San Juan tomorrow and McNeill's patrol was supposed to reconnoiter for possible routes and estimate what the Japs have up there. Well, Mac had moved in about three miles with his men when he began to pass scattered groups of Japs. He was hiding so much he couldn't make any progress. Then this kid pops out from behind a tree. Naturally, he's lucky they don't clout him one time with a rifle butt. It doesn't take long, though, to see he's no Jap.

"Right up to the boys he walks and wants to know who's in charge. McNeill says what's it to him and the kid announces he's a guerrilla. 'I will be the one to help you,' he says. He trots out an old greasy guerrilla identification card, and it develops his name is Bienvenido something-or-other. So he automatically becomes just plain Benny, and he gets a job. McNeill asks him if he can help guide the patrol to San Juan and back, and the kid acts like it was nothing more than taking a walk to the corner drugstore.

"Furthermore, he got 'em there. And—he got 'em back."

The skipper continued. "I saw Mac when he came in this morning. He's sleeping over in that hole now. And he told me that he might have reached San Juan by himself, but he never would have got back. The Japs probably knew he was around and figured they'd ambush him on the way home. But Benny fooled them. He hid the boys in caves, took them through rice paddies McNeill never would have tackled alone, conscripted more natives and used them for scouts to spot Nips up ahead, giving Benny a chance to reverse his field. He did a hell of a job. Naturally, Mac didn't want to pack him off with a Tropical Chocolate Bar so he brought him back here. Why don't you call him over?"

I turned and looked back to the jeep. The kid hadn't moved. He stood straight and slim, almost rigid, and he didn't speak to anybody. "Hey, Benny," I called. He looked at me, and his strong white teeth gleamed brightly as he started toward us. I could see that he was limping with that left leg.

"Did you get anything to eat?" I asked him.

"No, sir. Not yet."

"Well, are you hungry? Do you want to eat?"

His teeth flashed again. Honest, he looked like a Pepsodent ad. "Oh, yes, sir, I could eat. Thank you very much, sir."

"Don't sir me," I said. "I'm only a first sergeant and God knows you don't have to say sir to one of them." Benny just laughed and said, "Okay, Sarge." I liked the kid.

I hollered over to "Windy" at our light maintenance truck, a three-quarter-ton job that didn't carry much in the way of tools, but was well stocked with chow. Windy was chief mechanic and chief cook too, so I asked him to lay down his wrench and promote some hot cakes and bacon for Benny. You ought to have seen him eat. He went through eight big hot cakes and a mess of bacon in nothing flat. We gave him a cup of coffee and a pack of Luckies and told him to lie down and take a break for a while.

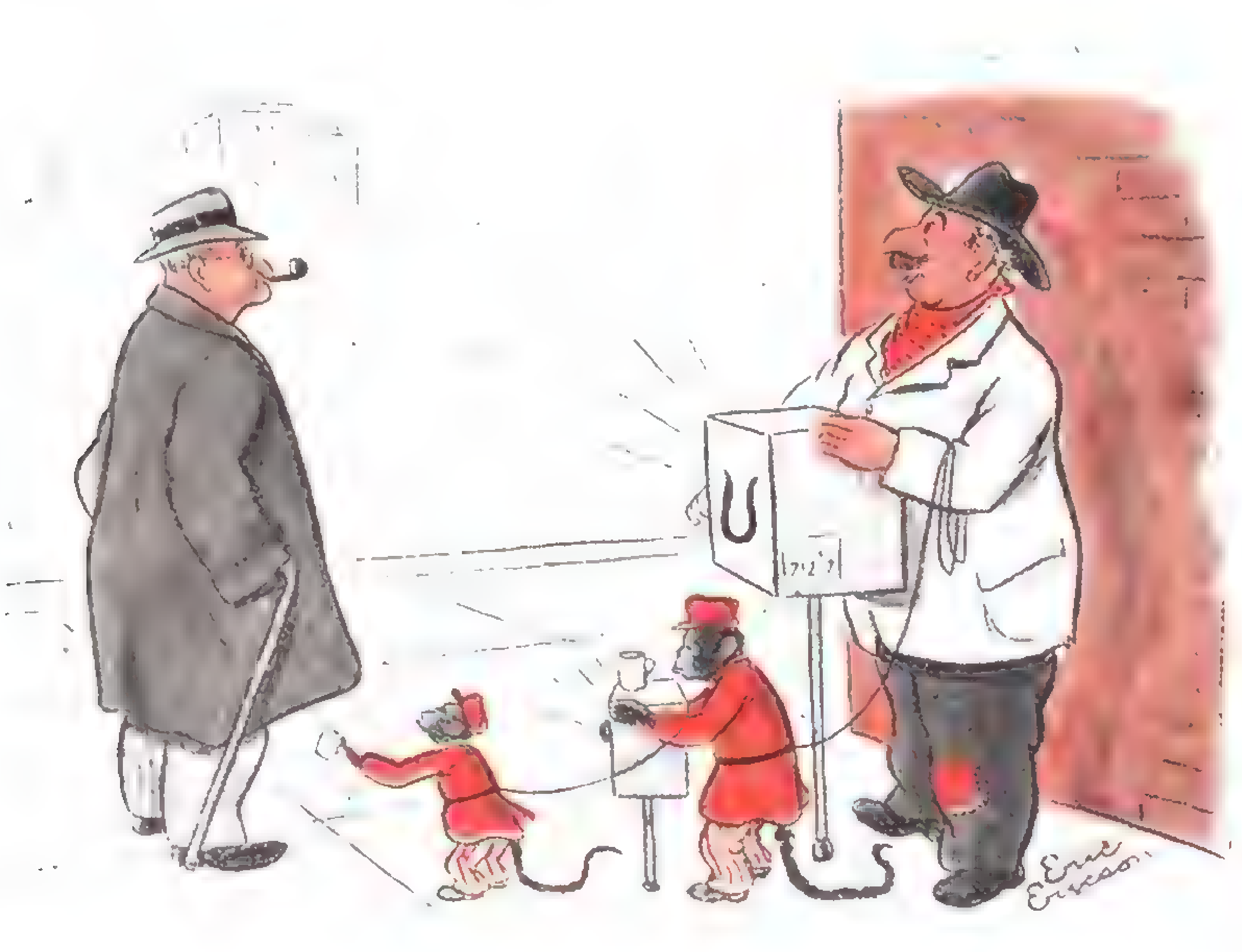
But his leg caught my eye again and I was curious about it. For the first time I noticed a raw wound on the inside of his left thigh, about six inches above the bandaged knee. I asked him about it.

"Oh, that is from bullet," he told us. Very nonchalant. And he wasn't trying to draw sympathy by underplaying the scene, either. That was the way he felt about it.

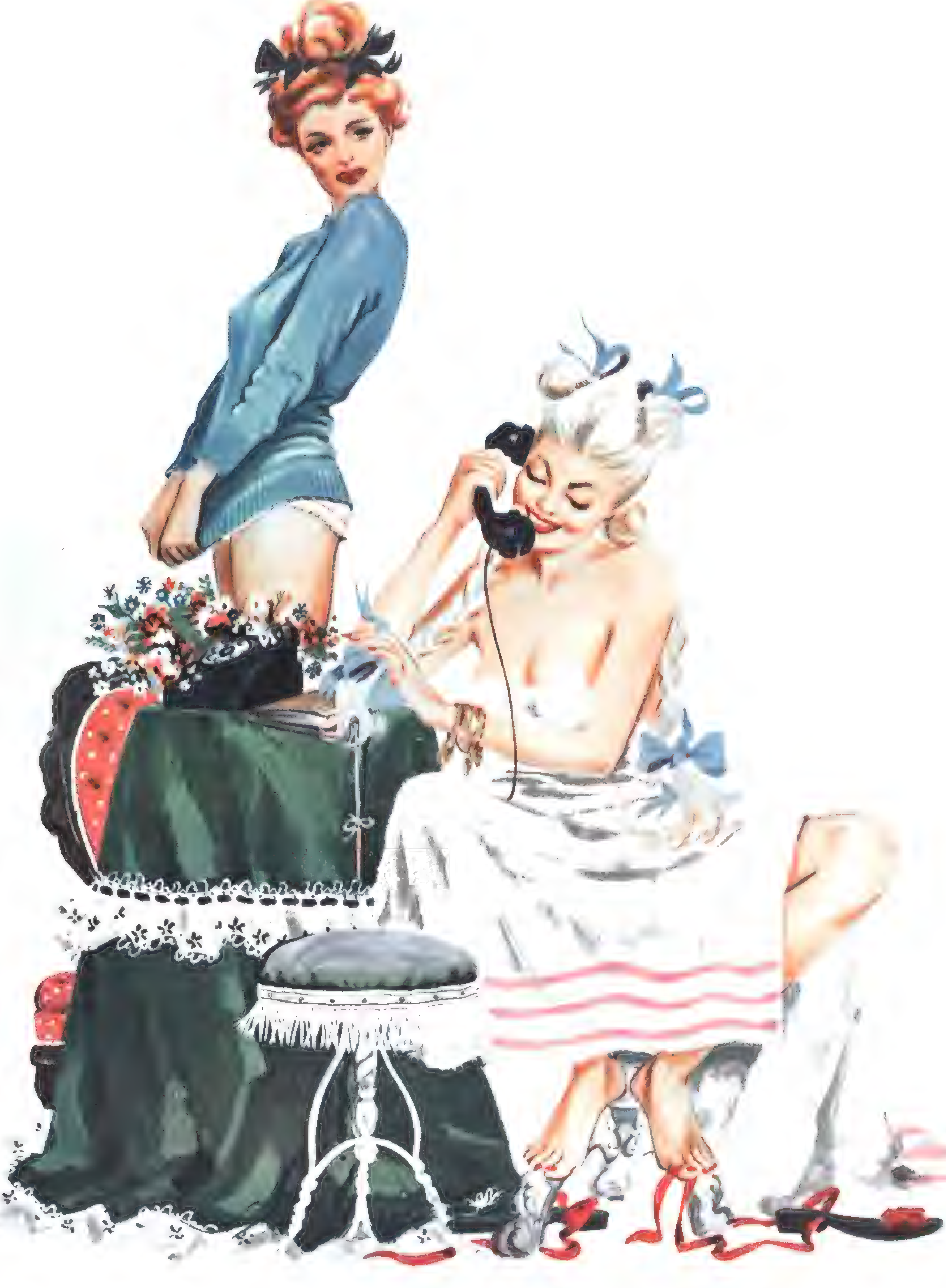
But the captain wouldn't let him off that easily. "Jap bullet?" he inquired. Benny nodded his dark head. "Jap. Yeah. See, bullet go in here," he pointed to the hole in his thigh, "and it come out in knee."

The captain looked at me, then asked Benny quietly, "How long ago did you get shot? Before that patrol yesterday?" Benny threw back his head and laughed, "Oh, yes, sir. Long time ago. Maybe three, maybe four weeks. I don't remember so good. It's okay now. I walk good." But then the sensuous curves of his

(*Continued on page 147*)



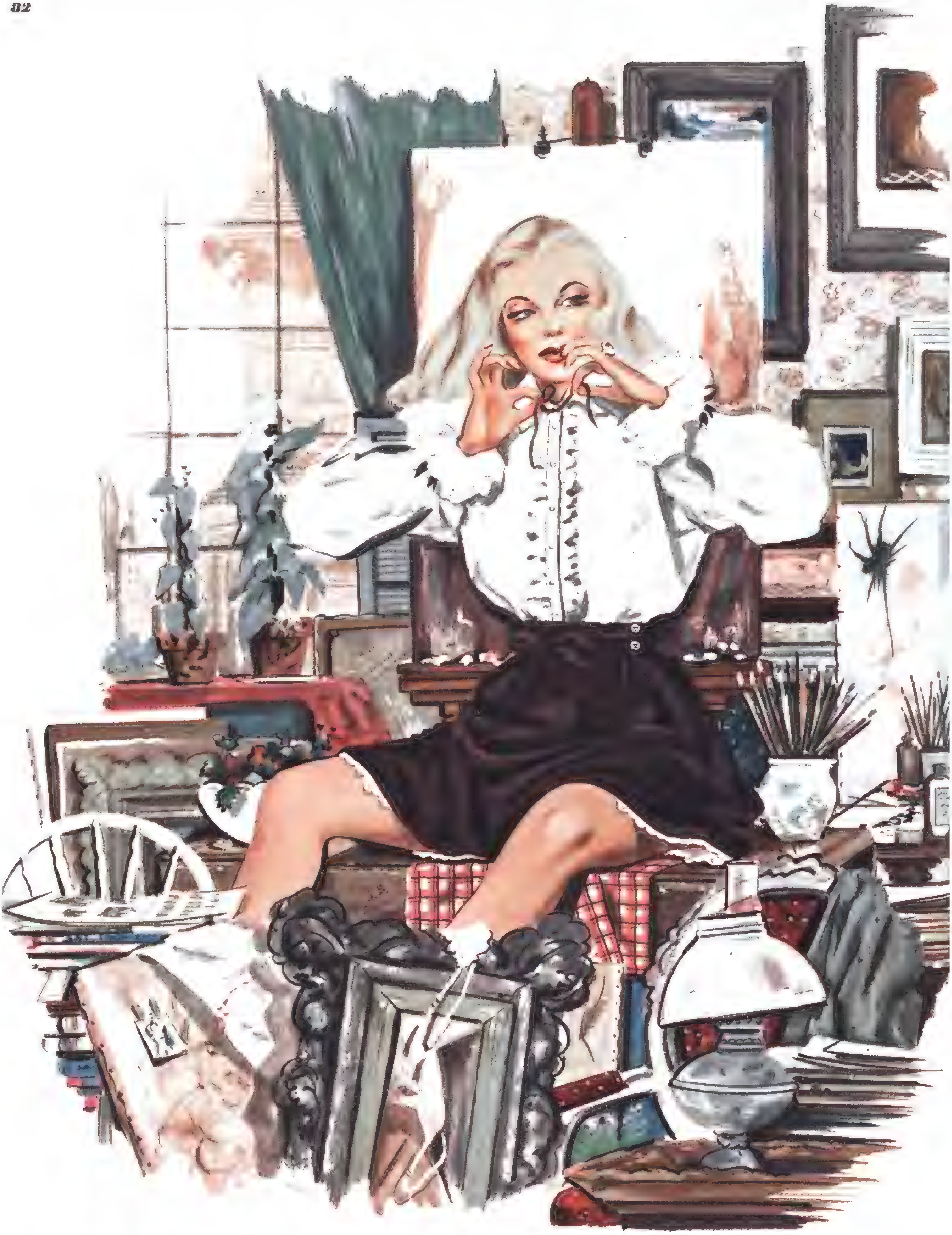
"We're expanding the business"



THE SCHEMES OF FAIR WOMEN

Painting by J. Frederick Smith

The proper study of mankind is, of course, women, and if it's more complex than, say, conchology, it's a lot more fun. Take the smiling china doll on the telephone, who collects admirers as casually as the charms on her bracelets, and cares for them less. Never try to win her with the absence strategy. She hasn't any books to stay home with, and if she thinks of you fleetingly, it will be with pity for your lack of taste. There are plenty of other fish in the phone book, and she isn't shy. Now the lady in blue is more highly differentiated and harder to classify. She prefers poetry to orchids, but she's far too knowing to fall for a glib line. In her practical rule book, affection is no trifle. And today's bachelor may well be tomorrow's spouse.



PRELUDE TO A PICTURE

Painting by J. Frederick Smith

While he was mixing his colors in preparation for the day's work, Mr. Smith, the artist, stole an amused glance at his model, noted the feline deliberation with which she preened herself for her portrait . . . and rapidly sketched this candid picture, filling in the background details afterward. Completely at ease amid the clutter of the studio in which she finds herself, this cool creature remains, like most models, as self-contained as a kitten—and as transparently full of guile. Her fluffed-out blonde hair, her precise make-up and those ruffles and bows on her carefully starched blouse are all components of her stock in trade. Her expressive eyes look thoughtful and far-away—well, at least as far as the mirror which hangs on the opposite wall.

Remembrance of Howard Lovecraft whose history surpasses his own weird stories

The Ten-cent Ivory Tower

by JOHN WILSTACH

FITZGERALD

Enthusiasts for the work of Howard Phillips Lovecraft have become a literary cult. Highbrow critics pay tribute to him as a writer of horror tales. His devotees insist that his place is in a niche beside that of Edgar Allan Poe. Collectors scramble for his first editions. Yet, to one who has known literary booms and their nourishing, it is amazing that nothing has been done to acquaint the public with the personality of a man who was one of the most fantastic literary figures of modern times.

Stranger still may be the fact that Lovecraft's work would have disappeared entirely, in all probability, were it not for the efforts of two writers, August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, who were fellow contributors with Lovecraft to *Weird Tales* magazine. The way these two boys preserved Lovecraft for the world is something to tell.

When Lovecraft died in 1937 Derleth and Wandrei determined to collect his stories and publish them in books. They pooled small bank rolls, found a printing plant in Wisconsin, named the business Arkham House after a place named in Lovecraft's fiction, and in 1939 printed the first volume, *The Outsider and Others*. In 1943 they published *Beyond the Walls of Sleep*. Try to find one of those two first editions in a bookshop now. *Marginalia* was issued in 1944. Arkham House promises one or two volumes of Lovecraft's letters sometime soon. He left about five hundred thousand words of fiction and over three million of correspondence, his real love. He is called a master in that field as well as in tales of the horrible and weird.

The afternoon I met Howard Lovecraft I'd never heard of the man. I was relaxing with Hart Crane, the poet.

"Listen," he said over his drink, "I want you to meet a lad with real talent. You may be able to do something for him."

Hart drew a battered manuscript from his pocket and began reading:

"My coming to New York had been a mistake; for whereas I had looked for poignant wonder and inspiration in the teeming labyrinths of ancient streets . . . in the Cyclopean modern towers and pinnacles that rise blackly Babylonian under waning moons, I had found instead only a sense of horror and oppression which threatened to master, paralyze and annihilate me. . . ."

"Kinda turgid prose," I waved my hand to stop him.

"Why, that is prose poetry! Pay for our drinks and come along to see the man who wrote it."

I went with Crane to a rooming house and was introduced to Howard Lovecraft in a dingy room, with all outside light excluded and electric bulbs on, though it was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I learned that he had worked and roamed all night, slept since dawn, and had just breakfasted upon an orange.

Crane muttered that I might tell Lovecraft something about the market.

"What have you been aiming at?" I asked him.

"I don't know. Hart thinks my scripts should be typewritten."

Well, it was unbelievable—he was actually, in person, the amateur who brought a manuscript rolled up, in handwriting, and tied with a string—and called back to find it still tied with the same string. Of course he had sought out the offices of *Harper's*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, while any tyro would know that his only chances were at the *Munsey* or *Street & Smith's* fiction chains.

Then and there I read several of his stories in manuscript—and failed right then and there to be the professional who discovered H. P. Lovecraft. I could see no commercial possibilities. But I did say I would take him down and introduce him to Matthew White Jr., editor of *Argosy*. White was a gentle sort. Bob Davis' overwhelming personality, I felt, would be too much for a man whose every movement spelled, to me, tiredness and defeat. "I'm afraid I'm an outsider—one of those unfortunates who simply cannot conform to any pattern," Lovecraft said. "You'll think me an intense prig. But I'll never write of success, I can't imagine a happy ending. I can see this city only as the prison yard in which Poe suffered. I must return to my old home in Providence. There at night, at least, I can walk along the way Poe walked to visit Sarah Helen Whitman."

I hummed under my breath. Obviously Lovecraft didn't think of writing stories to sell. But as an ivory tower the spot he was on had little in its favor.

Hart was smiling tenderly. Well, that was the way one easily learned to smile at Lovecraft, protectively. One overlooked many of his oddities, part of that odd bloom of genius that all other writers, according to their record, aside from myself, recognized on sight. To me he was merely a literary outcast in New York, and in those high-pressure days of the twenties, I could see no hope for him.

Well, I'm glad that I was wrong. Most of the work of the shrewd professionals dates, now, but whatever may be the future of Lovecraft his stories cannot date, for they are placed in an ageless period, with motives of fear and terror and horror.

When we left, Lovecraft made an excuse not to go with us to dinner in a little Italian place. I did not know that he was living, aside from rent for his room, on fifty cents a day.

I met Howard several times before he returned to Providence, where he lived with his aunt at Ten Barnes Street. After the death of Mrs. Clark he lived with a younger aunt at Sixty-six College Street, where heat was pumped in from the college heating system. Allergic to cold—as well as to most foods and drinks—and to daylight—Lovecraft was happiest at the last-named dwelling. For there he actually, finally, for a decade, did make a living writing stories, revising yarns for others, and ghost

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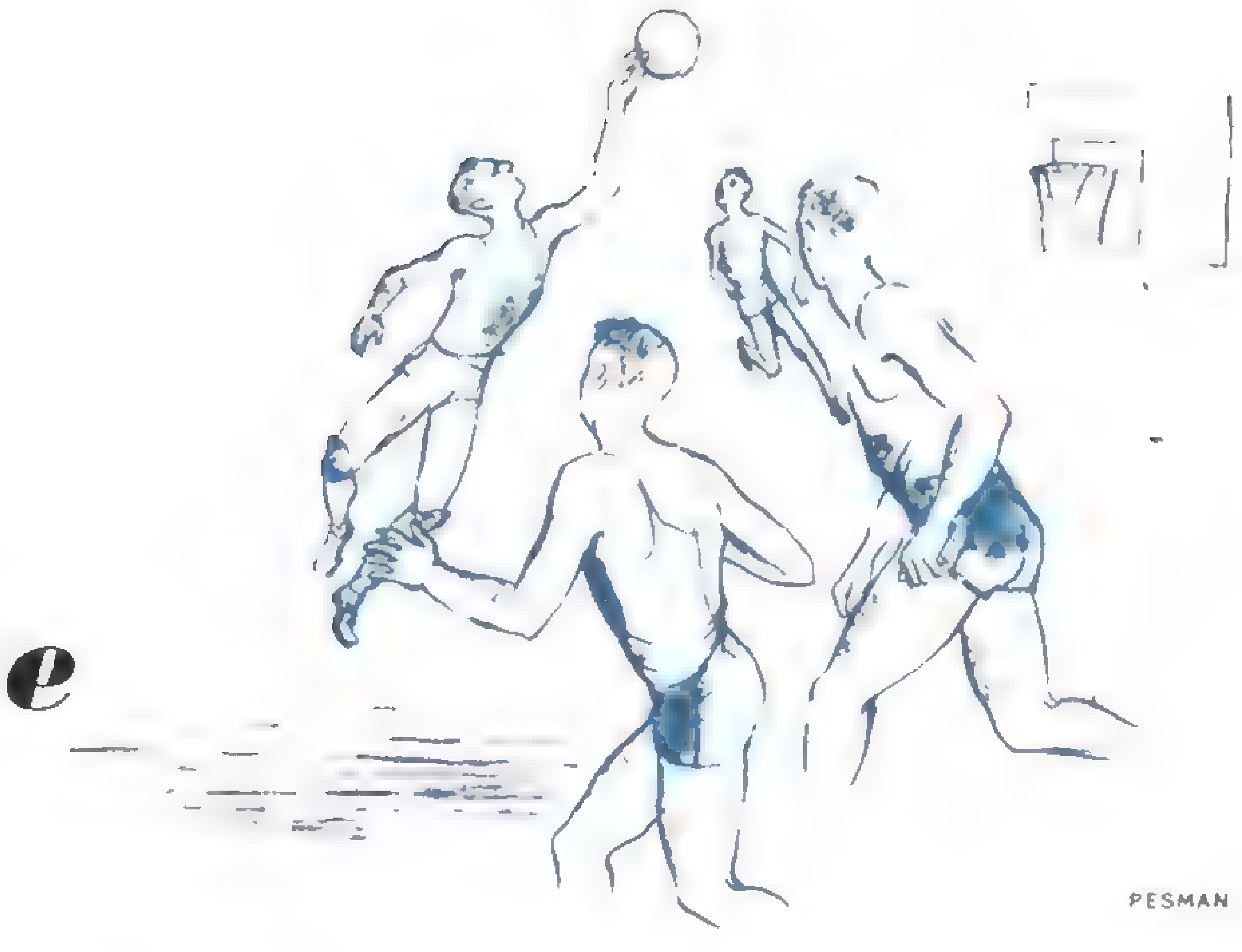
It remains to be seen if legal DDT has rid the college game of big-time fixers

It's Easy to Throw a Basketball Game

by PAUL BALLOW


PESMAN

Kiss the dough good-bye when you bet on college basketball with the bookies. The sure-thing gentry insist you lay your money that the favorite team will win by a minimum number of points, say fifteen, or that the underdogs will lose by not more than, say, ten points. The gamblers who buy their scores by the basket won't let you bet simply that Podunk U. will win or lose. You must bet by how much. And leave something in the middle for the bookie. It's heads you lose, tails he wins.

College basketball, the nation's most patronized box-office sport—giving even football the short end on season attendance totals—bounced into the professional gambler's eye when horse racing was suspended. He liked the smack of it. The game, too fast for any but a handful of discerning critics to detect phony business, was a setup for a fix. Its watchwork action revolves to such a hair-spring degree around the precision of each team member that in a close game one player may control the necessary point or two to throw the final score "in the middle." This is what the gambler buys with his bribe. It gives him a clean sweep of all bets, for or against either team.

Frantic to save the sport from the gamblers by a dose of legal DDT, the schools, coaches, stadium operators and district attorneys' police have inveighed, investigated, and worked themselves into ulcers. The FBI said something should be done. It didn't say just what. Many sports officials and coaches have warmed to the idea of an intercollege czar, particularly since the public got a whiff of the college sellouts in Brooklyn. But the gambling syndicates, the New York gang and the Philadelphia gang, continue to bore with their bribes into the framework of the game. Some insiders fear the inevitable result will be a collapse into a basketball "Black Sox" scandal unless the fans sharpen their eyes and fight the gamblers on the side of the players, who, we are sure, are 99 94/100 per cent pure.

It is the fraction of players who sell out a game, an infinitesimal figure, that constitutes a danger out of all proportion to the number of bribes involved. This is possible because of the unusual nature of basketball, which can be "thrown" by just one bad actor on a team.

"Poor old 'X,' he got all the worst breaks tonight," the fans said sorrowfully the night one famous southern team suffered its first upset last winter. It was a close game, and "X," star of the favorite quintet, might have reversed the decision with a little better luck. But his shots bounced off the rim more often than they swished through the net, and his thumbs seemed to get in the way too often on recovering rebounds. Of course he was the star, and the most carefully guarded man on the floor.

"X" was back in form the next week, however, and led his team through several victories in a row. Then they went to Madison Square Garden, in New York, and "X" had another one of his unaccountably bad nights. His shots were a little too short, or too wide; opponents intercepted his passes; and once he double dribbled, giving up possession of the ball, through pure absentmindedness, it appeared to his mournful admirers. But the whole show was a pain in the trunk to "X's" coach. Nothing ever was proved, or even charged. But "X" was asked to turn in his suit.

Basketball is the one team sport in which a single player can throw down his team mates and get away with it. No baseball player could make more than a few treacherous moves on the diamond without being called to the front office for investigation of conspiracy, if he should be lucky enough to escape being mobbed in the dugout. Football can be thrown, but it takes collusion between backfield and linemen. But in basketball one man can throw a game out the skylights, and expect to receive only sympathy and, "You'll have better luck Friday night, Joe."

The customary three-and-two line-up of most teams on offense gives each player a controlling interest in the game, especially the player who acts as floor general, or, as he is sometimes coming to be called today, the "quarterback." In this plan of offense, the forwards work back and forth in close shot of the basket, while the guards and the center control the ball in the middle of the floor, waiting for a chance to pass in to a forward for a scoring setup.

It is the man quarterbacking the team who calls the plays, signals all floor action, and keeps an eye open for a forward in scoring position. He is a prize target of gamblers. To keep his team from scoring, this man could:

Pass to a man on the wrong side of the floor from a forward who is open to receive a pass under the basket.

Hold the ball a breath too long, giving opponents enough time to cover one of his forwards

SAWIN

Women in Sports . . . Anita Lhoest

Movie directors won't have to go far to discover petite Miss Anita Lhoest, Pacific Coast swimming champ, for she was born and is being raised right in the shadows of the Hollywood studios. She cuts through the Pacific waters with an over-all measurement of five feet, five and one-half inches. Her water displacement is graduated by hips, thirty-five inches; bust, thirty-five inches; and waist, twenty-four. Practicing daily at the Hollywood Athletic Club pool, she has won the national junior hundred yard free style, and many senior Pacific Coast breast-stroke and free-style titles. According to Anita, all women's sports keep a figure trim, and we are prone to believe she practices what she preaches. She wants to be an Olympic swimming champ and a fine musician, and meet the man of her dreams, who must be tall, dark, and have blue eyes.

who may have broken into a scoring position.

Pass to an opponent, on the pretext of thinking he is a team mate.

Pass within the intercepting range of an opponent.

Deliberately hit an opponent with a bounce pass.

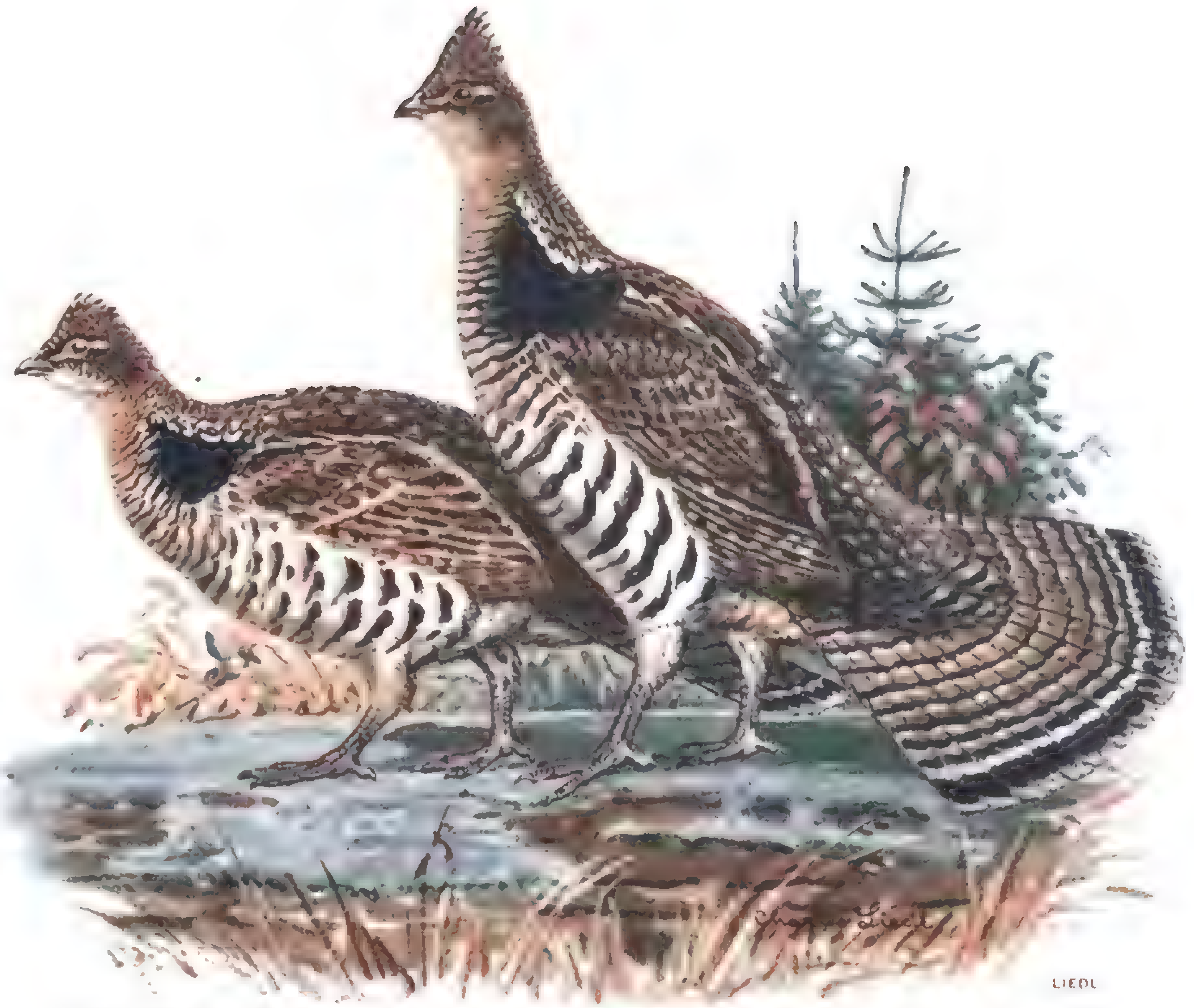
Or fumble. Double dribble. Step back over center line. Commit a foul. Miss a field goal. Miss a free throw.

The bought player is not asked to do much in an evenly matched game to earn his bag of silver. By deliberately missing just one easy shot, he might contrive to keep the final score "in the middle." That's what the gamblers usually try to bring about, although occasionally, as in the Brooklyn case, they attempt other manipulations of the score. But in an ordinary game they want the score to end in the middle, and if they have bought one of the players he can earn his pay in the last minutes of the last half.

If half the bookie's customers bet that Podunk U. will win by at least 15 points, and the other half bet that Winsocki will not lose by more than 10 points, nobody wins but the bookie if Podunk comes out on top by more than 10 but less than 15 points. Under such conditions, it is as good as money in the bank for a bookie to know that his syndicate owns one of the players.

Sports writers and some spectators who have lost heavily have voiced ominous suspicions that during the last few seasons a high percentage of games ended in the middle, particularly in Madison Square Garden and other stadia in the territory of the New York and Philadelphia gangs. "Throwing" a basketball game doesn't always mean losing; it may mean merely throwing down the score enough to keep it in the middle, but still high enough to win.

In the Garden game last season between Coach Nat Holman's City College of New York and Syracuse, the old New York Celtic fox neatly and wholly unwittingly thwarted the gamblers.



The Ruffed Grouse

This small game bird sticks close to home in the wooded hills of the eastern United States. Also known as "partridge" or "pheasant," it's most plentiful in southern New England, but ranges as far south as Virginia and Tennessee, and west to Arkansas. In early spring, this bird gets mate-happy in a pretty noisy way, and makes like Gene Krupa. The deep-toned thumping, ending in a drum roll, is a familiar sound in the woodlands. The grouse produces his thunderous lure by beating his strong wings and setting up vibrations in the air. While other birds flee winter's terrors, the grouse can thrive on a diet of twigs and dead leaves, and he mushes around on the crusted snow on his widespread toes which serve as snowshoes. Pigheaded in flight, he crashes right through tree branches and has never bothered to try a detour.

The two teams were so closely matched on their records that gamblers were asking an "in the middle" margin of seven points.

Holman's team was leading in the last seconds when one of his men was fouled. Holman refused the free throw, which could have put the score "in the middle" margin, and ordered his players to take the ball out of bounds. They won the game and gamblers wept for weeks afterwards.

The syndicates' take on intercollegiate basketball betting can be estimated only as somewhere in the millions. Basketball admissions run to 45,000,000 dollars a season. College double headers will draw more than half a million customers through the turnstiles this season.

Professional gamblers began taking a minor interest in the sport about 1935. Outside money seeped into the basketball pools and parlays conducted on nearly every campus. Basketball "form" sheets, showing past performance records, have gained circulation the last several years. One of the biggest is published weekly during the season in Minneapolis and gives the records of about 170 of the country's leading college teams.

Attempted bribery has not appeared on the surface until recently, but on occasion it has been astonishingly brash.

Coach Vadal Peterson, of Utah University, Salt Lake City, was resting in his hotel room in New York during the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball play-offs one afternoon in March, 1944, when he heard a knock at the door.

The caller, a stranger to Peterson, had been sent as a representative of a gambling group.

"I'd like to see you a minute, Coach, about this tournament—" he began.

Peterson slammed the door in the man's face. His team went on to win the 1944 N.C.A.A. championship.

"My opinion is," Peterson said in describing the incident later, "that the betting by fans in New York is no different than in Kansas or Utah."

Dr. Forrest C. Allen, Kansas University coach, said more money was bet in 1944 on college basketball and football than on horse racing. He charged that professional gamblers had caused two players to throw college games in the East that year. Emil S. Liston, executive secretary of the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball, replied that he "deplored Dr. Allen's lack of faith in American youth and meager confidence in the integrity of coaches."

After horse racing was suspended temporarily January 3, 1945, as a war order, the gamblers zealously took up college basketball. Twelve were arrested the first month for accepting bets in Madison Square Garden, as police strove to bar them from the building to save the game for amateurs.

The public's big tip-off on the basketball gambling racket exploded January 29 in the surprised faces of a squad of detectives from the Manhattan garment loft district. While they were watching the Brooklyn home of a suspected fence for garment thieves, they spied two youths leaving the house. The detectives asked questions, and the boys talked about basketball. They didn't know anything about the stolen garment racket, and the safe and loft squad dicks didn't know anything about the basketball racket. But they soon learned.

And the public learned, too. As a result of the ensuing publicity involving the gamblers, their fence and five Brooklyn basketball players, the betting on the Brooklyn College-Akron game was noticeably slight and a lot of the wagers were called off entirely. In Chicago, one big-time bookmaker refused to take any bets for games scheduled in Madison Square Garden or in Philadelphia. Elsewhere, smaller gamblers found their business dropping off considerably. For a while it seemed that nationwide indignation might drive the gamblers out of basketball. But soon the betting was as heavy as ever.

One player usually can throw a score "in the middle," but in Brooklyn it seemed the gamblers were trying to buy off the entire first string to put over an unusual variation of controlling the score. They did not want the score in the middle this time. Akron had been the favorite to defeat Brooklyn, but the gamblers wanted Brooklyn to lose by more than the expected margin.

Two men were arrested for conspiracy on a section of the New York penal code enacted in 1921 as an aftermath of baseball's "Black Sox" scandal. This section referred only to professional games. Since the basketball game was an amateur contest, the legal machinery was soon tangled under this code.

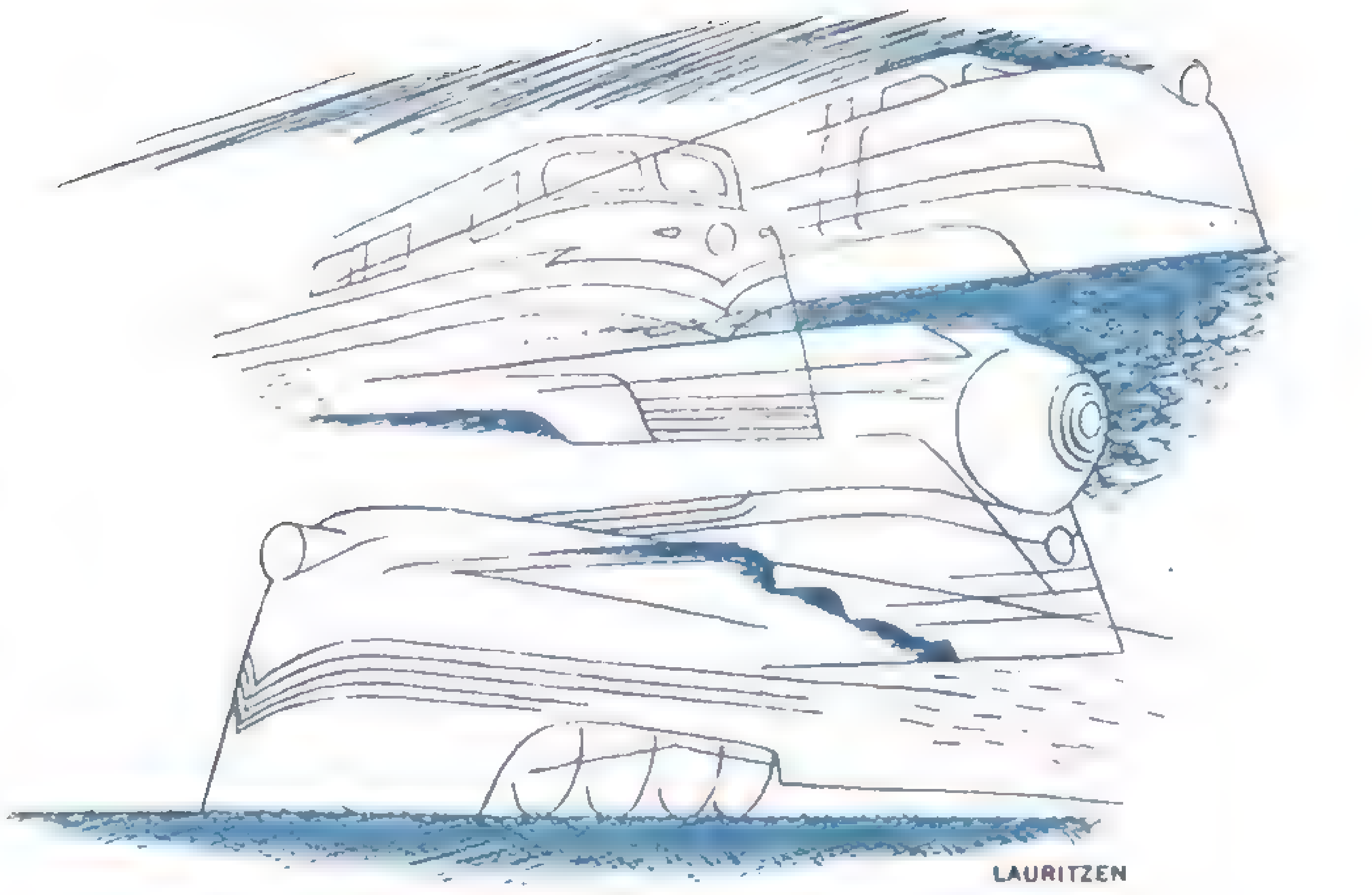
The case touched off a string of fireworks. Mayor LaGuardia aired charges that "fixes are widespread." District Attorney William O'Dwyer, smasher of Murder, Inc., assigned ace investigators to the basketball gambling probe. Legislation was introduced in Albany to appropriate 50,000 dollars for temporary commissioners to investigate dishonesty in college sports.

College and university administrators were called upon by the N.C.A.A. to "stamp out the evils of gambling," and the association resolved to dry up sources of information to form sheets.

And a small-time gambler was fined 500 dollars for making book on a college game in the Garden.

What all the charges, inquiries and new collegiate association regulations will add up to will be seen this year—if you watch close. #

This may be the air age, but railroad men plan to stay in business with gas turbines, Diesels and the good old steam locomotive



Battle of the Titans

by EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Beyond all doubt, the airplane is here to stay, but the promise of skies darkened with helicopters and laced with 500-passenger airliners has done nothing to raise the suicide rate among those who might be expected to be most nearly concerned: the men who run America's railroads. They expect the postwar, or push-button world to find them in business at the same old stand, and doing nicely, thank you.

In support of this optimism, they cite at least two incontrovertible contentions: (1) During the last year there have been more airplanes over America than in any other time in our history, yet the railroads moved 913,000,000 passengers in 1944, and 785,000,000,000—yes, billion—freight ton-miles; (2) The airlines have no monopoly on the nation's supply of drawing boards, nor on its hoard of designing talent. Granted 1944 was a war year and a boom year to boot, but the railroaders believe that out of those millions of passengers and *billions* of *ton-miles* they can salvage a sufficiently sturdy nest egg of postwar business to keep the airborne wolves from the door.

Modernization of passenger equipment is, of course, part of the answer—but only part. There will be more streamliners, and their cars will be things of surpassing beauty, ease and convenience; innovations like the two-deck coach will bring comfort, nay, luxury, to one and all—in time, in good time. But the heart of the matter must lie, as it always has, in the thing that makes the wheels go round: the locomotive up in front. Not all the gimmicks and fripperies of a wildly inventive Department of Passenger Relations can keep a railroad out of the red if it is deficient in motive power. Thus, it is in this department of the business that there are going to be some changes made.

When the first steam locomotives chugged down the tracks, less than 150 years ago, the wise money said that the utter ultimate in land transportation had at last arrived, and for more than a century the Iron Horse of song and story had no serious competition. Then came the wizardry of the age of electricity and with it the electric locomotive, never quite to fulfill its early promise, and then, practically yesterday, the Diesel. There are some 568 Diesel road locomotives in service on American iron today, leaving out the 1966 Diesels used in yard and switching services. Now there are two brand-new entries in the contest, both thoroughly radical departures: the steam turbine and the gas turbine locomotives, the latter a first cousin to the jet-propelled fighter plane. There is room for all of them—room in the North American railroad system of tomorrow which will probably stretch from Panama to Alaska.

Peculiarities of traffic pattern can largely dictate a railroad's choice of motive power, and thus its chances for success or failure. For instance, the heavy initial installation cost of electrification, with its powerhouses, trolley lines and the rest of it, can be justified only by a heavy volume of traffic. One of the big transcontinental roads which electrified its main lines for hundreds of miles, despite lack of the required density, drew bankruptcy for its pains. Since the war began, the traffic over the main lines of both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania from the seaboard to Chicago would more than justify electrification over the whole 900 miles. Both roads are running trains twenty-four hours a day at an average headway of five or six minutes. The great vision of the late W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania, never was better shown than when he forced through the electrification of that road's main stem from New York through Pennsylvania and Baltimore to Washington. This line, Atterbury believed, might come to carry 30,000 through-passengers a day, south of Philadelphia. It now carries between 100,000 and 150,000 a day, in addition to a tremendous freight traffic. Long passenger trains run upon it at a four-and-one-half-minute headway and at an average speed of 63 m.p.h.

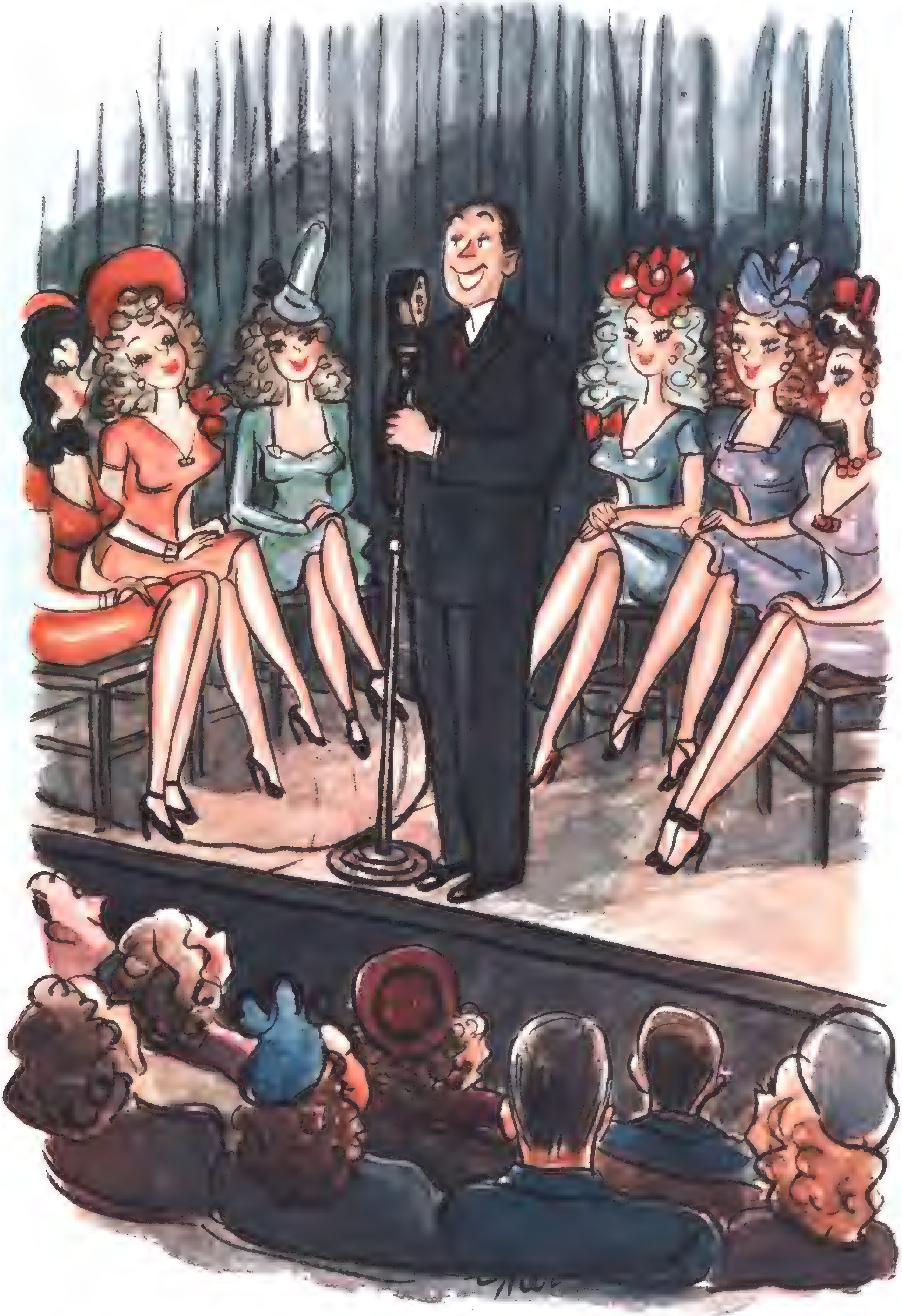
The Diesel engines have found widest acceptance west of the Mississippi, where locomotive coal fuel is apt to be of inferior grade, and the cost of bringing in Eastern fuel is too high. However, had American railroads gone over completely—or even largely—to Diesel power, they would probably have fallen down badly in their efforts to move the vast tonnage required by the war. Sufficient fuel oil is just not to be had. It is estimated that U. S. railroads will burn 130,000,000 tons of coal this year; an equivalent amount of oil would be about 500,000,000 barrels.

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

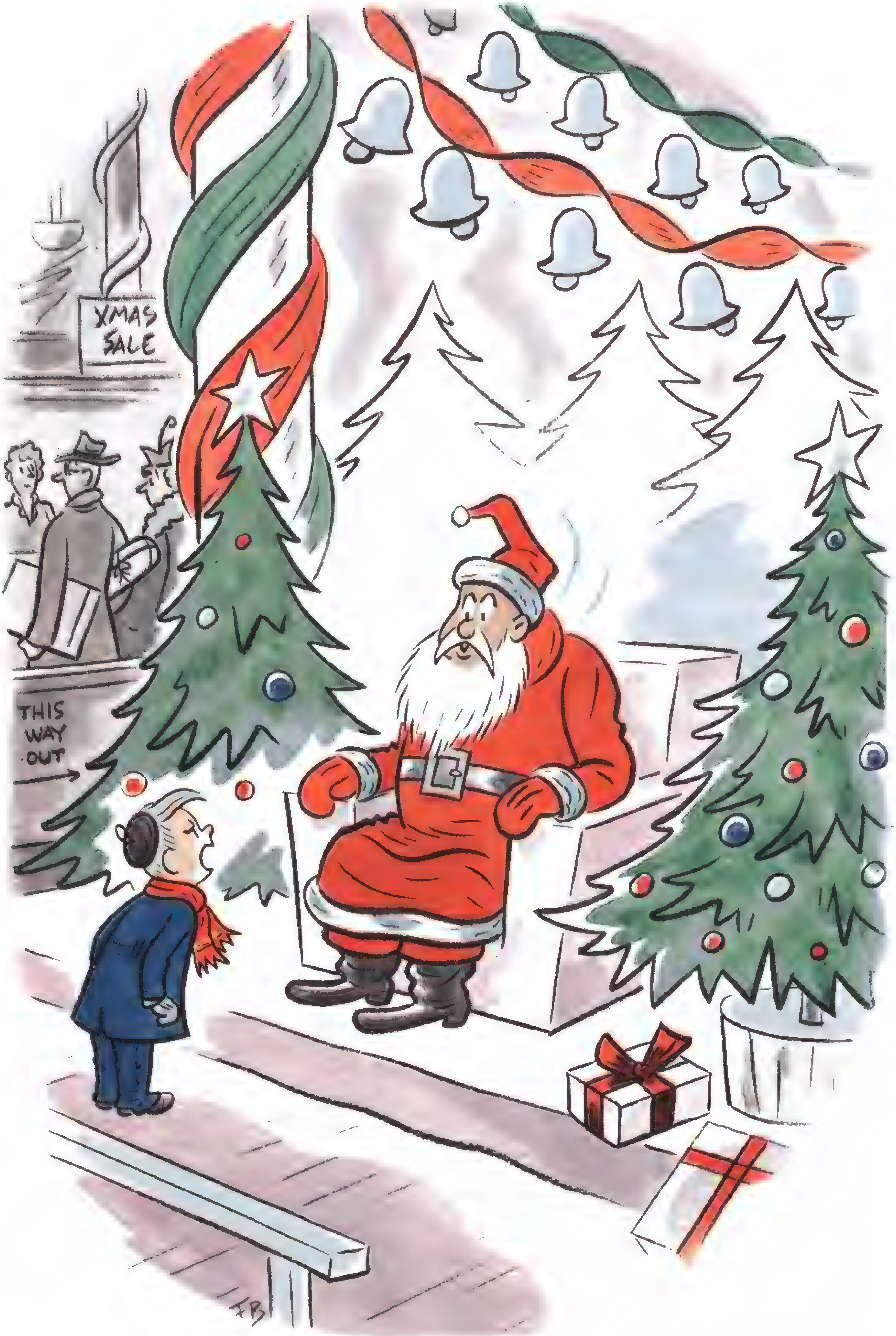
The gas turbine locomotive has an advantage in this department over the Diesel—it can burn a cheaper grade of fuel, and it may be possible, in time, to run it on powdered coal. It has other advantages over both the Diesel-electric and the steam locomotive. Like the Diesel, it has a strong starting pull, smooth transfer of power to the wheels with no pounding to damage road beds, high yearly mileage and long life. It costs more to build than a steam locomotive, but much less to maintain, and it is more compact than either steam or Diesel: a 5,000-horsepower unit would be about 90 feet long, against a comparable 153 feet for the Diesel and 100 for the steam engine with its tender.

By no means as new as it sounds, the gas turbine was known, at least in principle, as long ago as 130 B.C. Probably the simplest internal-combustion engine ever devised, it consists of two turbines—think of water wheels—mounted at opposite ends of the same shaft, one for power, one for compression. The power turbine is turned at fantastic speeds by the force of expanding gases striking against its blades. The gases come from the combustion of oil fuel under air pressure, the pressure being furnished by the turbine at the other end of the shaft. That's all there is to it, and the main reason it wasn't in use years ago is simply that the gases beating against the power turbine's blades are so hot—about 1,500°F.—that no metal known could tolerate them. Hitler

(*Continued on page 227*)



"We're ready to start our quiz—with our six contestants picked at random from our studio audience"


XMAS SALE
THIS WAY OUT
FB

"I'll order when you get to our house—I ain't forgot all them phony D-days and V-days!"

Had Wannigle been healthier he'd never have discovered Santa's political drag

Christmas in Contention

by PARKE CUMMINGS

In mid-September, 1950, Congressman Wannigle introduced a bill for the immediate abolition of Christmas. The bill stated that the Christmas holidays kept so many people from working for so long that the Yuletide institution had become a menace to national prosperity. Actually Congressman Wannigle's motives were purely personal. The Christmas before, he had broken down his arches while Christmas shopping. This had so soured him that he also became a chronic sufferer from stomach ulcers. If Congressman Wannigle's ulcers had got better by September, it is practically a certainty that he would never have introduced the bill. But after the Congressman had read his mail for a couple of weeks, he discovered that his motives were much more complex—and far more numerous—than he had ever suspected:

Dear Sir:

Don't think we don't know what has been going on. For years you have been accepting bribes from powerful interior decoration interests who have been sniping at Christmas at every opportunity. They have been circulating propaganda that Christmas trees are old-fashioned and in poor taste, and don't go well with modern settings. This is because they are trying to cram every house and apartment in the land with so much modernistic furniture that there won't even be room enough to get a Christmas tree in with a shoehorn. You may as well know right now that the Great Northern and Western Association of Christmas Tree Nurseries intends to fight this bill with every means in our possession.

Very truly yours,
C. V. Threnwhite, Executive Secretary

Congressman Wannigle:

Since you are obviously a Communist, why don't you have the guts to come right out and say so? It is perfectly plain to see why you Reds don't like Christmas. Some families have more Christmas presents than others, and of course that isn't okay by you. Oh no! If a man works harder and has more brains than his neighbor, is he to be allowed to buy his kid a bigger sled? Not the way you and your likes would have it! Everybody has to be "equal"—and depending for handouts on the government. It is easy to see what the next steps will be. Easter and birthdays and George Washington's Birthday will go too if you have your way. I'll bet if you saw a picture of our great George Washington, you would spit on it!

Disgustedly,
Harry Williams

You Fascist Cur:

It's easy to see that Hitlerism isn't dead when totalitarians of your stripe are still allowed at large instead of being shot like *dogs* as you should be. What do you want? That we should look up to Wotan or some of those pagan characters instead of Santa Claus? In Germany they burnt books. You are proposing to burn Santa Claus' beard! All you care about is that the people should bow down to their exploiters instead of taking time out to relax and think about the things that really count.

Yours,
Fred Jorowitz

My dear Congressman Wannigle:

Congratulations on your bill to eliminate Christmas, one of the most humanitarian and far-seeing measures that have been introduced in many a year! We all of us know that during the Christmas holidays too many misguided people turn to the consumption of alcoholic beverages, converting themselves into swine as it overpowers their senses. Demon Rum must go, and abolishing Christmas is one of the first steps! I am sure you must have read some of our informative literature, and I am enclosing other brochures which will certainly be of interest to you. Keep up the good work, and I am hoping you will eventually see your way to working for the abolition of week ends as well.

Thankfully yours,
(Mrs.) Mathilda C. Stiflitz
President, The Society for the Elimination of Drink, Night Clubs, Jazz Music and Promiscuous Osculation

Wannigle:

Keep your dirty puss out of Christmas! I got it straight from an unimpeachable source that you hate all kinds of poetry. That is because you are one of those Babbitts who is incapable of appreciating any kind of art. Now I may not be another Milton, but the kind of verse I write on Christmas cards is just as good as any in the world. Here is a sample:

Oh, humming birds are humming, and mocking birds are mocking.
I hope that Santa's coming, and fully fills your stocking.

Now listen, are you proposing to deprive people of cheer like that—and take away my livelihood? Not while I've got a whole bone in my body! And wait till you hear from the printers' and engravers' unions!

Fooey to you,
Oscar L. McVernish

Dear Congressman Wannigle:

Your bill for the abolition of Christmas strikes me as sound in every particular. Too long have our forests been depleted to make Christmas trees—which only last a week before they start shedding needles all over the place anyhow. We lumber companies are having a tough enough time getting wood as it is, and if the nation's trees are allowed to grow, we may have a better chance later on. I hope

DAISY MAE
CORKA

this bill goes through in time for this Christmas. I know quite a few influential people in Washington who would be glad to work with you on this.

Sincerely,
R. W. Quarmer
Consolidated Lumber Merchandisers Inc.

Double-Crosser Wannigle:

I get it, I get it! As though I couldn't see through you like I can read a book!

For years you and others of your ilk have done everything in your power to put the department stores out of business. If you can eliminate the necessity for department store Santa Clauses, that will help you in your nefarious plan.

What in the world have you got against us department store Santa Clauses anyhow? For forty-eight weeks in the year I live a comfortable existance letting my wife support me, and now, in the cold, snappy weather—just when I feel in the mood for work—you want to take my livelihood away, and that of thousands like me. Okay! You eliminate us, and department stores will go next. Then it will be the banks, the insurance companies, our national currency, and then where will small business be? Back in 1929. Christmas forever!

Shame on you,
Nelson J. Peabody

Congressman Wannigle:

You die-hard isolationist! Are you still taking money from the Nazi underground? Your motives are apparent even to a child.

You still don't want America to co-operate with the rest of the Western world. Christmas is an international institution, so you are against us—echoing the old Goebbels line against "international plotters." How did you vote before Pearl Harbor anyhow? If we are to stay out of another world war, Christmas must continue. But perhaps you'd *like* another war. Just how much money have you accepted from munitions makers anyhow? Bah!

J. K. Linemough, Jr.

After Congressman Wannigle had read these and 745 more letters (his secretaries read the other 372,945), he withdrew the bill. He had been surprised to find how many things had been in the back of his mind. Also, his ulcers felt a little better, and he thought that, with a little luck, he might be able to persuade his wife to do all the Christmas shopping next December. ✝✝

Opening in Algiers

When it came to obliging that snob, the maître d'hôtel, the men of the ship's orchestra were as friendly as serpents

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

WEITHAS

MONSIEUR JEROME, the first-class maître d'hôtel of the Messageries Maritimes liner *Porthos*, aboard which I worked as violinist and chef d'orchestre in the early thirties, was not what one would call a popular man. Matter of fact, the stewards, barmen, cooks, table waiters, page boys, bakers, butchers, cabin boys, printers, femmes de chambre, refrigerator men hated his guts. Monsieur Jerome was apt to forget that his career had begun as dishwasher aboard the old *France*. In succession, he had been waiter, barman, deck-steward, library steward, third-and second-class maître d'hôtel before he reached the top of his profession. He was a *Corse*. He had been working for several years aboard the *Porthos* and quite a few members of the crew said that he was going places fast because both the commandant and the commissaire of the *Porthos* were from Corsica. Some people around the dining room said it was high time to stop the *Corses* from ganging up on the poor Frenchmen aboard the *Porthos*.

Monsieur Jerome was tall and arrogant. He had the authentic, stiff headwaiter's spine that bends only to passengers occupying the de luxe suites on promenade and A-deck. He had two ways of demonstrating his arrogance. One was to raise his eyebrows, the other to pull down his cheeks and press together his lips which didn't leave much of them because he had very thin, colorless lips. In cases of extreme irritation, he would combine raising his eyebrows and pulling down his cheeks—for instance, when someone took him for a mere waiter, overlooking the three silver stripes on his sleeves, or when people offered him a tip. You tip your cabin steward, your table waiter, deck steward, the barman and the library steward, but you don't tip the maître d'hôtel. Monsieur Jerome had watery grey eyes and thin blond hair, very little of it, and he carefully spread it out all over his skull with a little steel comb to make it look like more. He had very bad teeth, and when he spoke he always held his hand in front of his mouth, coughing slightly, like a ham actor playing a diplomat.

The *Porthos* usually made the India-China-Japan run, but during the summer tourist season the steamer was sometimes sent on a special Mediterranean cruise, Marseille-Nice-Monte Carlo-Genoa-Corsica-Algiers-Marseille. It was prior to one of those cruises that Monsieur Jerome was appointed first-class maître d'hôtel. Our orchestra then consisted of Maurice, a lovable, pink-cheeked French 'cellist, who was the inventor of the interesting theory that a man can do logical thinking and come to sound conclusions only when he is drunk; Dimitrij, a dangling, thin, every-hungry

"I died a million deaths—he died only one!"

piano player from Vladivostok, who loved to cry for no reason at all; and myself, as violinist and leader.

We used to occupy two connecting first-class cabins, a large room which was used as a combination living, sleeping, drinking and (as far as Dimitrij was concerned) crying room; and a smaller cabin, where we stored our instruments, dirty underwear, strings, music sheets, desks. On the day of the departure, we came down to our quarters and saw that the small room had been locked. Two doors led into the small room, one from the corridor and one from our large stateroom, and there were new locks on both of them. A cabin steward said that three days before—we had gone to Paris—Monsieur Jerome had put away hundreds of bottles of wine and liquor in the small room. It was well known that the maître d'hôtel had what he called an *intéret* in a Saigon hotel and as a side line sold them wine, champagne and brandy which he had somehow expropriated from Messageries Maritimes' Supplies, but this time we were not going to Saigon.

We went up to see the maître d'hôtel. He had a new, sumptuous office next to his protector, the commissaire. There was a sign on the door, *Frappez S. V. P.*, Please Knock, but we didn't bother about formalities and burst in. Monsieur Jerome was sitting behind a large mahogany desk, thoughtfully rubbing his fingernails against his coat lapel. He was talking to a thin, bony man who sat on the edge of the desk. The man had black eyes, small ears and a very long neck. He wore a white silk shirt and black trousers, and he looked like a district attorney's wishful dream of a defendant who is guilty of at least half a dozen crimes.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise"

Maurice pounded his fist on the table and told Monsieur Jerome to get the stuff out of our rehearsal room, and fast. "If we can't rehearse, there won't be any music," Maurice shouted at the top of his voice, although rehearsals were the last thing we could think of. The maître d'hôtel looked irritated and pointed at the sign on the door. "You didn't knock," he said to Maurice, sharply. "You're supposed to knock before coming in here. They've printed the sign only this morning for me."

Maurice gave him a long, thoughtful look, went out, closed the door from the outside, beat his fist twice against the door and came in again. "Now what about our rehearsal room?" he asked.

Monsieur Jerome smiled. "Meet Monsieur Petrarca, financier from Damascus," he said, introducing the man in the silk shirt. Monsieur Petrarca nodded coolly and we nodded coolly and nobody bothered to extend his hand. The maître d'hôtel explained that he had permission from the commissaire to use our small cabin as a storeroom. "It's only until Algiers," he said. "We'll take the stuff out in Algiers." He got up and stepped in front of a mirror and took out his small steel comb. He combed his hair and said, "That's all. You may go," without even turning his head.

Dimitrij murmured, "*Salaud*," mentally rolling up his shirt sleeves, but Maurice smiled sweetly and bowed toward the maître d'hôtel. "I see," he said. "It's an order of the commissaire and there's nothing we can do." Before Dimitrij could say anything, he gently pushed us out of the room. He went out behind us and closed the door. Out in the corridor, Dimitrij grabbed Maurice's arm and said he was going to kill both Maurice and Monsieur Jerome and that life wasn't worth living any more and then he began crying. For once, I sympathized with the sentimental Russian. "He can't do this to us," I said to Maurice. "Let's go to the commandant and get this thing settled."

A dark-haired girl in a very tight, tailored costume went by, and Dimitrij dried his tears with the back of his hand and smiled at her, and the girl smiled back. Maurice whistled softly through his teeth and we went to the tourist-class bar. We had a couple of drinks each, and then Maurice took us down to the workshop of Socrates, the chief machinist, which was somewhere on D-deck. Socrates was an enormous, heavy-set man with a big head and disorganized masses of red hair all over his skull and neck. He was from Marseille and the crew called him Socrates because he was always having trouble with his wife, who had already twice sent him to jail. Socrates never wore a shirt. His chest and forearms were tattooed with the flags of all great steamship lines—the Cunard Line's lion, the crown of the Amsterdam Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij, the stripes of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Italia Line's cross, the C.G.T. which stands for Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, the $ sign of the American Dollar Line. "I'm going to have a Red Star done on my back when we are in Port Said," Socrates said.

"What's that for?" Maurice asked.

"Red Star Line in Antwerp. A *type* in Gibraltar tried to sell me the anchor and key sign of the North German Lloyd, but I'm not going to carry the boche sign on my skin."

Maurice sat down and Socrates brought a bottle of Pernod and a few glasses. Maurice told him about our troubles with Monsieur Jerome. Socrates said, "*Quel cochon*," and belched, and promised to fix us up. That night, after the evening concert, Maurice took us down to our quarters. He pulled a new key out of his pocket and opened the door leading from our cabin into the small room. "Socrates is a good man to have around," Maurice said. "We'll take some Pernod for him." We went in. There were several cases of champagne, and many bottles of Byrrh, Dubonnet, Bénédictine, rhum, Cognac, eau de vie, Calvádos, Pernod, Curaçao. In the rear, there were three long rows of bottles of table wine such as was served aboard with our meals.

Maurice carefully selected three bottles of very dry champagne and told Dimitrij to take two bottles of Pernod down to Socrates. Dimitrij left, and Maurice and I rearranged the bottles so no one could see that something was missing. We locked the door and went into our stateroom. Maurice sent the steward for a bucket with ice, lay down on his bed in his clothes and shoes, put the champagne into the bucket and said he was going to do some heavy thinking. Dimitrij and I had a glass of champagne and went to bed, but later on we were waked up twice that night, when the corks popped out of the bottles. Dimitrij exclaimed, "Don't shoot." Maurice, still lying on his bed, told him to take it easy. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm going to fix up Monsieur Jerome." He also said something about plundering and the freedom of the arts, but I was half asleep and didn't listen.

In the morning, Abdullah came up with the coffee. We usually had breakfast in our cabin because we woke up too late to make the regular hours at the dining room. Abdullah was a patriarch from the Darker Levant, who wore a white beard and a blue turban and made wonderful pastries. He had worked at Shepheard's in Cairo and was now pastry cook aboard the *Porthos*. He was an old man and tired, but Monsieur Jerome had a great love for pastry and often made Abdullah work overtime because he wanted something special for himself. Abdullah always came to our place to complain about the maître d'hôtel. He would sit down on Maurice's bed, talking in a sad, soft, singing voice, while we were eating his wonderful *brioches*. "He's now even taking food from the kitchen," Abdullah said. "And that man from Damascus has tried to bribe the butcher to get two entire lambs. They say they need the things for Algiers."

On the eve of our arrival in Algiers, Monsieur Jerome invited us for the apéritif in his office. There were a few bottles on his desk, and Abdullah was on hand with trails of delicate pastries. Petrarca, the financier from Damascus, filled our glasses and Monsieur Jerome offered us the trails. He was a most charming host. Maurice had three apéritifs in rapid succession and then said, "Now why don't you fellows tell us what it is that you want from us?"

The financier spilled some Dubonnet, and Monsieur Jerome pointedly looked out of the porthole. He said, "Monsieur Petrarca and I have bought an *intéret* in a new night club in Algiers. The opening will be tomorrow night after the *Porthos* arrives there. How would you like to work there the first night and (*Continued on page 170*)

Miss Bergman's most worshipful critic regards her in three contrasting roles: psychoanalyst, lost lady and celibate

My Life with Ingrid

by JACK MOFFITT

To the average American there are but two important dates in Swedish history. One of these is forgotten and the second isn't here yet. The first occurred during the prehistoric past, when a Neolithic Nordic, unable to choose between smelt and herring, solved his difficulties by inventing Smorgasbord. The other will be January 1, 1946—when Ingrid Bergman completes her conquest of the Hollywood pinnacle once occupied by Greta Garbo.

Ingrid long has been recognized as the Swede Most Likley to Succeed. But with the passing of the December solstice, her atomic attractions will split up and explode simultaneously onto the screens of three great movie companies—Selznick Vanguard, R.K.O., and Warner Brothers. Should Ingrid suddenly become unpopular or get herself involved in a scandal, the corporate life of the United States would dissolve like a pair of pasteboard shoes in a snowstorm. Wall Street's canyon would be filled with the stockholders of three corporations, all jumping out of windows at the same time. Fortunately, Miss Bergman's personality is as stable as something whittled on a mountain by Gutzon Borglum. But it's a tremendous responsibility. Hollywood has placed all of its financial eggs in one actress.

Each of the above organizations lists a Bergman picture as the top attraction with which it will attempt to cash in on the lush box-office season that falls between Thanksgiving and the middle of January. Selznick's picture is called *Spellbound.* R.K.O.'s is *The Bells of St. Mary's*, and *Saratoga Trunk* is the Warner Brothers' offering. They're all entertaining and they're all different. However, competition is bound to be keen. With the closing of the war plants, Bergman is apt to be a limited item on many family budgets. Each company will endeavor to jump the gun on its rivals, in certain favored localities. From present indications it looks as if the Selznick production will be out first. But by the time the season of good resolutions and bad hangovers rolls around, Miss Bergman will be struggling with herself on three fronts—in every U. S. city, village and hamlet, between Bath, Maine, and Drain, Oregon.

Few actresses could afford to appear in triplicate. If Katie Hepburn tried it, the second carbon might appear rather dim. But Miss Bergman's talents are so varied, she has only to have herself departmentalized to be a different creature on every screen. In Selznick's picture she is a psychoanalyst. In R.K.O.'s she is cast as a nun. And in Warners' period piece she appears as an influence that had much to do with America's post-Civil War planning, the Population Panic of 1878. She accomplishes all this by being a born actress and not a manufactured Bernhardt. Fan magazines cannot wither, nor publicity departments decay her infinite variety.

Such co-ordinated diversity is permitted few members of the human race. When I was in knee pants, a Sunday school teacher in our neighborhood organized a secret society called the "Spi-me-phy Club"— to counteract the corrosive effects of Theda Bara upon the cubeb smokers in his parish. The very name of the club was designed to exert a good influence. When unredeemed little boys asked Spi-me-phys what the name stood for, we were expected to return the proud answer that we are called Spi-me-phys because of our "spiritual, mental and physical excellence."

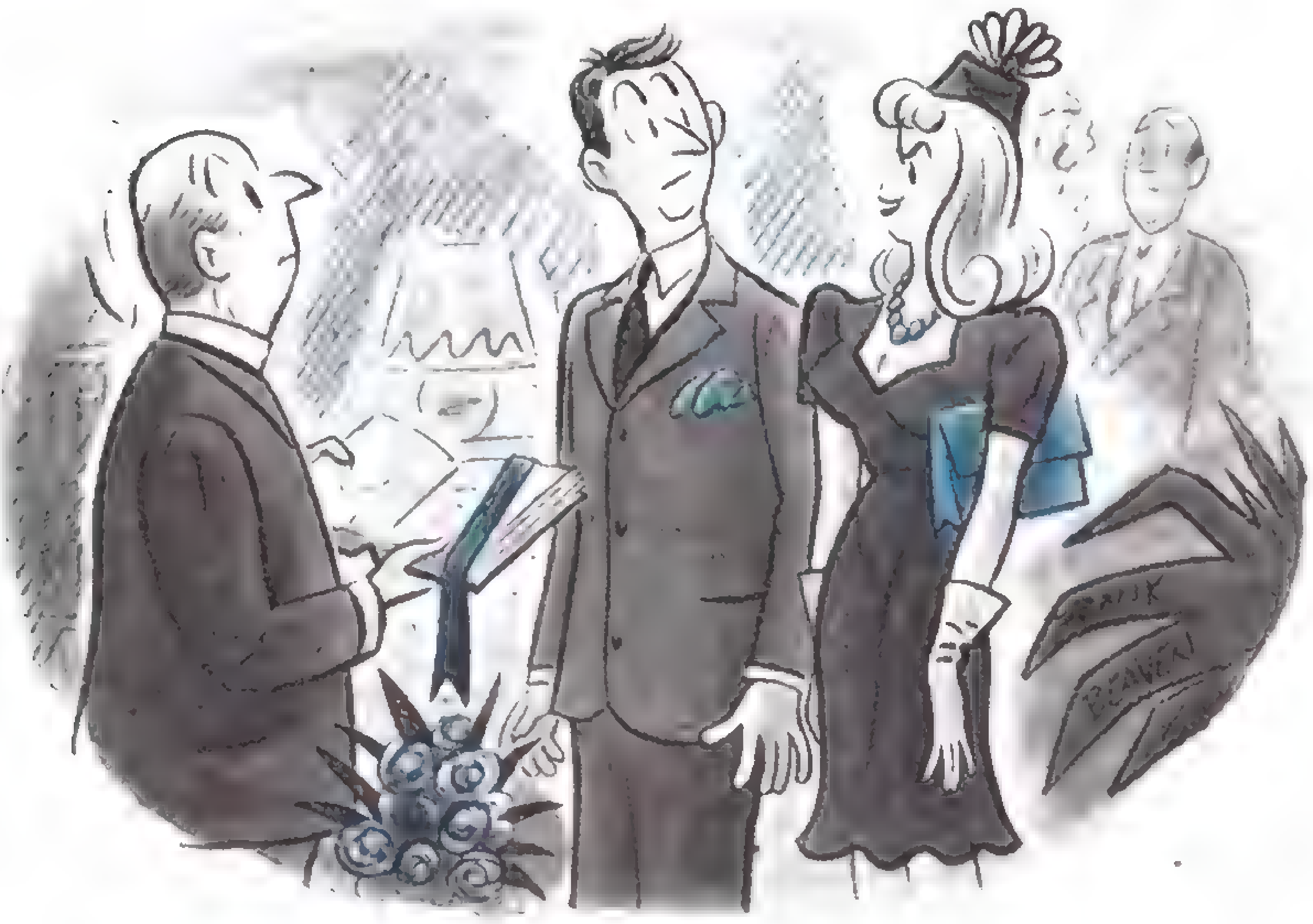
Somehow I never quite pulled this off. Too many kids were able to knock me down. My fellow inmates of the sixth grade broke into untactful guffaws when I mentioned my mental superiority. Since they looked only on the surface of things, they regarded my lousy grades as an indication of dumbness. I was a little shaky on the spiritual point, myself. So, as soon as the burlesque season opened, I began to skip the Saturday meetings and to devote my leisure to the theatre—a field in which mental, spiritual, and physical mediocrity can have some hopes of success. To this decision I owe my present eminence.

Like other men, I identified my own shortcomings with the failure of the human spirit. I considered the Spi-me-phy Club a washout because my membership had lapsed. It was not until I saw Miss Bergman in these three recent previews that I realized the dream of our Sunday school teacher finally had been accomplished. Ingrid is a one-woman Spi-me-phy Club—to which something new has been added. In *The Bells of St. Mary's*, her characterization of the nun has a beautiful and human spirituality. The strong-minded psychoanalyst whom she portrays in Mr. Selznick's *Spellbound* possesses a force that makes mental conflict breath-taking. And in Warners' *Saratoga Trunk*, she is almost more physical than the national blood pressure will permit.

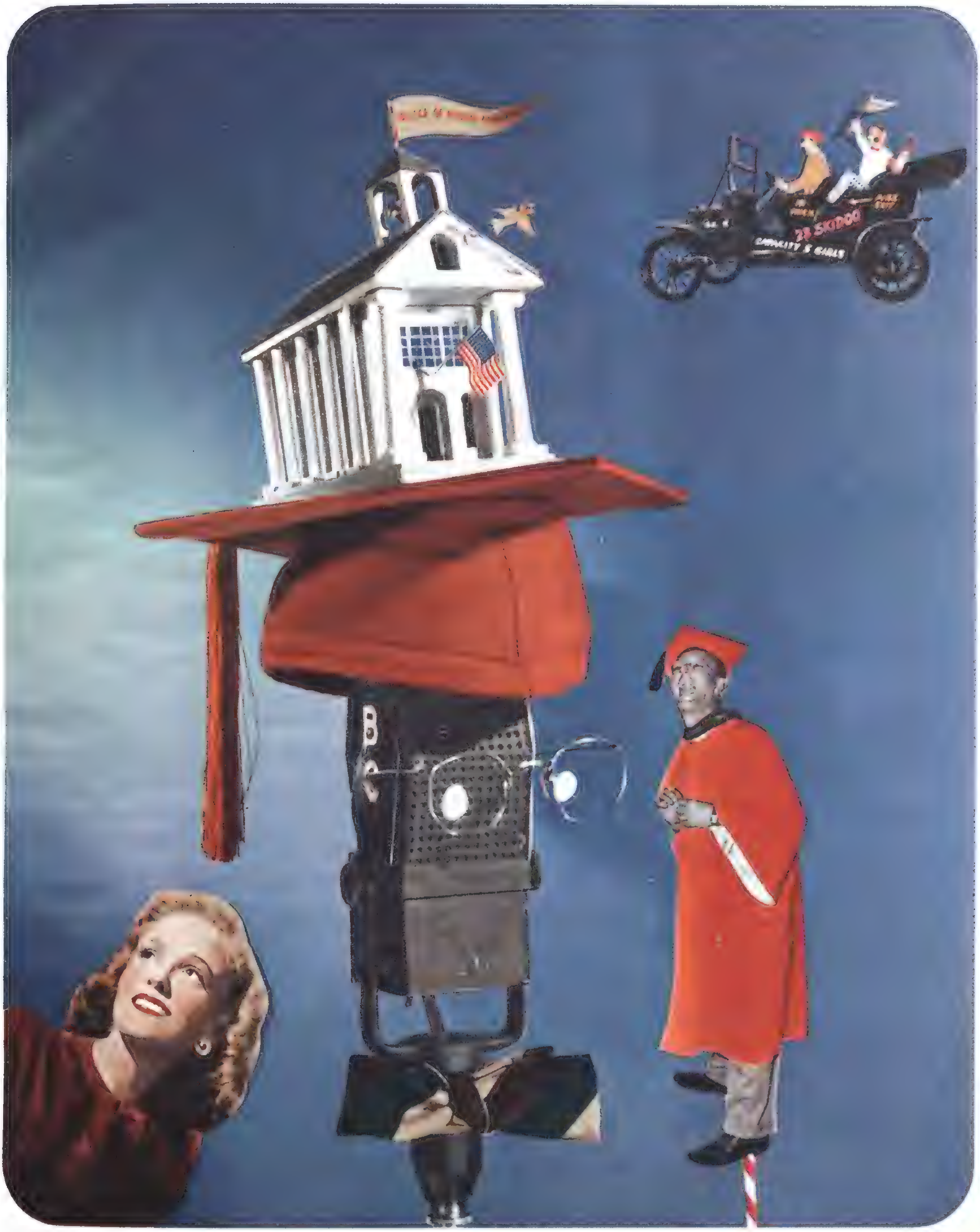
It is only on this point that she slips up a little. It hints more of the boudoir than of the field and stream. Somehow, I feel that this was not exactly what the founder of the Spi-me-phys had in mind. But who can say that Ingrid is wrong? This may have been what was lacking in the Spi-me-phy movement all along.

Clio Dulaine, the heroine of *Saratoga Trunk*, was both high-spirited and high-chested. Life to her was a Mardi Gras in which sex appeal was the confetti that got tossed around. There is just enough of the lady in the cocotte Miss Bergman portrays to make the prize seem irresistible. I detected a trace of that charming smugness which a good woman shows when she realizes she could succeed as a bad one. Ingrid seems to be getting even with every critic who called her "womanly" and "wholesome." Those adjectives can be kicked around until a gal feels like a box of graham crackers.

Miss Bergman wears a black wig in this picture, but her mood continues to be that of a habit-forming blonde. She is the buzz bomb in the battle of the sexes. And she achieves this effect without resorting to the sable cor- (*Continued on page 214*)



"You can say that again!"

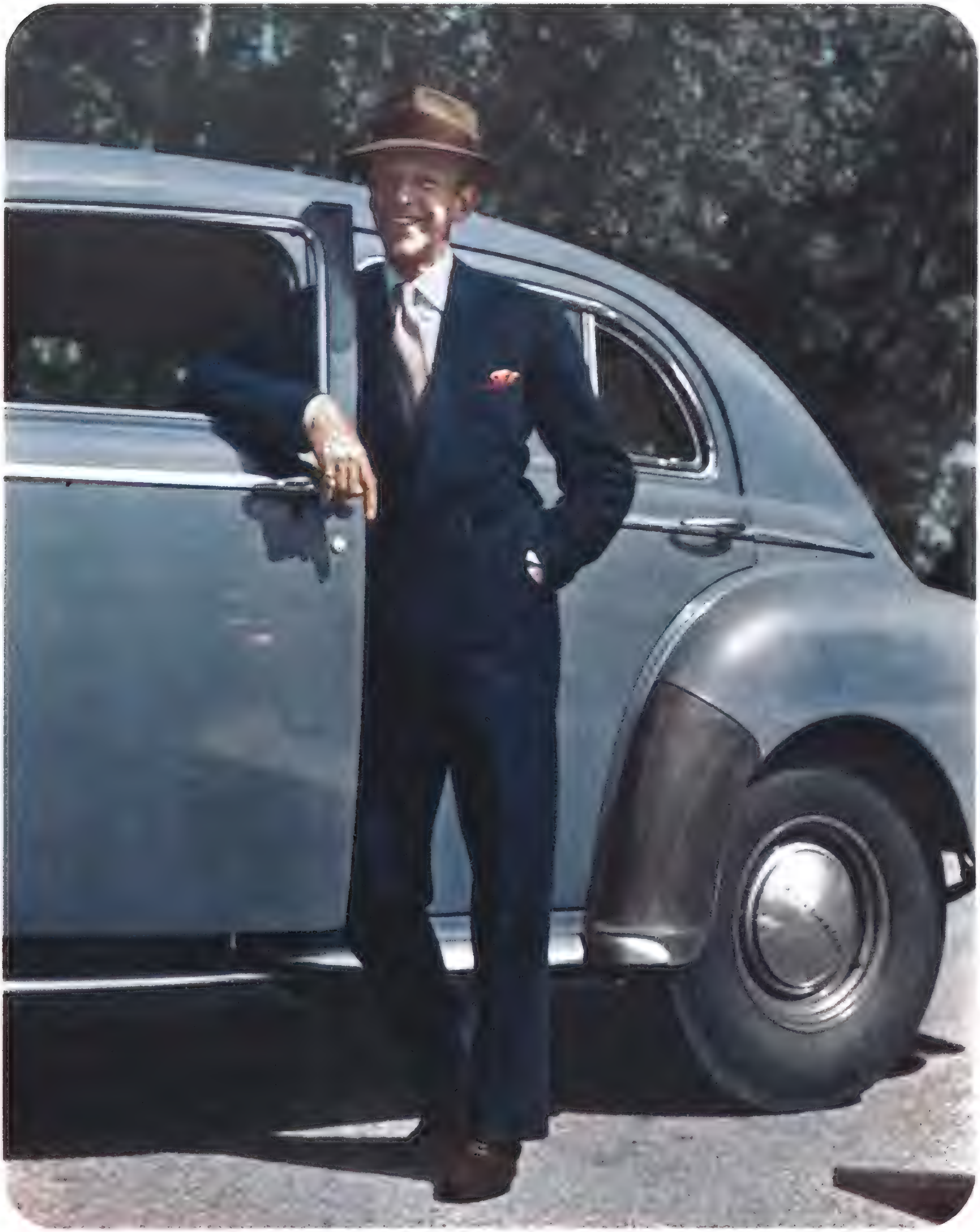


Esquiregraph No. 13

Kay Kyser

Photocollage by Ravitz-Palazzo

Kay (Mortarboard) Kyser. dean of the Kollege of Musical Knowledge, looks upon himself, through his horn-rimmed eye crutches, as a salesman, not as a band leader. a radio entertainer or a movie star. There's double-barreled justification for this self-analysis by the 39-year-old North Carolinian whose wife, Georgia Carroll (*lower left*), likes his bow ties. His discs send the rah-rah jalopy set (*upper corners*). but he can't play a note; he can't sing or tell jokes, yet his tune college is ether boffola; his face (*background*) is hardly a movie phiz, though it's a film wow. Since Pearl Harbor, Kay's played the camp, Purple-Heart and war-bond circuits. And he's sold 140 million dollars in war bonds. Is that salesmanship? *Stu*-dents! — Alan Hynd.

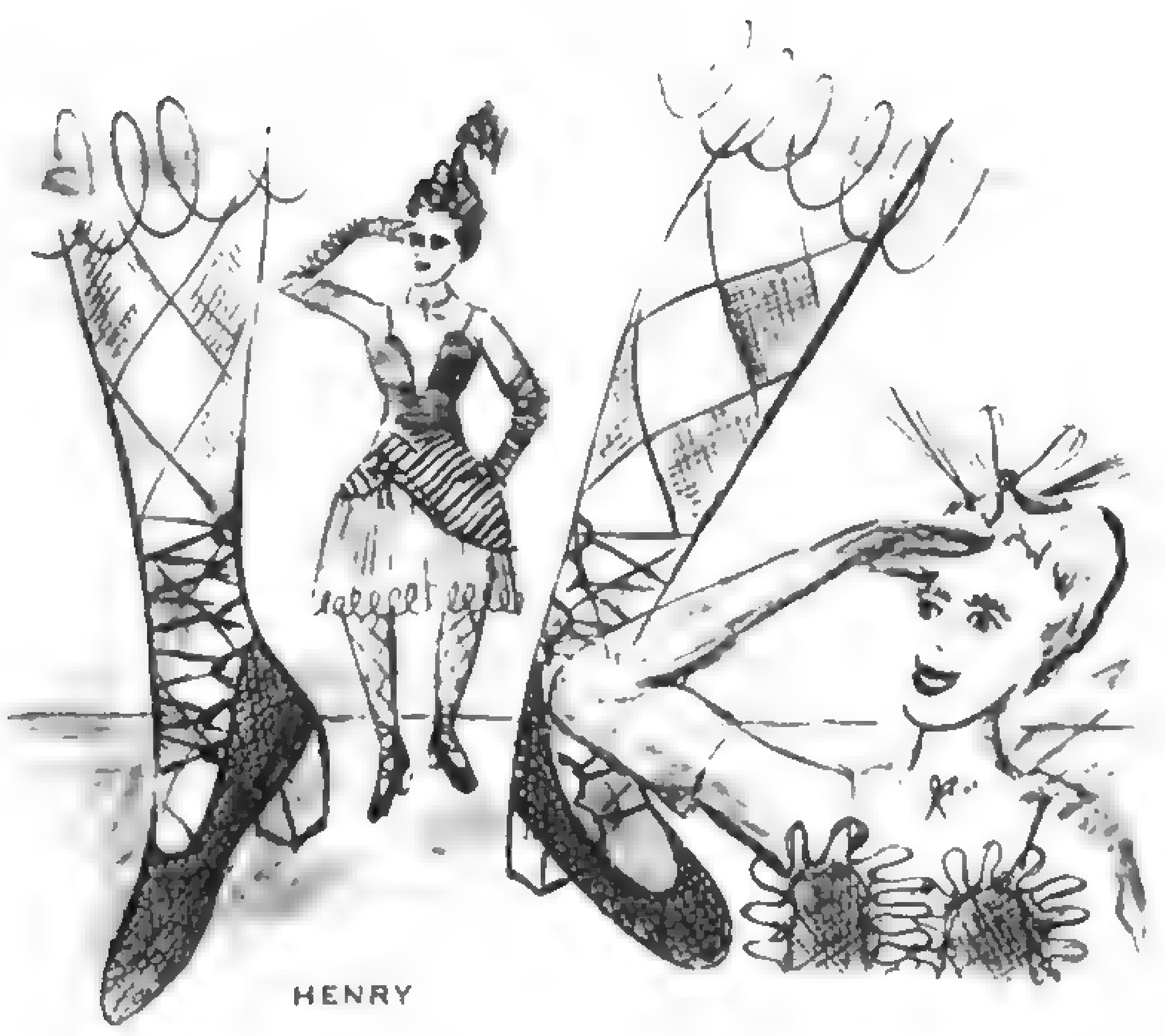


HOLLYWOOD LUMINARY

Fred Astaire

Photograph by Engstead

Lithe, light-footed Fred Astaire always makes two specifications to his tailor: his suits must be double-breasted and all padding must be omitted. As he leans on the car door with his characteristic limber-ankled ease, Mr. Astaire is wearing a lightweight flannel suit. The lapels roll to the bottom button, exposing a large area of his blue broadcloth shirt and small-figured Macclesfield tie. There's a red Paisley handkerchief in his pocket, and he wears woolen socks in a blue tone that echoes the shade of his suit, and one of the pork-pie hats that he prefers. The music that comes out in his famous feet, also comes out in song writing and doodling on piano, clarinet and accordion. He has a racing stable and shoots low 70's golf.



Let smash-happy musical producers look to such high-powered ghosts of the past as *The Sultan of Sulu* and *About Town*

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WHENEVER things do not look too bright in the contemporary playhouse, there is always one sugar-coated pill that the critics, for the most part younger men, fall back upon to sustain their optimism. It contains the philosophy that, whatever else may be lacking in the stage, its musical shows indicate an enormous advance over those of long past years and that they remain at least one fine, new white mark to the credit of the American theatre. I myself, now gray with the passing of time, not so very long ago in an unthinking moment similarly swallowed the pill and exercised its consequences on paper, apparently to the pleasant conviction and satisfaction of my constituency. I apologize. It might be advantageous if critics, myself included, stopped to reflect once in a while, for a change.

That there have been some very good shows in the last few years no one for a moment is going to deny. Outstanding have been such as *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, and *Carmen Jones*. The melodies of Rodgers and the lyrics of Hammerstein have established the first two as deserved successes, and the musical arrangements of Russell Bennett and, again, the lyrics of Hammerstein, the current top man in his field, have done the same in the case of the third. The music of the third is, however, the music of Bizet, and the books of all three are admittedly derivative.

Oklahoma! stems from Lynn Riggs' play, *Green Grow the Lilacs*, and has been hailed with enthusiasm as a notable contribution to musical Americana, which is a bit confounding in view of the fact that *Green Grow the Lilacs*, when displayed years before, got only an indifferent reception whether as Americana or anything else.

Carousel is simply Molnar's familiar *Liliom* transposed not a little dubiously to a New England setting. And *Carmen Jones*, as everyone also knows, is the libretto of the opera, *Carmen*, skillfully adapted to Negro purposes. All three are worthy shows, the last named especially and particularly so, but the eminence of at least the first two is due in considerable part to the reason stipulated by J. S. Mill.

Aside from this trio, the new shows of the last three seasons most highly regarded by the critics have been the following:

Something for the Boys, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, music and lyrics by Cole Porter.

One Touch of Venus, book and lyrics by S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash, music by Kurt Weill.

Mexican Hayride, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, music and lyrics by Cole Porter.

Song of Norway, book by Milton Lazarus, music by Grieg, adapted by Robert Wright and George Forrest and lyrics by same.

On the Town, book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Leonard Bernstein.

Bloomer Girl, book by Sig Herzig and Fred Saidy, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Harold Arlen.

Nothing further in the current season up to the early moment of writing has received their endorsement.

This, then, is the recent record.

Let us go back to three seasons of forty and more years ago and see what was on tap then.

In the season of 1902–1903, the stage had such shows on it as *The Defender*, *The Emerald Isle*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, *A Country Girl* with the Lionel Monckton score, *The Silver Slipper* with the Leslie Stuart score, *The Mocking Bird* with A. Baldwin Sloane's music, Julian Edwards' and Stanislaus Stange's *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, the Kerker-Smith *The Billionaire*, George Ade's celebrated *The Sultan of Sulu*, the spectacular *Mr. Bluebeard*, the unforgotten *The Wizard of Oz*, Marie Cahill's droll vehicle, *Nancy Brown*, the Negro show, *In Dahomey*, with lyrics by Paul Laurence Dunbar and music by Marion Cook, the melodious *The Prince of Pilsen* by Pixley and Luders, George M. Cohan's early appearance in his *Running for Office*, and the well-recalled *The Runaways*.

Who for an instant would compare *Something for the Boys* with *The Sultan of Sulu*, *One Touch of Venus* with *The Prince of Pilsen*, *Mexican Hayride* with *The Wizard of Oz*, *On the Town* with *A Country Girl*, or *Bloomer Girl* with *The Runaways*? Or, *Song of Norway*, aside from the borrowed Grieg music, with the books and lyrics of any three other of the earlier shows?

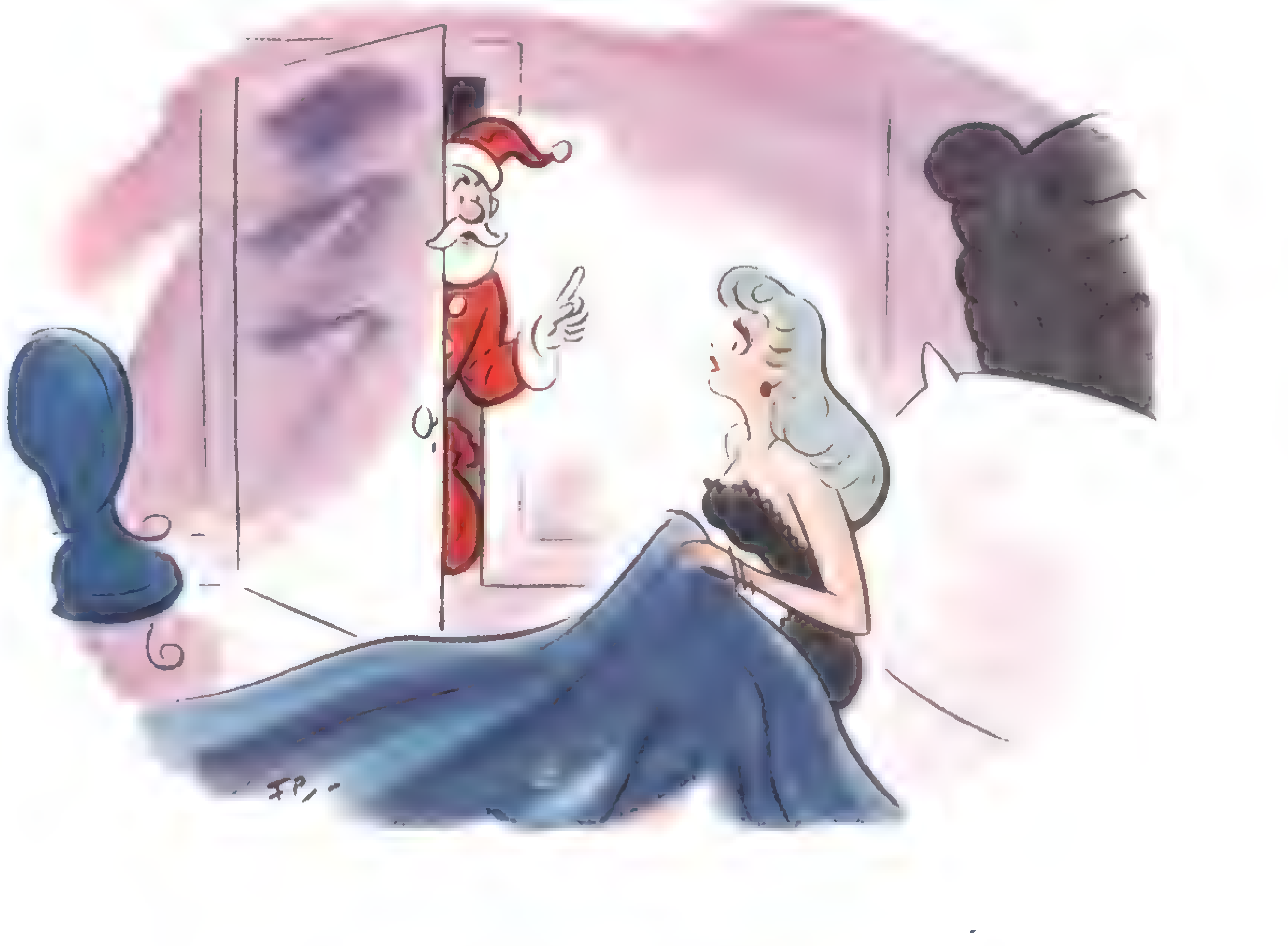
In the 1903–1904 season, there were such exhibits as Paul Rubens' *Three Little Maids*, George Ade's *Peggy from Paris*, *The Jersey Lily*, to which Reginald De Koven contributed music, Victor Herbert's celebrated *Babes in Toyland*, Ivan Caryll's *The Girl from Kay's*, the operatic *The Red Feather* with De Koven's score, Victor Herbert's *Babette*, Gus Kerker's *Winsome Winnie*, Richard Carle's *The Tenderfoot*, the delightful Blossom-Robyn *The Yankee Consul*, and the Offenbach revue, *A Little Bit of Everything*.

I think I will hardly be accused of stacking the critical cards in comparing Offenbach, Victor Herbert, De Koven or Rubens with Richard Rodgers in the case of either *Oklahoma!* or *Carousel*. Or *Babes in Toyland*, *The Red Feather*, or *The Yankee Consul* with a sufficient number of the other recent shows approved by those critics who believe in the tremendous advance of the American musical stage, both in the way of native and imported talent.

Finally, the season of 1904 1905 and such shows as *The School Girl*, the Harry B. Smith-Ludwig Englander *A Madcap Princess*, George Ade's famous *The Sho-Gun* with the Luders score, George Cohan's *Little Johnny Jones*, the excellent Pixley-Luders *Woodland* and Victor Herbert *It Happened in Nordland*, the musical version of *The School for Scandal* under the title *Lady Teazle*, the gay Fantana (remember Julia Sanderson?), and the tuneful light opera, *The Duchess of Dantzic*.

What original American show of late seasons is better than *Woodland*, *It Happened in Nordland*, or *The*

(*Continued on page 179*)



"Can you direct me to apartment 3-B?"

If the boys laughed at his fantasies they seldom managed to pin him down

Arterial Arthur's Round Table

by MELVIN DURSLAG

FREEMAN

We had been in India only two days when I had my first encounter with Arterial Arthur. A Hindu promoter, holding a trained mongoose in one hand and a burlap sack in the other, had gathered a crowd outside the mess hall, and in broken English, he ceremoniously announced that if somebody would pass the Stetson and collect ten rupees, he would pit the mongoose against a king cobra, one fall to a finish.

It took less than ten seconds to raise the necessary cash, and after the matchmaker counted the take carefully, he transferred it from the hat to a little pocket inside his loin cloth. Then grabbing the burlap sack by the bottom, he released the snake which came thudding sharply on its head against the ground.

All of us, slightly frightened, stepped back and formed a wide circle. As the Hindu set the mongoose down, everyone watched nervously. There was a chapel-like silence.

Suddenly, a raucous, nasal-quality voice was heard among the audience.

"I'm laying six to one on the mongoose!"

It was Arterial Arthur. He then proceeded to open a small black book and began looking around for takers. Nick Fenevesi held up two fingers, Arterial nodded and mumbled aloud as he wrote in the book, "Nick Fenevesi, twelve to two." Then Judge Lawson held up three fingers, Arterial nodded and repeated, "Judge Lawson, eighteen to three." Then, "Nate Wallace, twelve to two." And the betting action continued.

My friend Harry Santell remarked to me that a guy must be nuts to bet on a mongoose-cobra fight . . . that he wouldn't lay six to one on a Second Coming. He added, however, that he liked the price, and he held up his whole right hand. Arterial caught it and yelled, "Thirty to five . . . er . . . uh . . . what's the name?" Both of us were new to the outfit.

"Santell! Harry Santell!"

"Okay, Cartel, you got thirty to five!"

By this time, the animals were sparring seriously, jockeying for position. The mongoose, obviously a veteran at the game, was snarling as it circled about, and the snake, its greyish-black hood shining brightly, coiled itself, bobbing its head backwards, forwards, sideways, darting its purplish fangs in and out of its mouth. The mongoose made a lightning thrust, missed, continued to circle about. Again it made a pass, missed, but this time the snake lashed out quickly and coiled around it.

They began to roll about fiercely in the center of the ring when, in some extraordinary way, the mongoose slipped out of the stranglehold, sank its teeth deeply into the side of the snake's neck, shook viciously like a terrier with a feather pillow, and the bout was over.

The Hindu promoter lifted the mongoose on his shoulder, and assuming the role of Harry Balough, announced for our edification, "To winning this time the mongoose." The truth of the matter is, as we learned later, the mongoose wins every time, not that the snake goes in the tank, but simply because a snake cannot lick a mongoose for money, marbles or gin.

The Indian then picked up the cobra by the tail and walked among the customers, convincing them the snake was dead. Arterial Arthur also walked among the customers, collecting his rupees and scratching off names in the book.

That night in the basha, I asked him rather confidentially what information led him to lay six to one on the mongoose. And without hesitation he said that an old uncle of his had spent seventeen years in India as a major with the Lancashire Fusiliers, and that he frequently would tell him, "Son, always bet on the mongoose." All of which sounded plausible enough, particularly after watching the manner in which the mongoose polished off the snake that afternoon.

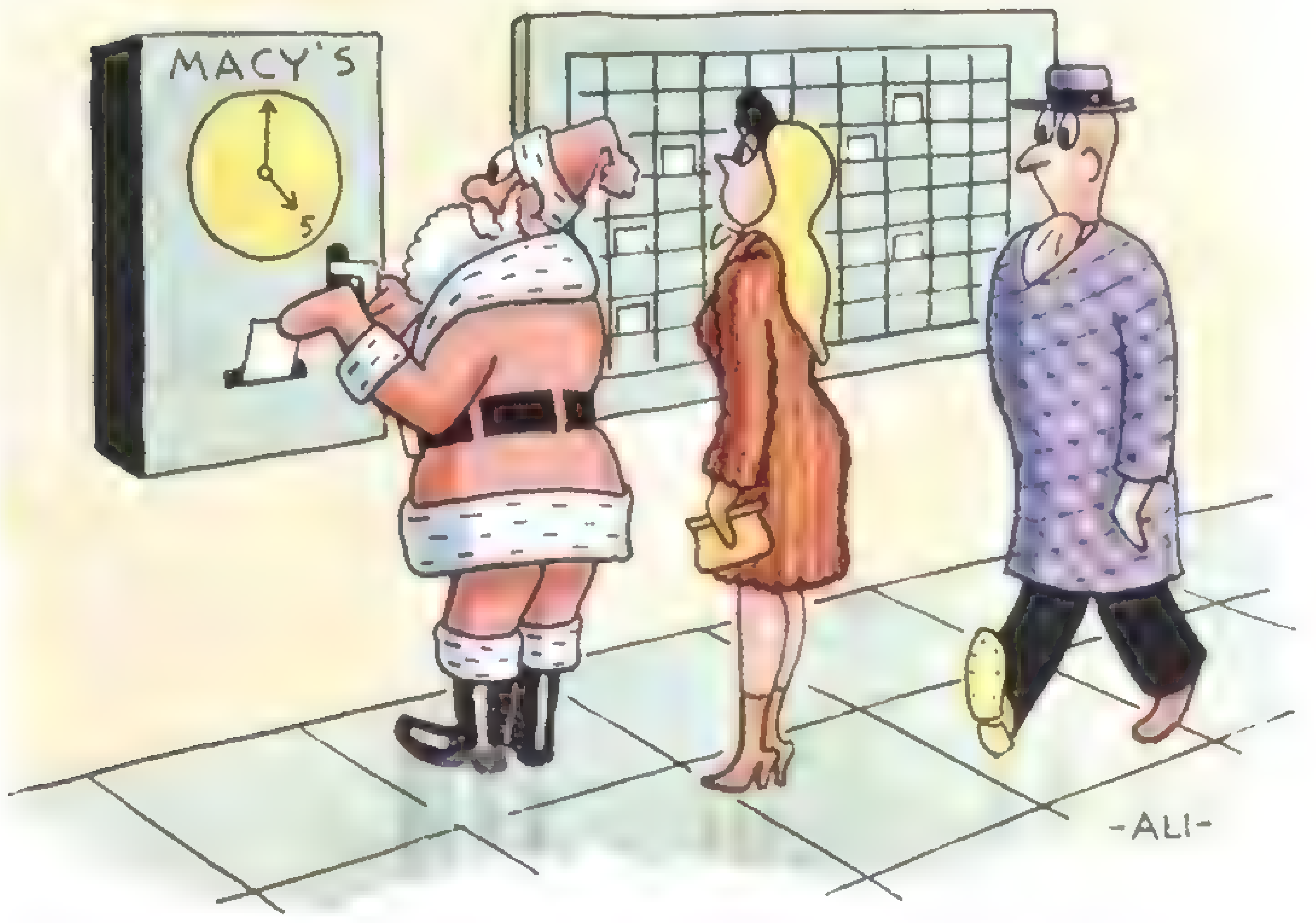
The monsoon came and the weeks passed and the story of Arterial Arthur began to unfold more and more. Many of the men had been stationed with him at Great Bend, Kansas, and from time to time they would relate some of the most fantastic yarns about him. Most of it boiled down to the fact that Arterial Arthur simply couldn't throw them straight . . . harmless as he was, he just couldn't resist throwing a curve when he could throw a straight one instead.

For example, if you were to say you owned a Dodge before coming in the Army, then he owned a Packard. If you had your B.A. Degree from Minnesota, then he was working on his Masters at Columbia. If you spent 300 rupees on pass in Calcutta, then he spent 500. If you had a beautiful girl friend in the States, then he was shacking up with a Powers model. If you asked him whether or not he had any beer remaining on his ration card, he had only one that he was going to drink that night. And when you trapped him on each of the succeeding three or four nights with beer, he invariably said it was given to him by a friend, or that he found a patsy who traded three beers for a can of fruit juice.

One night near the end of the month, Santell and I were riding the shorts and sitting in the Red Cross Club, which is where we sat whenever we were riding the shorts. Otherwise we sat at the NCO tap room. Arterial Arthur happened to drift by, and we tried to float a five-rupee loan. He pulled out his left pocket which was empty and said dolefully, "Men, just gave my last four annas to the 'gook' bearer for getting me some writing paper."

Later the three of us walked back to the basha where we found several of the boys in a horseshoe circle down on their knees—they were not praying. The man with the dice had just rolled a six and Arterial Arthur, apparently forgetting himself, whipped out a ten-rupee note from his right pocket, dropped it on the floor and said sharply, "Ten no six!"

The shooter covered him, let fly with the cubes which turned up six. Arterial Arthur stepped back



and mumbled, "Be goddamed. Never thought he could do it." Santell and I gave him the fish eye, but said nothing. Finally the dice came around to Arterial, he faded ten rupees and his point came up eight. Whereupon he reached in his right pocket again, pulled out a third ten-rupee note, tossed it in the middle and said, "Ten more I eight." They covered him, and he then buckled down to some serious crapshooting. Squeezing and rolling the dice tightly between his left and right hands and then shaking them fiercely with his right, he sang out, "O-o-o-kay. Eight! Skate! Rate! Rotate! Donate! Palpitate! U-u-u-huh!" And he bounced them off the backboard—a four and a three.

Arterial said nothing, arose and walked over to his bed. Santell and I followed.

"So you gave your last four annas to the gook bearer, eh?" said Harry bitterly.

"I did," Arthur answered. "I was holding a bet with that dough."

"What bet?"

"Two friends of mine made a bet on who is the husband of Gloria Vanderbilt, Stokowski or Toscanini. They are waiting on confirmation from the States."

"Why should two guys each put up fifteen rupees on the husband of Gloria Vanderbilt?"

"How the hell should I know? Why do guys join the paratroops?"

"Who are these society-minded guys, incidentally?"

"Two friends of mine in communications. You don't know them." He was always tricky enough never to give facts that could be readily checked.

* * *

There was no subject on which Arterial Arthur couldn't offer authoritative information. Still, he was clever in the manner he picked his spots. He had a way of feeling out people and if he discovered, for example, that a man laid pipe as a civilian in Passaic, he could speak to him without equivocation or hesitation on the subject of international affairs. Or if another happened to be plow pilot from Nebraska, he could assume the position of a meticulous drama-wise motion picture critic.

RAVITZ

Cook's Tour: The Colony

The Colony (Madison Avenue, New York) probably the most famous of restaurants, has a principal chef, Edmund Berger, otherwise a mild-mannered man, who is ready to commit murder if his sauce chef makes a minuscule mistake. He has a prodigious memory, diabolically fast hands, an infallible sense of flavor, and a vast knowledge of chemistry; but just once he would like to put away a big meal with a hearty appetite. Monsieur Berger, his mind firmly fixed on other people's stomachs, eats like a sparrow. "Ox Tail Hodgepodge Colony" is one of this artist's joyous creations. "Put in a pot the oxtail cut up, two pig's feet cut up and one pig's ear. Cover with cold water, add salt, and bring to a boil. Skim, then boil slowly for two hours. Add a small quartered cabbage, ten small onions, five ounces of carrots and five ounces of turnips cut up. Cook for at least two more hours. Correct seasoning. Serve with tail sections forming a circle and vegetables in the center. Add ten grilled small sausages. Serve boiled potatoes separately."

As far as I know, he made only one serious slip-up. That was the day he was dubbed "Arterial Arthur" in lieu of his real moniker, Corporal Arthur Klein. They were giving shots one hot, sticky afternoon at Tampa, Florida, and after taking his second one, Arterial Arthur passed out cold on the dispensary floor. When they revived him, he felt rather embarrassed and fumbling for something to say, he began his typical verbal shadowboxing and launched into a quasi-technical explanation of the human artery and respiratory system and causes of people fainting. The medical officers just stared at him, semi-amused. The men who knew him broke into hysterics. Arthur knew he was licked. Since that day he has been "Arterial Arthur."

Shortly after the outfit moved to Great Bend, Arthur promoted a three-day pass. He was going to Kansas City, Missouri. Since Kansas was a dry state where one sometimes had to walk as far as two blocks to buy a bottle, the boys in the barracks asked Arterial if he would bring back five or six quarts from Kansas City. He agreed and the men pooled their interests and gave him twenty-five dollars.

Three days passed and Arterial Arthur returned with neither whisky nor money. He opened the barracks door, the collar of his G.I. overcoat wrapped tightly around his face, his hat down over his eyes, walked straight for his sack and threw himself down in a flaccid heap. The fellows in the barracks looked at one another and then all looked at Arterial Arthur. He lay there motionless. Finally Dick Schurel approached him and said quietly and calmly, "Okay, Arterial, let's have it."

Arterial was silent for a moment.

"Dickie boy," he began remorsefully, "you'll never believe me."

"That's a two to five shot, Arthur, but let's have the story anyway."

"Here I think I know something about people, and I turn out to be the biggest garment worker in eleven states." (Where some people refer to others as "rubes," "hayseeds," "yokels," "hillbillies," etc., Arterial Arthur calls them "garment workers.")

"Why are you a garment worker, Arterial?"

"That goddam scheming bartender."

"What bartender?"

"The one who introduced me to this dame."

"Dames! Bartenders!" Schurel exploded. "Supposing we end this snappy repartee, and you tell us what in the hell happened to our twenty-five clackers!"

Arterial became slightly shaken by his demanding tone, then looking Schurel squarely in the face, answered sadly, "Rolled, Dickie boy. Rolled by the most beautiful doll you could imagine. Right in the Pickwick Hotel."

The men, listening eagerly, were dumfounded. This had prospects of an all-time Arterial Arthur classic. A mixed salvo of questions and threats followed, and Arterial Arthur continued.

"I had dropped in the Pink Elephant Bar for a drink," he said, "and four stools away from me I notice this queen. She's sipping on a cocktail, smoking a cigarette in an ivory holder, and is dressed like a million rubles, fur coat and all.

"So I asked the bartender what he could do for a buddy in the service. He offered a suggestion and when I told him you couldn't pull that stuff on a dame with her class, he said he'd do the best he could. So he leaned over the bar and said to her, 'That handsome young corporal down the bar told me you look very much like his sister-in-law and that he would cherish the pleasure of buying you a cocktail.' And she said, 'If he's handsome and young, I'd like to buy him one.' Great sense of humor, that dame. Terrific on the up-take.

"I then occupy the stool next to her and we strike up an acquaintance and she tells me she is lonesome . . . that life for her has been hollow as a test tube since her husband went down on the *Hornet*. Well, I tell her we must force ourselves to forget in turbulent times as these, and we proceed to get oiled up. We then go dancing and while we dance, amour, amour, and the next thing I know a taxi pulls up in front of the Pickwick Hotel and we step out. I cagily register 'Cpl. and Mrs. Michael Higgins' and we go upstairs.

"Well, men, there's no point tormenting you with the graphic details of that night, but when I wake up the next morning, both the dame and my wallet are gone. The first thing I thought of was my buddies' whisky. I was so sick I could hardly walk and I said to myself, 'Brother, the amusement tax has really gone up. One hundred and eighty-one rocks.' "

"A hundred and eighty-one rocks!" everyone shouted. "Where the hell did you fall into a hundred and eighty-one rocks?"

"The day I was leaving I got a 125-dollar postal money order from my old man. Sold an old piano of mine." This was a standard dodge of Arterial Arthur's, something for which nobody had any tangible, immediate proof.

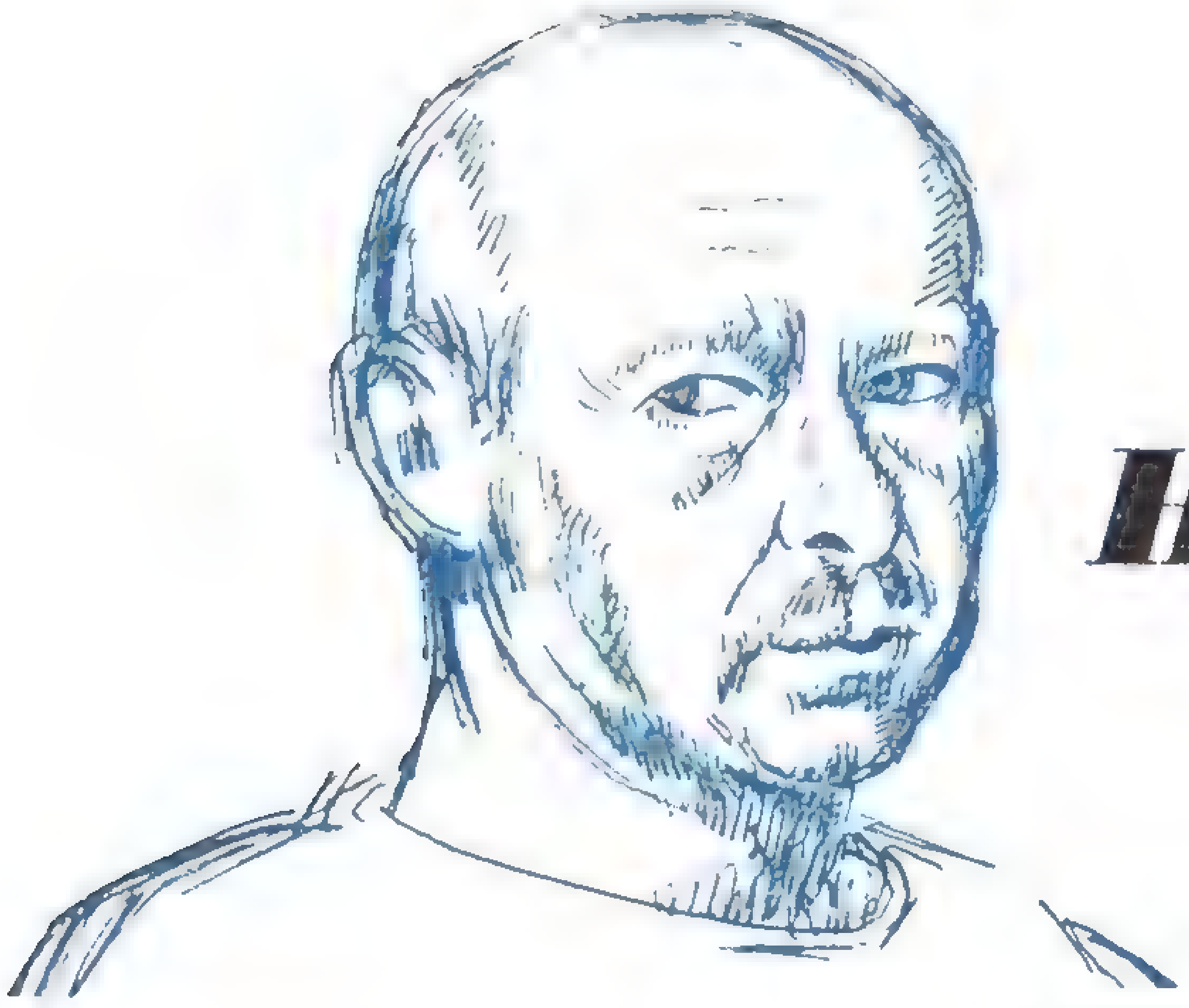
The boys thought hard for a moment and Schurel finally remarked, "You know it seems to me you left here on a Sunday. Now how in the hell did you cash a postal money order on Sunday?"

Arterial's eyes seemed to slide to the side (*Continued on page 174*)

His paintings, which have reflected various trends, are now in the great tradition, though somewhat abstract

Harriton, Ex-Picassoid

by HARRY SALPETER



SELF-PORTRAIT

A LOT of paintbrushes have been ruined since Abraham Harriton was a prize student at the National Academy. The very idea of Harriton in the National Academy strikes off sparks of incompatability, if not incongruity, for this painter came into his period of relative recognition during the decade of the depression and the federal art projects with a series of social protest canvases which might be summarized roughly under some such headline as Brutal Cossacks Ride Down Union Pickets Peaceful Protest.

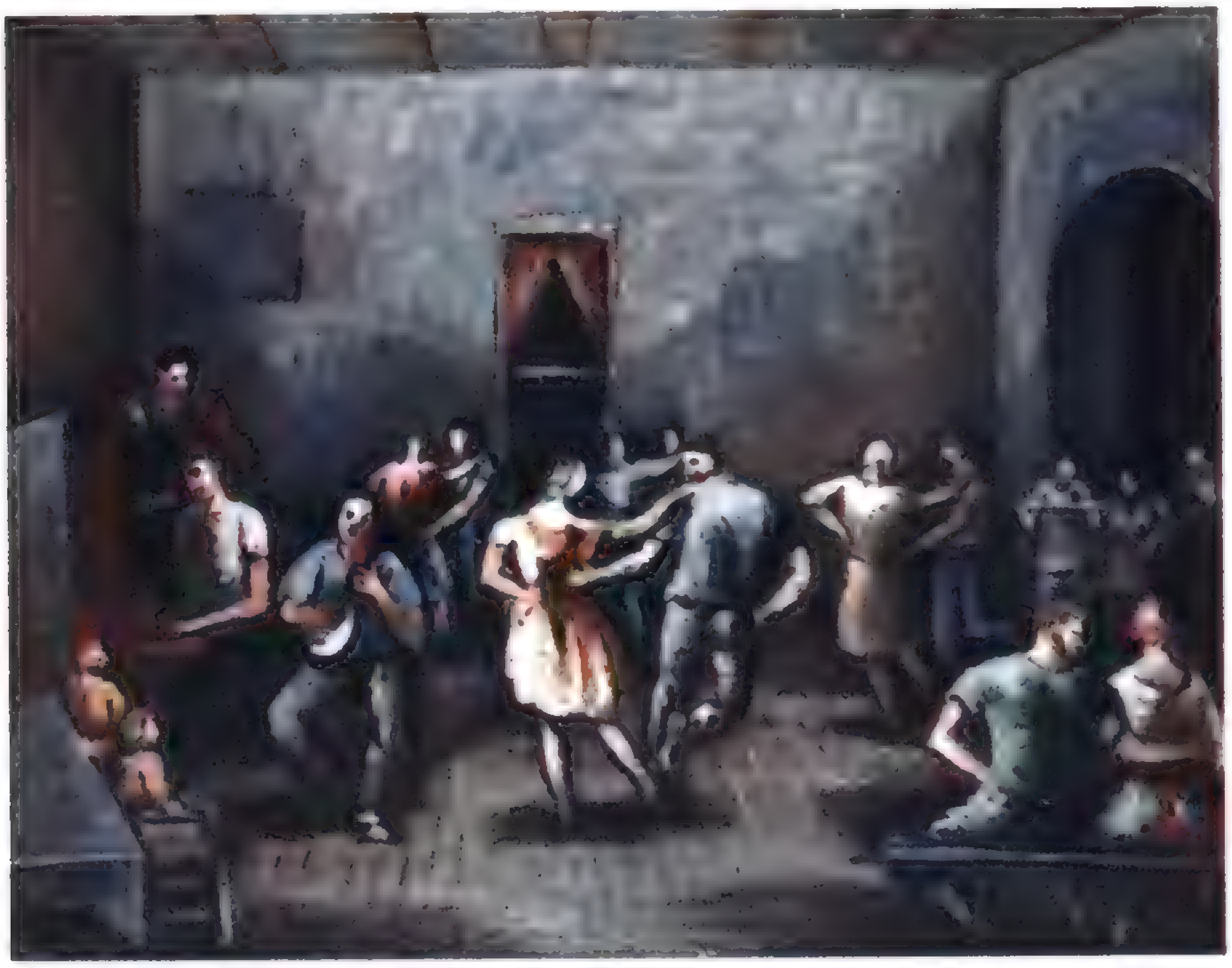
Abraham Harriton paints other pictures today not because the headlines have changed, although they have, and not because he is surveying the world from the ease and comfort of the Union League Club, but because he has learned to cut through the clutter of data and detail to the essence of the emotion—which has remained the same, for him, from the social point of view. Harriton is still painting in the attic, but, from the aesthetic standpoint, that attic is so well placed and commands so excellent a view that the artist dwelling in it has a larger perspective than he had before. The mounted police and the strikers bearing placards are being restated in a more universal reference, in a wider emotional content. In plainer English, this means that even if a news story should give Harriton the rough idea and supply him with the stuff of a painting, that painting would be much more likely to stand on its own feet as a work of art some time after the news story has been forgotten. But that painting will have the human note in the art frame.

Artists don't like to stand alone and Harriton has been as responsive to movements as most. One might study in his far from completed career the way in which an artist's work is shaped by and takes the impress of the movements current in his lifetime. The accident of an education in the National Academy started him off as an Academy prizewinner, although, as he is at pains to point out, he never became an Academician. He refers to his work of the middle twenties, and probably earlier work, as "Picassoid," although this writer himself has never seen a Harriton to which this word might be applied. Around the same time, according to his own report, he learned something of the value of dynamic symmetry, which was not so much a way of painting as a way of designing a painting. Earlier, in 1917, he had shown with a small group at the Whitney Studio Club, and the show was titled Introspective Artists. During what might be considered his proletarian period he enjoyed perhaps the greatest sense of identification with his fellow artists, for although that was a time of trouble and distress, it was a time also in which artists learned to work together toward a common purpose in which their individual career drives were temporarily suspended.

Today Harriton is painting in the great tradition—the tradition of Rubens, Titian and Tintoretto—but one can see in his recent work the pressure of the times in art, the pressure of the abstract movement. He is a realistic painter, to be sure, but one can see how he is moving in the direction of the blurred outline and the eliminated detail and the faint suggestion toward the pure idea or the stripped emotion which he wants to convey—as in such paintings as *Flight* and *Passport to Nowhere.* But the artist has to express idea and emotion through figures, places, attire, expressions and a large variety of other identification marks and there is danger, for Harriton, that in his drive to convey the pure emotion with too minimum a means, he may reduce his potential audience. When paintings of the picnic and the square dance become paintings of the quintessence of many picnics and square dances, the artist may forfeit the emotional quality of a specific picnic or dance, which also is art-worthy. If it is possible to clutter up a painting with too much data, it is possible also to become too stripped, and into this danger Harriton has not fallen often enough to have made a habit of it. The masters were not afraid of the localizing and time-identifying detail. For me, however, there is no area of a Harriton painting that is not crystal clear, but that may be largely because I understand and sympathize with his politics. His symbols, bare as they are, are significant to me.

Most children are sensitive. Children who grow up to become artists are especially sensitive. But if sensitiveness indicates artistic destiny, Harriton's parents must have known that their son was among the elect. Today Harriton is a grown-up man with grown-up children of his own, but he still recalls with deep satisfaction his first boyhood triumph, when he stood alongside the blackboard on which he had drawn in colored crayons a magnificent turkey, and while the classmates looked in wonder at what he had wrought, the teacher, no less awe-stricken, exclaimed: "Harriton, you're a genius!" The artist will always forgive slight exaggeration in heartfelt enthusiasm.

This teacher, a Miss Bramson, was a rigid disciplinarian, but her profound respect for art in the bud was shown by her habit of whacking young Harriton over the legs with a ruler, whereas the common run of student got the ruler in the palm of the hand. For a time Miss Bramson took up Harriton as a personal cause. He was only twelve when she led him all the way uptown to the National Academy to enroll him as a student, and when the Academy said they didn't take them on that young, she offered to pay for his private art tuition but even the chosen teacher believed that Abe could wait a little (*Continued on page 211*)



OIL (24" x 30")

THE SQUARE DANCE

Harriton's wife, a dancer, is a devotee of the square dance and she appears in all his canvases on this theme. During many summers spent near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, the artist and his wife attended the twice-weekly square dances held in a tavern at near-by Minisink Hills. Done without preliminary sketches, this painting simply depicts the essential character of the dance.

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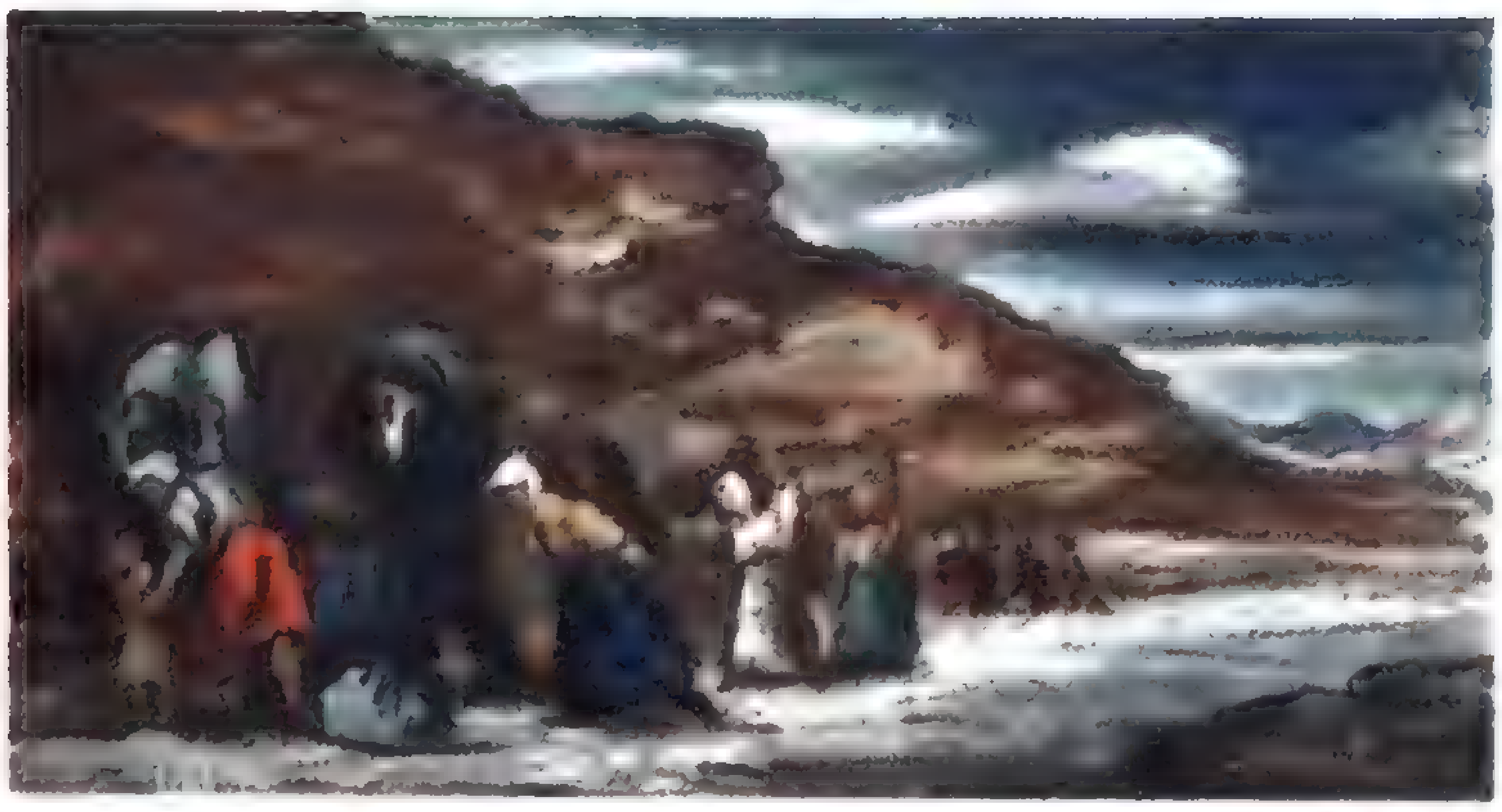
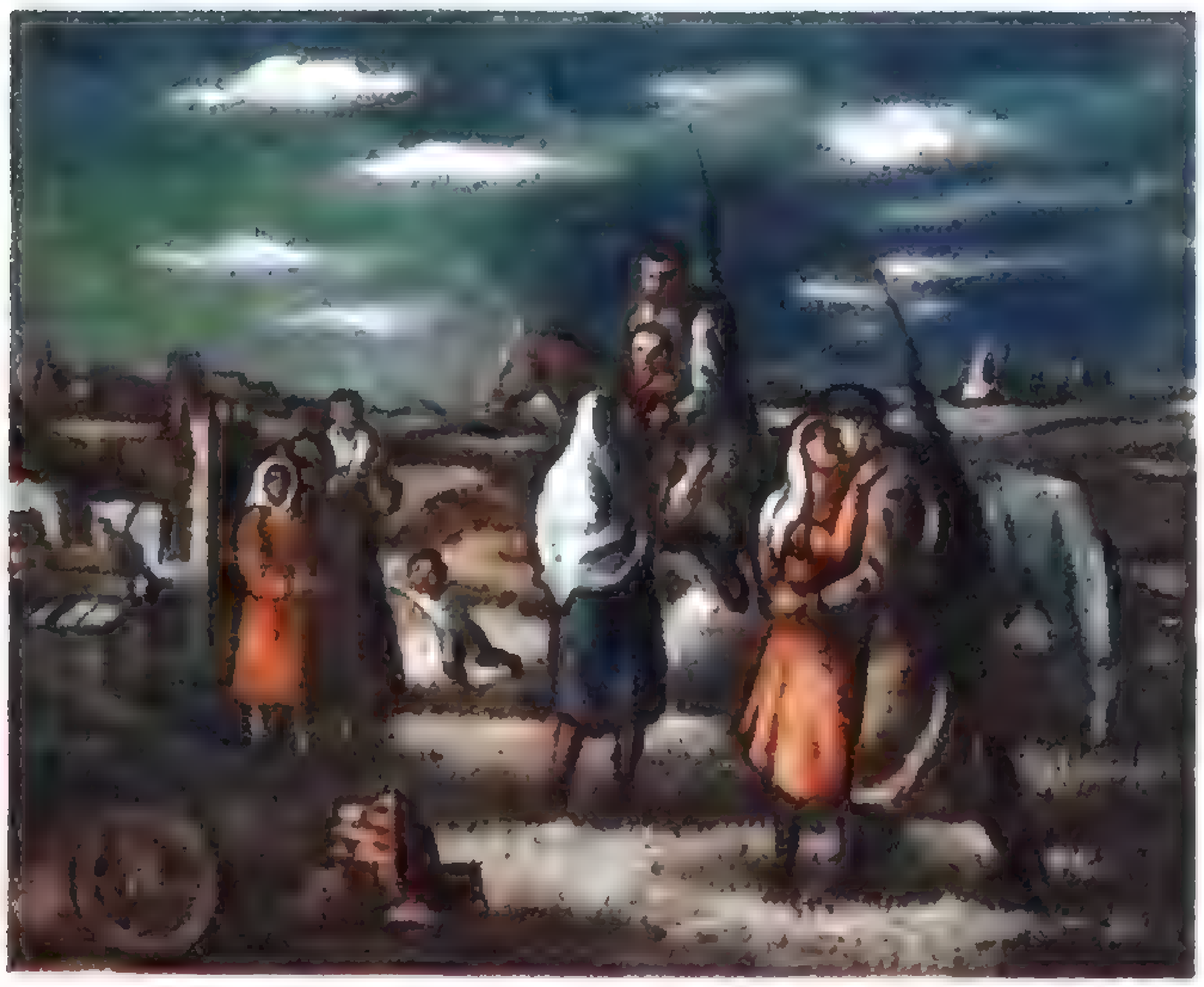


OIL (16" x 30") **PASSPORT TO NOWHERE**

Like other paintings Mr. Harriton has done on the refugee, this was created out of the emotion produced by the impact of a book, a news article, a movie, a newsreel, separately and in combination. Figures and landscape are out of his imagination; he uses models only for set portraits. The landscape conforms with the emotional state of mind which the figures are meant to create.

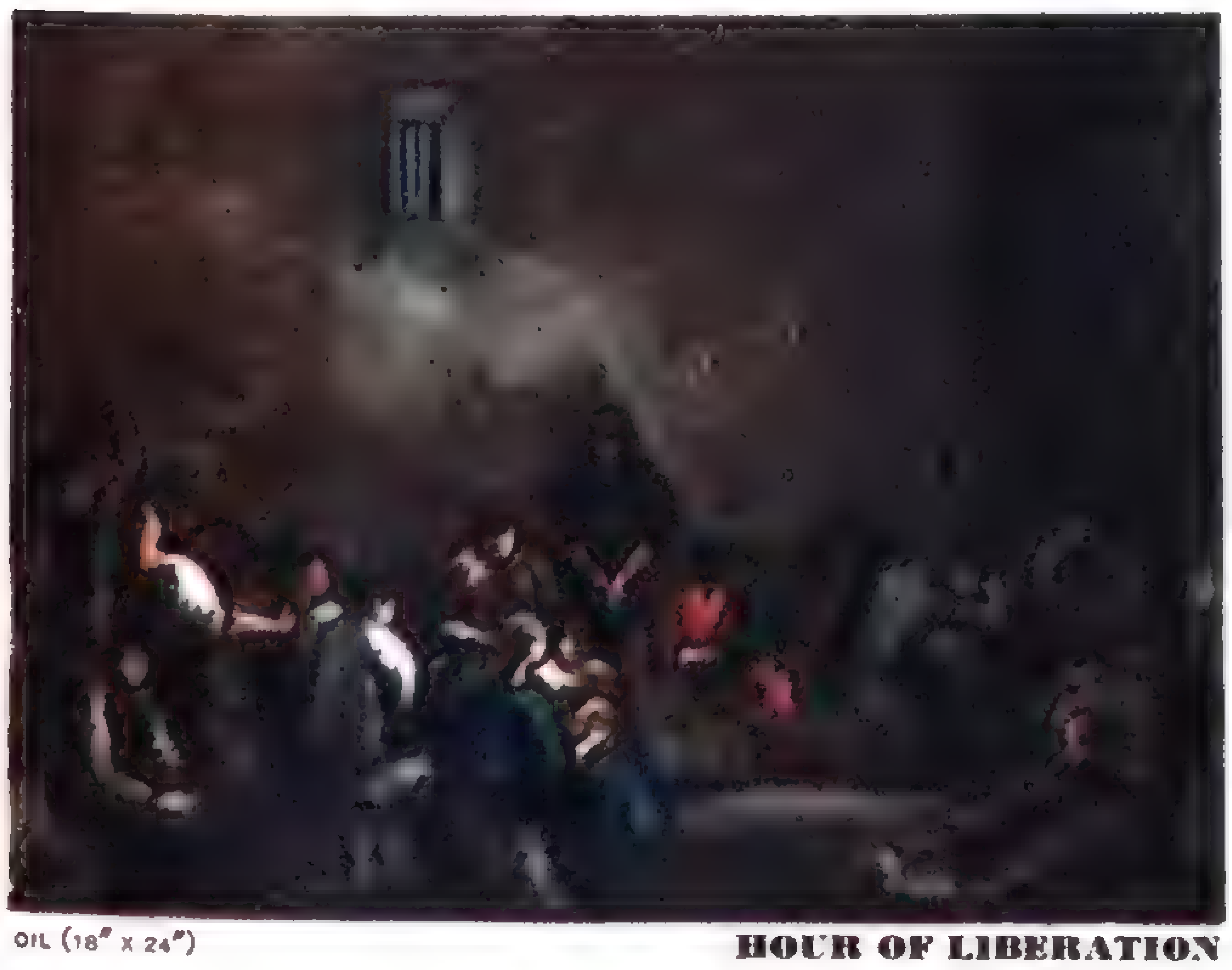
A Group of Paintings

by ABE HARRITON



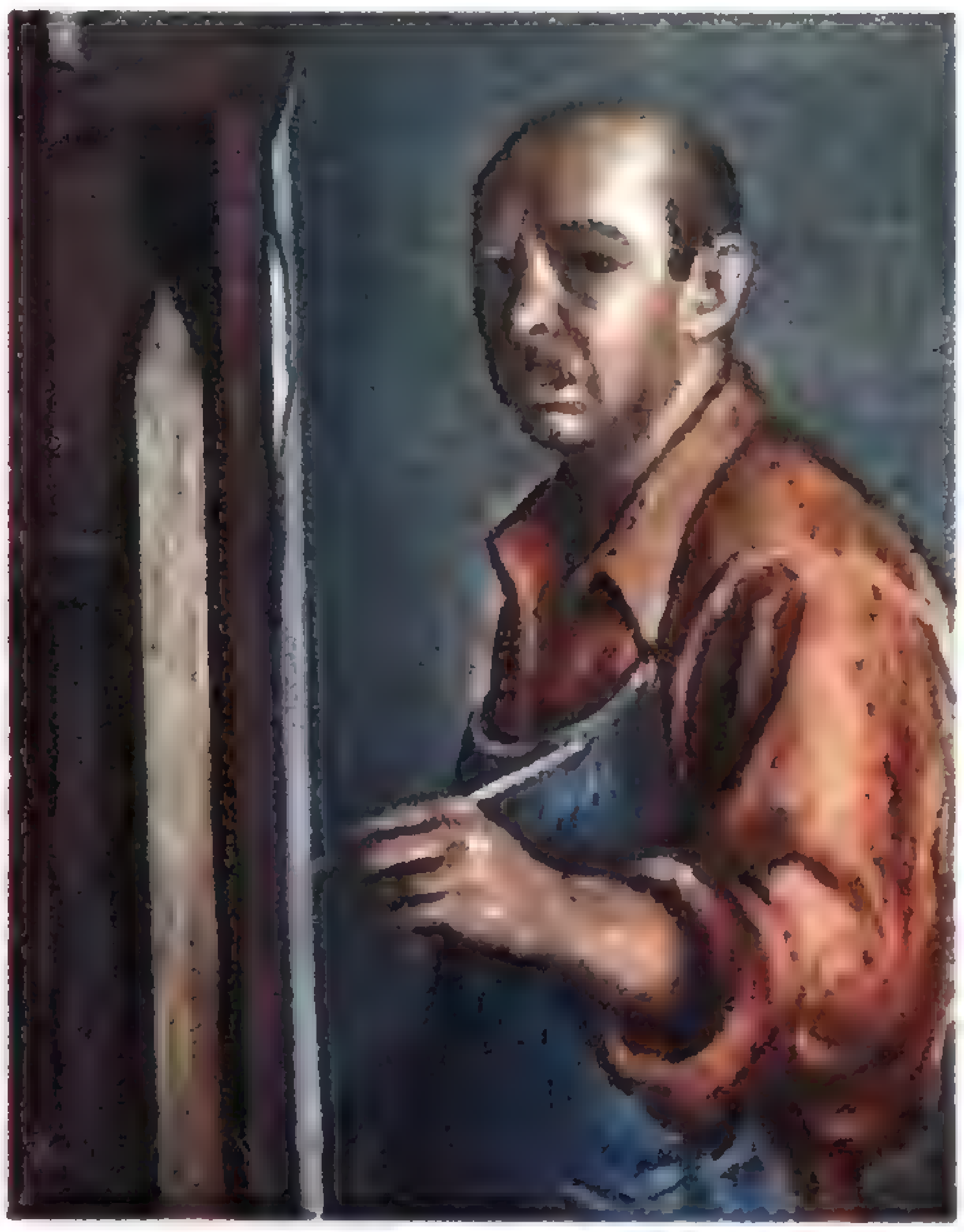
OIL (25" x 30") **LIBERATED VILLAGE**

This was originally a small water color, shown at the Chicago Art Institute and other museums. When place after place came to be liberated by the returning tide of Russian soldiers, the general joy made itself felt over here. Harriton says he has always been drawn to children, horses and soldiers as subjects for painting.



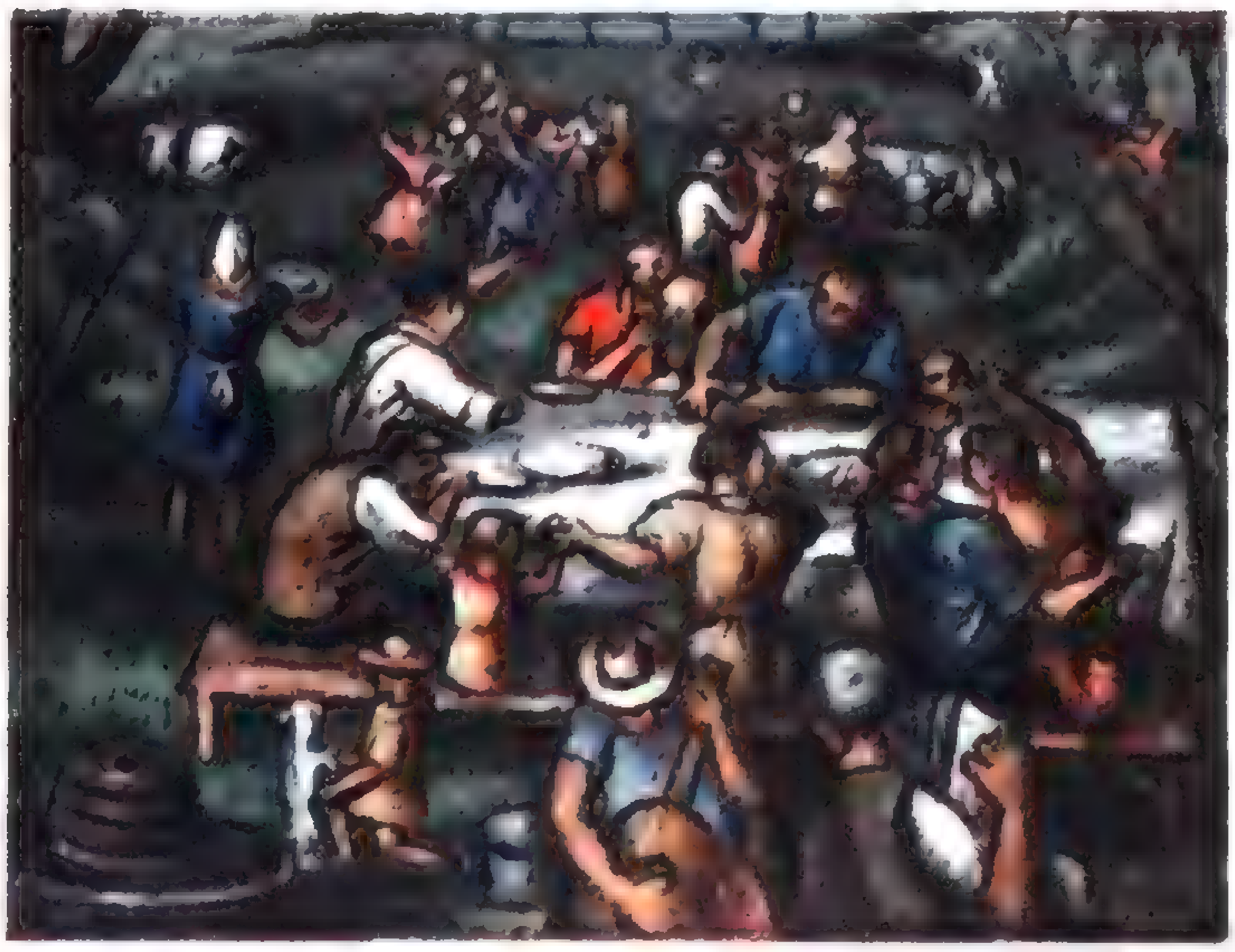
OIL (18" x 24") **HOUR OF LIBERATION**

The artist's concept here was the portrayal of a doomed group in a concentration camp dungeon. The prisoners are divided in their emotions between hope of liberation from the oncoming Allied armies and fear that they may come too late to avert execution.



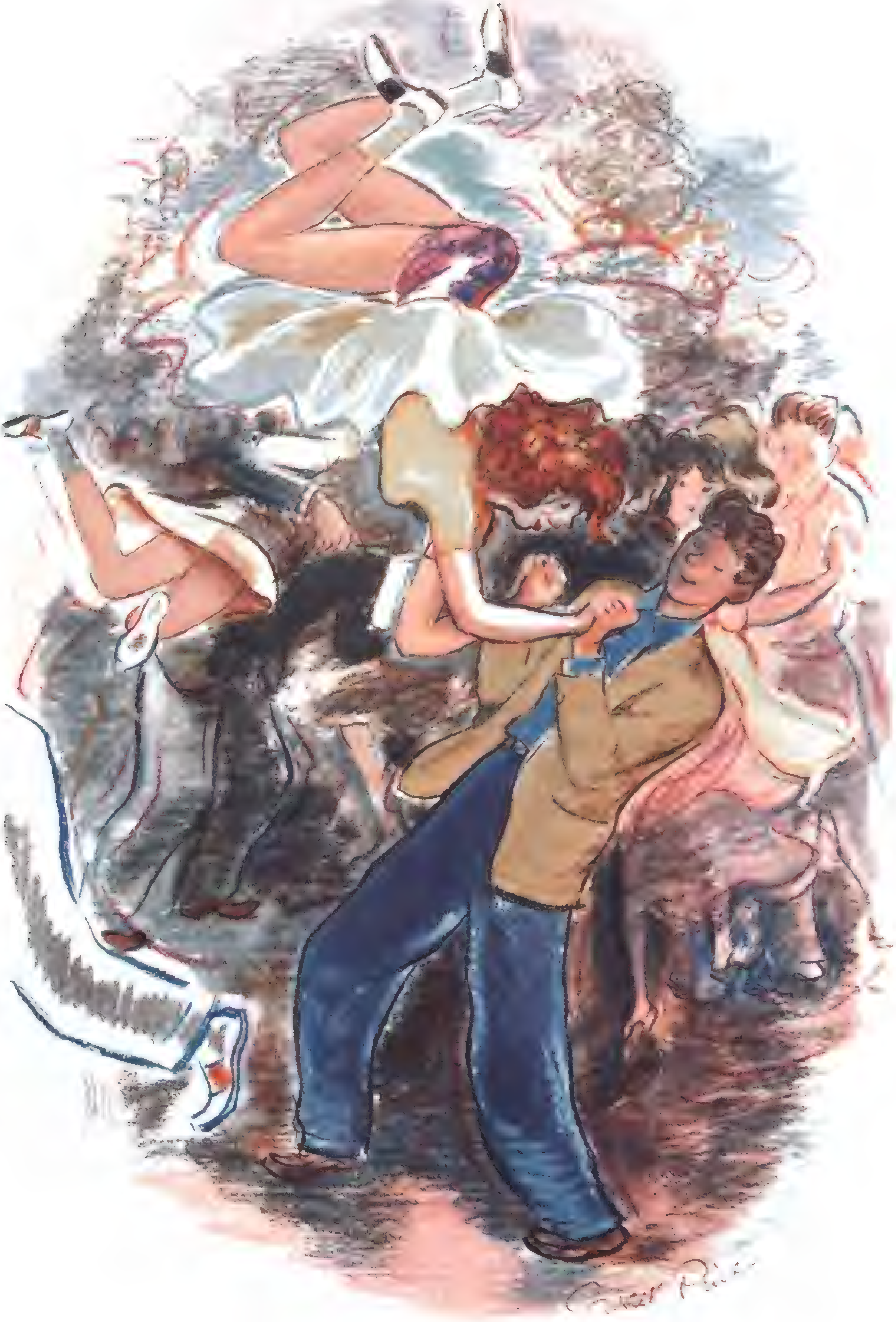
OIL (24" x 36") **SELF-PORTRAIT**

This is one of many studies that the artist has done and all of them are notable for the fact that he does not prettify or glorify himself in a picture.



OIL (30" x 40") **THE PICNIC**

Since attending his first picnic twelve years ago, Harriton has made an annual custom of attending these festive gatherings, and this is his sixth picnic painting. Adapting himself to the order of the day, he may make mental notes but never written ones. The figures in this canvas are all out of his imagination or recollection. The artist is more concerned with the general picnic spirit than any specific aspect of it or any clearly defined figure in it. This painting was chosen for exhibition in the second Pepsi-Cola Portrait of America show.

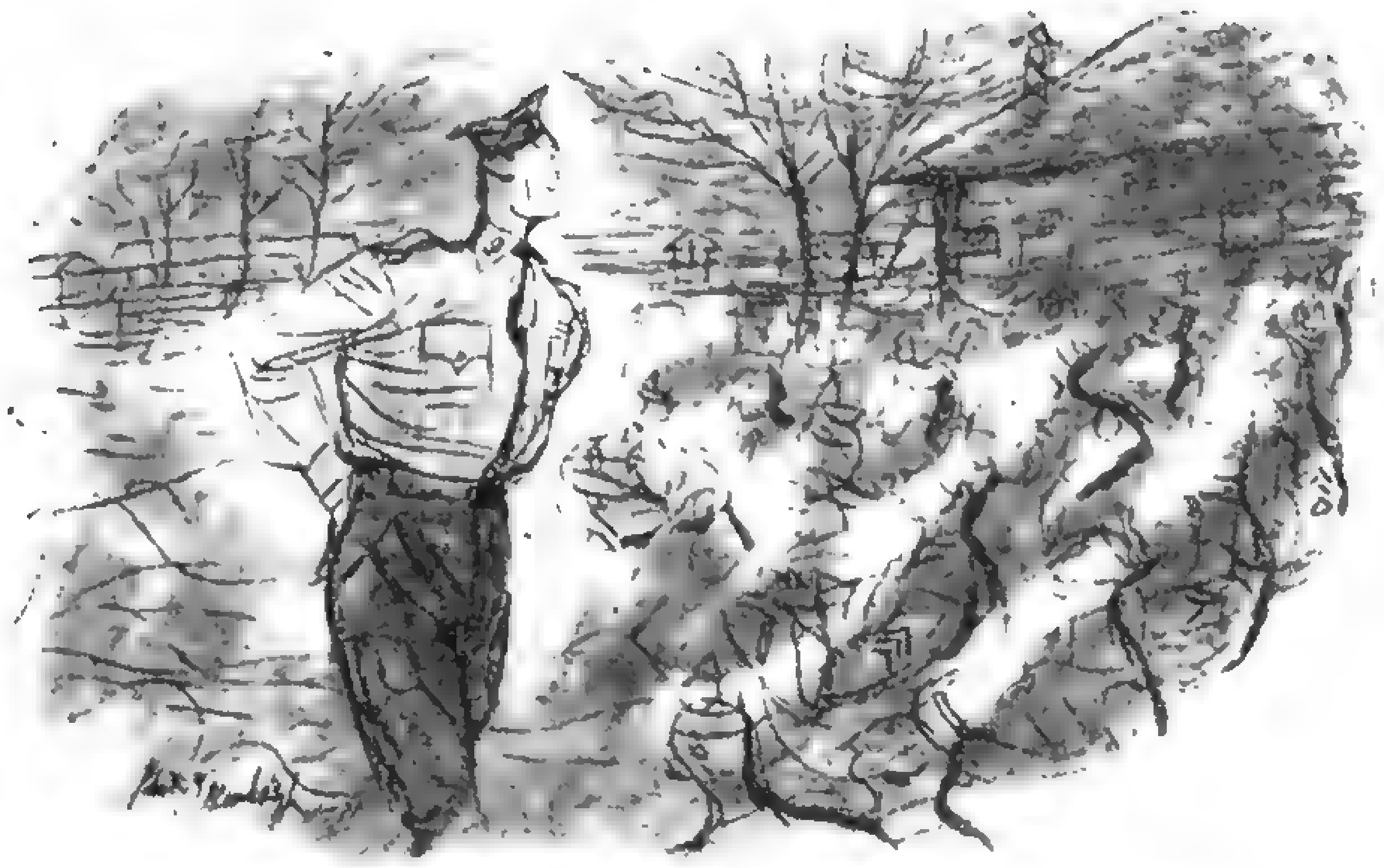


"Gee, Charley, you dance divinely!"

Having given the lieutenant just what he deserved, the men received a shock

Good-bye to the Second Platoon

by **ELIJAH L. JACOBS**


GREENHALGH

As the last notes of the bugle died away, Lieutenant Fleming faced about. "Second Platoon," he said, "when the company is dismissed, stand fast. I have something to say to you." His frosty blue eyes ranged up and down the platoon. Then he added, "You can stand at ease while the rest of the company falls out."

As the other platoons drained away up and down the company street, Lieutenant Fleming waited, stepping stiffly a few paces away from the men. When the area had quieted he turned and faced them.

"Platoon, attention!" he commanded in the icy, precise voice that carried without being raised. "I suppose you know this is the last formation we'll stand with you looking at my back and picking out the spot for your knife. I've been your platoon leader for a long while, and I am confident that some dissatisfaction will exist in the ranks as we part."

The lieutenant paused, and his glance ranged over the men. They stood at attention, motionless, their faces impassive. "I am glad to see you standing up like soldiers, with your hands out of your pockets," he said, bitingly. "I've done my best to teach you to act like soldiers, and to take care of you while you fought like soldiers. I couldn't lead you by the hand all the time, and we lost some good men out of the platoon."

Men with mess kits in their hands began drifting past. At the end of the company street a whistle blew.

"You're standing at attention, men. Eyes forward," said the lieutenant. Actually, not a man had turned his eyes or moved a muscle. When Fleming's men stood at attention, they stood at attention.

"I understand some of you have entertained an ambition to beat hell out of me as soon as you could do so without coming into conflict with the Articles of War. Some officers, perhaps, would take off their insignia and suspend the rules while you tried out your little tricks of judo and what not. I don't find it necessary. While I've been your platoon leader, you have fought like soldiers, and as long as you are under my command, you are going to be soldiers. But I am unwilling to deprive you of any pleasure you are entitled to. Some of these days you will be going home—and though in war or peace I hardly know what will become of you without me to look after you. Still, there are those ambitions I have mentioned, and I want you to know where to find me. I am going to give each one of you a card with my address on it, my postwar address. I live in Kansas City. You can find the place from any part of the country. Has anybody anything to say?"

The men stood motionless for a minute.

Then Sergeant Mariner turned his head slightly on his thick neck and said, sharply, "Rooney!"

A lanky private in the front rank stepped forward, stopped before the lieutenant and saluted. Fleming returned the salute and waited.

"I've heard some of that talk, sir," said Rooney. "Can I have my say?"

"Go ahead."

"I don't think, sir, that many of us are goin' to want to tangle with the lieutenant after we get back in civil life. Chances are that we'll all soften up takin' it easy for a while, and the lieutenant will still be hard as nails. But—"

"What do you mean?" inquired the lieutenant coldly.

"The lieutenant said I could have my say, sir."

"Very well. You may have it."

"This is it, sir. We heard the lieutenant was leavin' us, and we've been through a lot together. So we wanted to make the lieutenant a little present to remember us by. I've got it here, sir."

"With the pin already pulled, no doubt."

Rooney's lip pulled back over his buck tooth for an instant as he put his hand in his pocket. "It won't go off for a while, sir," he said. "This here wrist watch is from the second platoon, sir. And we didn't take it off no Kraut colonel. We bought it with our own money—out of our pay," he explained virtuously. "Will the lieutenant accept it from his platoon?" He held up a yellow object that glittered in the fading sunlight.

Fleming took the watch in his left hand, returned Rooney's salute with his right, and stood looking at the present while Rooney returned to his place in the rank. For a moment his gaze moved back and forth over the faces of his men.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," he said. "No colonel rates a piece of jewelry like this. The third platoon catches colonels. The second takes the big ones. I'm not even sorry, anymore, that I wasn't with you the day you flushed that Jerry general. I'll not forget this, gentlemen."

He put his hand to a pocket of his tunic. "Nevertheless, I'm going to ask Sergeant Mariner to give each one of you my card. I don't want you to forget that you are men of the second platoon. Sergeant Mariner!"

"Yes, sir." Mariner stepped forward, saluted, took the cards, saluted again, and stepped back.

"That's all, men," said Lieutenant Fleming. "This is good-bye. Fall out."

As the lieutenant's slender figure marched stiffly up the company street, the men gathered around Sergeant Mariner.

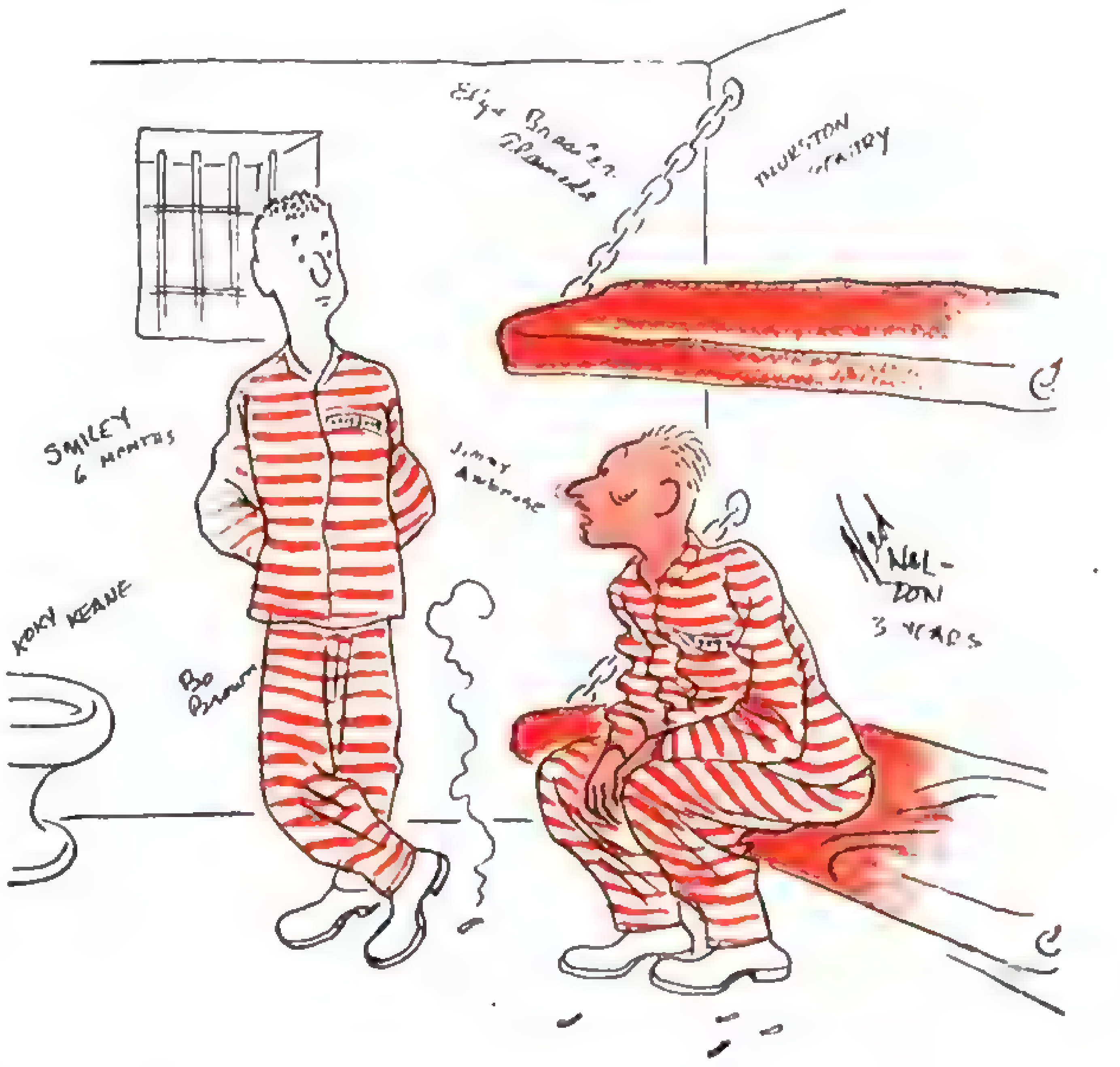
"Look at that skinny little devil go off like a walkin' icicle," said Rooney. "I'll bet he sleeps at attention."

"A hell of a good-bye," said Mariner. "Maybe it takes ice water to make the blood of a fightin' man. He don't even like himself. Here are his damn cards. If any of you want to go to Kansas City and lick him, you won't need a card. You'll know his place by the heads of a couple of your friends, stuck up on poles in his front yard.—Hey! Look at these things!"

"What's the matter? They smeared with poison?" somebody asked.

"Damn!" said Mariner. "Damn! That little Krautbane's a lawyer. 'Free service,' these things say. 'Free service to the second platoon in case of divorce, chicken stealing, perjury, and differences of opinion with the law. Also minor financial transactions in case of characteristic necessity.' That's our lieutenant. Damn!"

"Here, give me one of them things," said Rooney. "We're the second platoon!" ##



"The whole thing started when I did a little research on a murder mystery I had in mind"

Now that it was over he knew she didn't want a scene, her idea would be to play it politely, in the drawing room manner

Sunday in the Suburbs

by R. H. NEWMAN

The maid met him at the door to the nursery. "He's been asking about his mother," she said. "He's been asking when she's coming back." The maid looked very serious as if someone were sick.

The boy was sitting up in his bed. He looked at the maid and then he looked at him. He did not say anything. The question was in his eyes.

"No," he said to the child, watching him now with serious eyes. "No, she isn't coming back."

"Not ever?" The boy was wary, not wanting to ask too much so that he would be snubbed, but still wanting to know.

"Not ever," he said. "No, not ever." He tried to give the words a matter of fact finality but instead he felt pressure building up at the base of his throat as if he had been holding his head under water.

The boy seemed to be thinking it over. Then he spoke again. "Won't I ever see her again?"

"You'll see her," he said. "Yes, you'll see her again." He was glad for the chance to say something definite. "You'll see her," he repeated.

"Won't you, daddy?"

"No"

"That's silly," the boy said suddenly. "Why will I see her and you won't?"

"Never mind," he said. "Never mind about that. Go and play with your toys. Later I'll come and read to you. After I have my dinner. You'd like that, wouldn't you. To have me come up and read to you." As he spoke he could see that curious, almost contemptuous look children have when you cut them off from something they want to know.

"I'll be back," he said. "Later. When I've had my dinner."

The boy didn't answer him.

Later on, downstairs, he sat in the big chair and decided that he would wait until the boy called him for a glass of water or to have the window raised or to have the window shut or any one of the hundred things children call for once they've been put to bed. That would be the time. Then in the darkened bedroom, without having to look into his face, he could try to explain to him what had happened.

He sat there a long time that evening.

He tried very hard and very unsuccessfully not to think about her. Not to see her in his mind. Not to remember things she had said, or things she had done with him, or before she had met him.

She was a small girl with long, extremely well kept hands. When he met her, she lived in Paris at a small hotel on the Rue de l'Université. Ostensibly she painted and, when she worked at it, people said that what she painted was not bad. But what with going one place or another, she actually did not put in much time at it.

She often quoted one of the impressionists, Gaugin it probably was. "You can paint," she would say, "or you can talk about it. You cannot do both." Then she would smile a little shamefully. "I'm terribly good at talking," she would say.

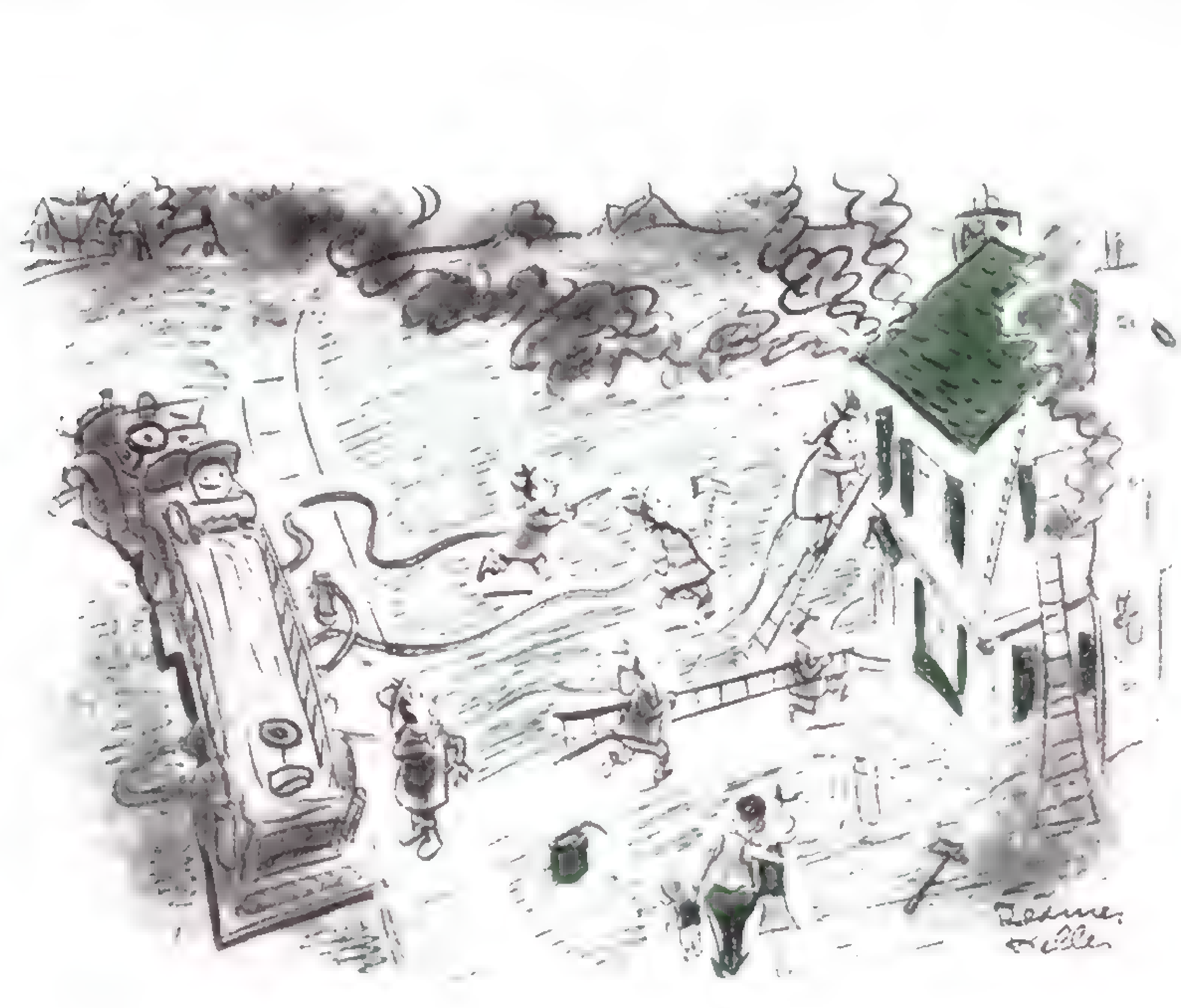
Gaugin, interestingly enough, was good at both.

She also skied and swam and shot and danced and read books and talked about books, both the ones she had read and the ones she had not read. And she went to the races and to the opera and to the theatre and to the American Express Company once a month for the check from the trust company.

In this way she lived on in Paris for several years before she realized how much time had gone by, and that she was twenty-eight and had been having an affair for almost a year with a Frenchman named Henri. She gave up her painting because Henri worked for a newspaper and traveled about a lot and she travelled with him—but in travelling with him she became very adept at making love in wagons lits, which, all things considered, is an art in itself and one to which American women seem to take readily. This probably has something to do with the tempo of American life, or memories of the covered wagon.

At the beginning of the fighting in Spain, Henri went to Burgos for his newspaper which happened to be *Le Jour* and which favored General Franco. And before that she had been in Hendaye with Henri and she had sat on a long green slope outside of the town with other journalists and they had drunk champagne and, through field glasses, watched the people of Spain busy themselves with the task of killing one another across the river in Irun. Afterwards she always remembered the brown, slow moving river and the white houses in Irun clustered about the brown church. And she remembered the street in Hendaye which led away from the plage part of the town toward the river and the bridge you crossed to go over into Spain. She had drunk something called Izzara there in Hendaye. It was a liqueur made from the flowers of the Pyrenees and she drank it because she had read about it in *The Sun Also Rises*.

She had many memories of bistros. The Dome, The Rotonde, The Selecte, The Closerie des Lilas, The Viking, The Jockey. She knew them all. Even the Café de Paris in Saint Tropez and l'Escalles in Saint Tropez where she had gone with Henri while he wrote a book which he never quite managed to finish. She had gone to Saint Tropez in April when it was gold with sunshine and gusty with the mistral and they walked to the barometer at the end of the port every day to see what the weather would be and it was all very unsatisfactory because when the sun shown there was the mistral and when there wasn't the mistral it rained. One afternoon she rode a bicycle to Cogolin to buy Henri a pipe. Pipe making was the chief industry at Cogolin and a nice fat man showed her through



"Anyone see my marshmallow fork?"

the pipe factory and she bought Henri a pipe which cost her two hundred francs.

She had a lot of memories like that. Memories of dinners and drinks and small towns in the sunshine. And now they were Waldo's memories too, and he wished very much they were not.

Waldo had met her shortly after she and Henri had quarrelled. They dined together at places like Perigourdine and the Vieux Logi and drank *fine* and pernod and she told Francis how much she admired sportsmen and how tired she was of intellectuals and that she wanted to go home. She was tired of Europe. It was old and cloying and rotten. She felt dirty. She wanted to live in a white house in Connecticut, the same house Waldo now sat in, and be cleansed. Autumn leaves and the thrumming of partridge and old fashioned cocktails and New York in the winter.

And so they were married and in the beginning everything was all right, as things usually are in the beginning. Then things began to go badly as they approached the middle stages, as things usually do when they are not the best things.

That's how it began. And it ended on a Sunday morning in the living room.

"You needn't say it," he told her after he had told her not to be so tough about it. "I know what you're going to say and you needn't say it."

"It's the way things happen," she said. "You can't help yourself. You meet someone and it happens."

"Just like that."

"Yes," she said.

"Nothing special? No fiddle music or anything?"

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged. "You know," he said. "Knights in shining armour. Fiddle music."

"You're drunk," she said.

"I doubt it."

"It's disgusting."

"I suppose it is," he said. "But I'm not drunk."

"You've been drinking. I can see that."

"Nobody said you were blind."

"You don't have to talk to me that way."

"You told me I was drunk. I told you I wasn't. So you want a physician's certificate? So you want me to blow up a balloon to prove it?"

"I didn't mean that."

"You'd better not say it then."

"All I said was you'd been drinking."

"Look," he told her. "There's a difference between been drinking and being drunk. You'd better learn it."

"I don't know much about those things."

"You'd better learn then. They're good things to know."

"You don't have to tell me what I should know."

"This is friendship," he said. "In your moment of ecstatic happiness I am advising you as a friend."

"There you go again."

"I wish I could," he said.

"That's the whole trouble. You're always laughing. Always spoiling things."

"Where did it happen?" he asked her.

"You don't want to know."

"Sure," he said.

"I laugh at things," he said. "I'm not sensitive, and I'm dumb."

"I didn't say that."

"I said it for you."

"That wasn't the reason anyway," she said after a while.

"What was?"

"I told you, it just happened."

"You mean love?"

"Yes," she said angrily, "that's what I mean."

"That's what I've been waiting to hear. Ah, love."

"You don't have to be this way."

"I'm not being any way. Where did it happen?"

"At a party. At a cocktail party."

"And no fiddle music?"

"The maid was beginning to strain her eyes!"

"Don't be that way."

"Well," he said. "They must have had the radio on or something."

"I don't remember."

"Then there might have been music and you didn't hear it."

She did not answer.

"Mightn't there?"

"Mightn't there what?"

"Have been music and you didn't hear it."

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

"That's settled then. What else?"

"Nothing else. It just happened."

"I wish you could be more explicit. Your account has no scientific value. Wasn't there any pain or dryness in the mouth! Wasn't there any fluttering in the stomach?"

"Of course not."

"That just goes to show," he said. "How wrong you can be. I thought there was all those things."

"Well, there wasn't."

"With me," he asked. "With me was there a fluttering in the stomach and an accompanying dryness in the mouth?"

"I don't remember."

"The hell you don't. You remember very well. Like all the other things. You remember them. You remember everything."

"I only remember the fights we had. I only remember the times everything went wrong."

"That ought to give you quite a memory book. They went wrong often enough."

"You can't blame me," she said.

"No. I can't blame you. I'm only asking you. I'm not blaming you."

"Now I have this," she said, "to remember along with all other times."

"You're a lucky girl. I might have been emotional. I might have cried. I've read of people crying in books. Parting is supposed to make people cry."

She did not answer him. She looked down at her drink.

"You want some advice?" he asked her. "You want some friendly philosophy?"

"Why do you have to be like this?"

"What did you expect me to be?"

"I thought we could be friendly."

"Because we have so much in common? Because we have so much behind us?"

"I suppose so."

"That's only in the movies. It doesn't come out that way."

"I want you to be my friend."

"I don't want that," he said. "You're a big girl now. You should know I don't want it. What did you expect? You want to bring me your problems? You want me to be your great friend of the family. Give you advice and send paringers?"

"Not any more," she said. "Not this way."

"We weren't ever friends. There was no friendship with us. We were a lot of things."

"And never we shall . . ."

"Please," she was crying now. He wondered was it real or part of her hangover.

"Are you crying?"

She nodded. She did not look up.

"Then you can go," he said, "I won't keep you any longer. That's all I wanted."

She got up without looking at him and with her head still slightly bent left the room.

He watched her go. Then he went out to play golf.

He thought it all over, as he sat there waiting for the child to call. Finally it was two o'clock and the child had not called.

And he thought about this, too, as he undressed for bed. He knew the child was not asleep. He knew he was lying there in the dark open-eyed. He felt sorry for him, but he knew that no amount of explaining could have really helped anyway. It was better this way.

An appreciation of Tommy Armour as a soldier, showman and champion, together with his five-part formula for golfers

Auld Acquaintance

by HERB GRAFFIS

There never has been in sports another character quite like golf's Tommy Armour.

And there probably won't ever be another like Tommy. That probability may be unheeded and unlamented by the benighted. They often are getting to be content to have their athletes merely fellows of a proficiency somewhat akin to that of a master of the noble art of laying bricks. The athletes of the golden days—those roistering guys with the ebullient male hormones and the hair-trigger thirsts—are casualties of the calendar.

Tommy was one of those soldiers of fortune. Tommy first of all was a soldier. Only a few notables in sports have had combat records more brilliant than that of the Silver Scot. He enlisted promptly when World War I was declared, and won battlefield promotions until he became a major. And of all the sportsman warriors, name one, with the exception of the polo star Tommy Hitchcock, who has won dominance in his chosen sport comparable to that achieved by the Silver Scot!

Maybe some of the fighting kids out of this war will better the Armour performance. They'll be great if they do. There's always a chance. Tommy was a one-eyed cripple in a military hospital in France, and he came out to be a champion. Young warriors of a later generation may find the Armour career, in certain respects, an inspiration.

But they'll have to have genius. Armour had it. He still has it in teaching and analyzing golf.

And he used to have that genius when he was playing. You could no more call Armour a "mechanical man" of golf than you could call Michelangelo the mechanical man of painting or Praxiteles the mechanical man of sculpture or Gypsy Rose Lee the mechanical woman of ecdysis.

That guy Armour was and is an artist.

His shots were for the picture books. At every stage of a shot he was so gracefully and firmly in balance nothing but an earthquake could tilt him. They talked and wrote about him as the master of the irons, but who was consistently farther and straighter off the tee than Armour in his peak years? Not Jones, Hagen or Sarazen!

What a smart tactician Armour was in competition! He could read the course as easily as he could read a "Stop, Look, Listen" sign. For a fellow of his daring temperament it was noticeable how carefully he balanced the risk and the rewards before he attempted a critical shot.

In bygone days of golf, not so long ago, competition was robustly and sharply personalized. That was before the fat prize money arrived to divert the competitive instinct from the individual to the checkbook. Don't think any of the younger pros want those days back. They'd be soft in the head if they did.

How Armour could trade needle for needle, and of the most delicate, penetrating sort, when the competition was burning! The classic clash of two magnificent competitive temperaments was in the finals of the P.G.A. 1930 championship at Fresh Meadow Country Club, outside New York City. Gene Sarazen had gone through the lower bracket to meet Armour for the title.

Gene had won the 1922 U. S. Open and P. G. A. titles and the 1923 P. G. A. championship. He was good and he knew it. So did Tommy. Tommy also knew that he, the budding Great Armour, was good, and he was determined to impress that fact of life on Sarazen.

Shot for shot the boys played. Something besides shots had to come loose, and each player knew it was the other's nerves that would have to suffer a fleeting but fatal spell of the yips. Both normally were fast players. Sarazen began playing a more deliberate game, but with the same deadly mastery. Changing his pace, Armour played even slower. Then Sarazen fired up and made speed records for several holes. Armour then played even faster.

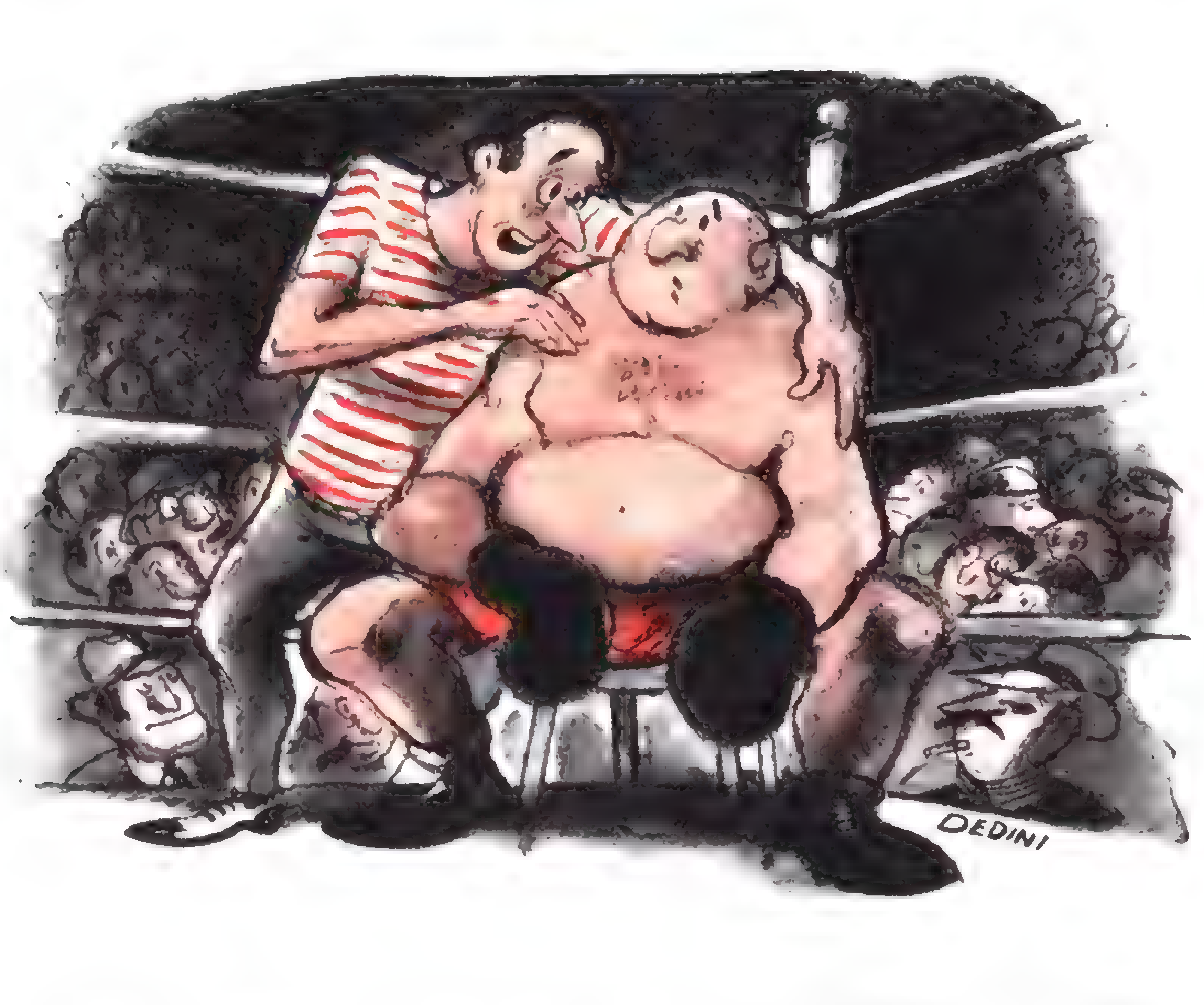
The knowing ones among the sports writers were wondering which one of the two would crack. Neither one did. Armour won on the last hole by perfect golf when one of Gene's shots went slightly off the beam.

So much, as one of the innumerable examples you could cite of Armour's competitive spirit and savvy.

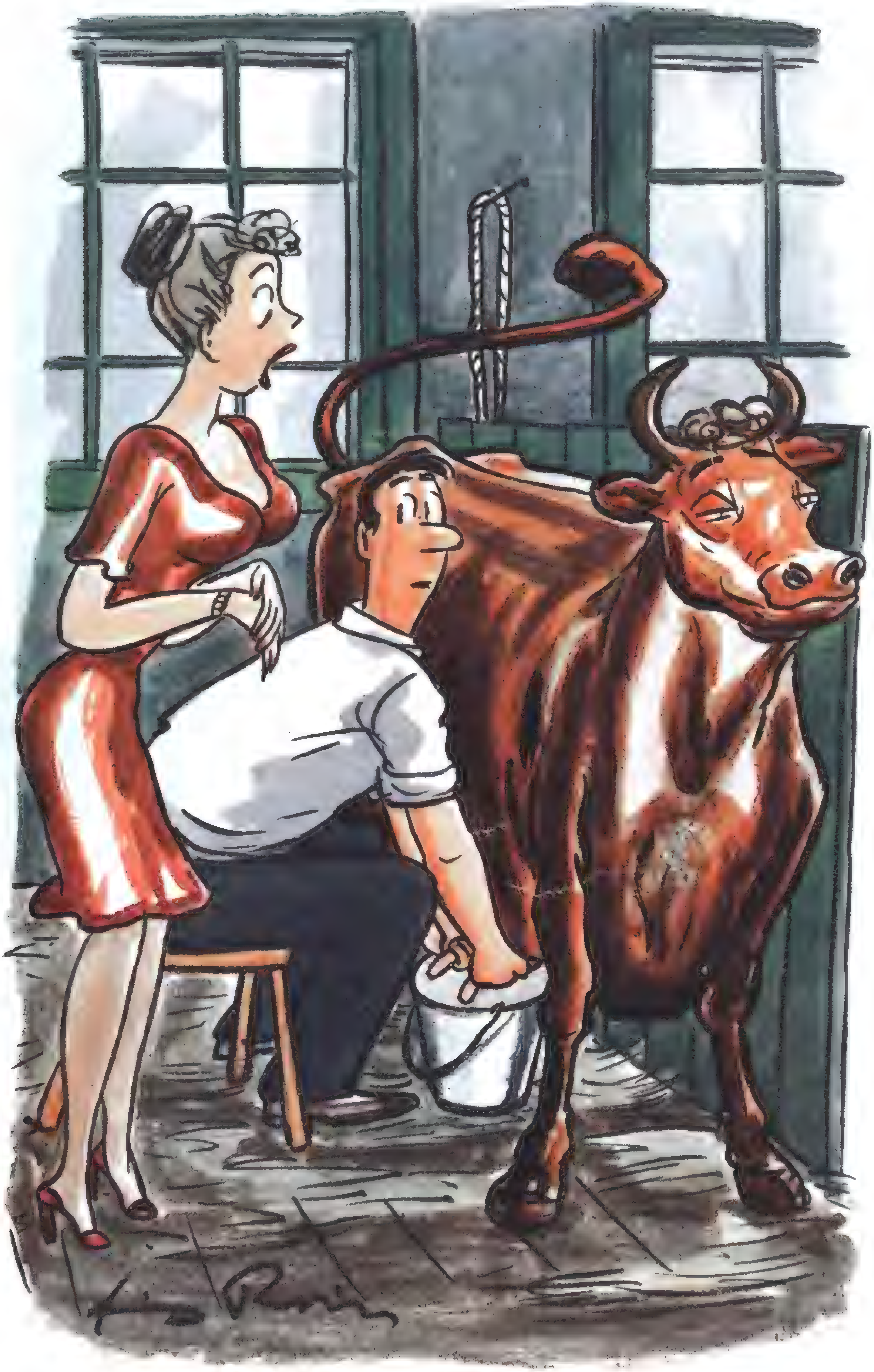
And who had a putting touch finer than Tommy's? Let them all moan about putts that should have dropped. Armour really was the gent who had something to howl about in that department, but never once did anyone hear him refer to the perfectly simple fact that a man with one eye can't judge the tricky little contours or the grain of greens as precisely as a man with unimpaired vision.

What the public doesn't know about the great improvement in golf tournament putting is common knowledge to expert greenkeepers. In the past seven or eight years greenkeepers have employed maintenance practices that have virtually eliminated the nap of greens and made accurate putting considerably easier. It takes sharp eyes to survey the line of a putt and determine whether the nap and borrow of the green is with the roll of the ball, against it, or across it. Armour just didn't have those eyes. But with his one eye he did marvelously well.

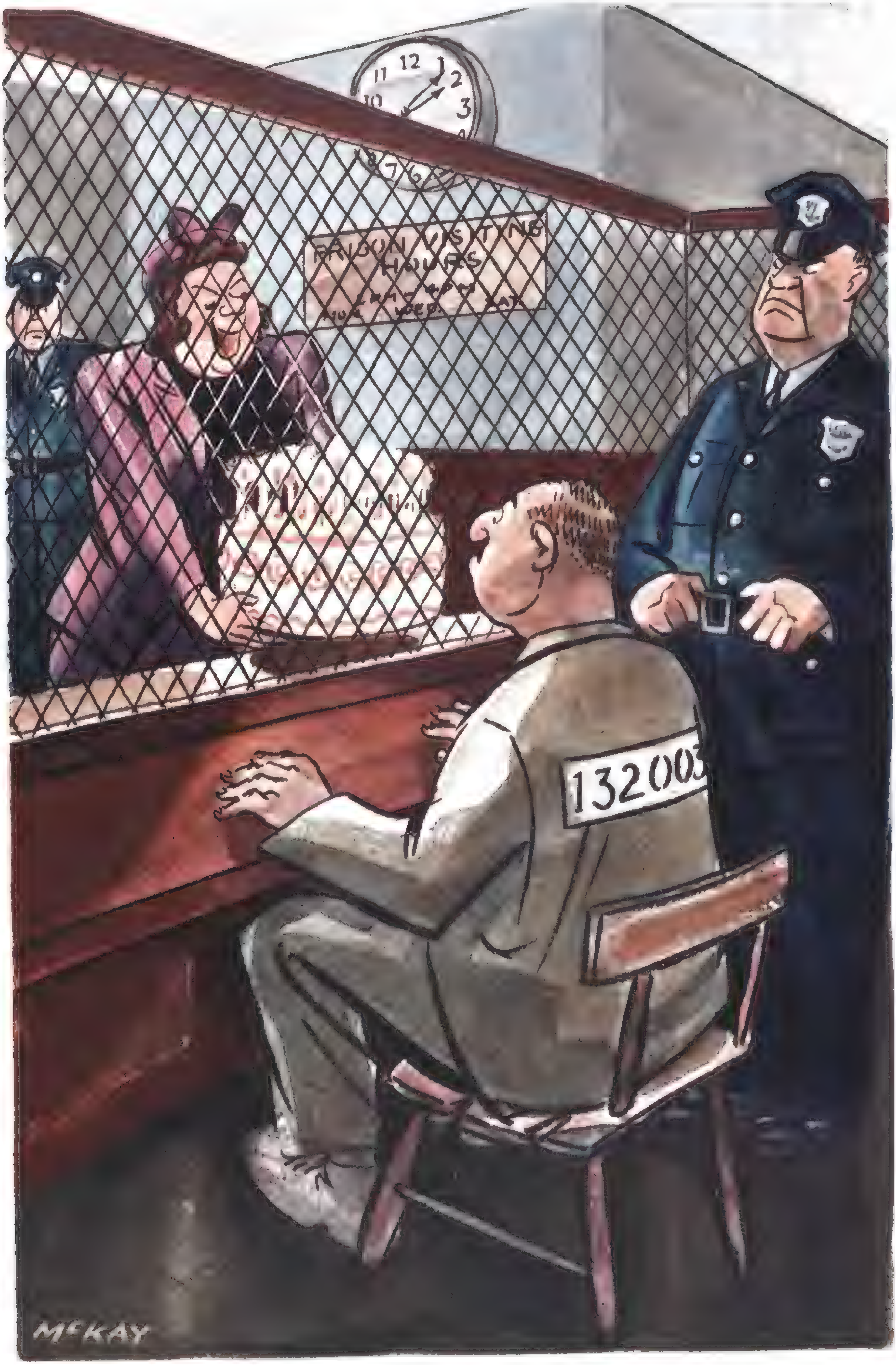
I'd seen a lot of Armour's playing before this handicap of his impaired vision was called to my attention by a noted oculist with whom I walked part of Armour's second round in the National Open championship of 1927 at Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Oakmont's greens were mowed close to lightning speed and slipperiness. They had no nap. Armour had a 71 on that round of the competition which he eventually won in a play-off after he and Harry Cooper had tied at 301. That's not bad when you consider that Nelson won the Big (*Continued on page 155*)



"Now, remember, you don't have to be his thirty-seventh consecutive knockout victim"

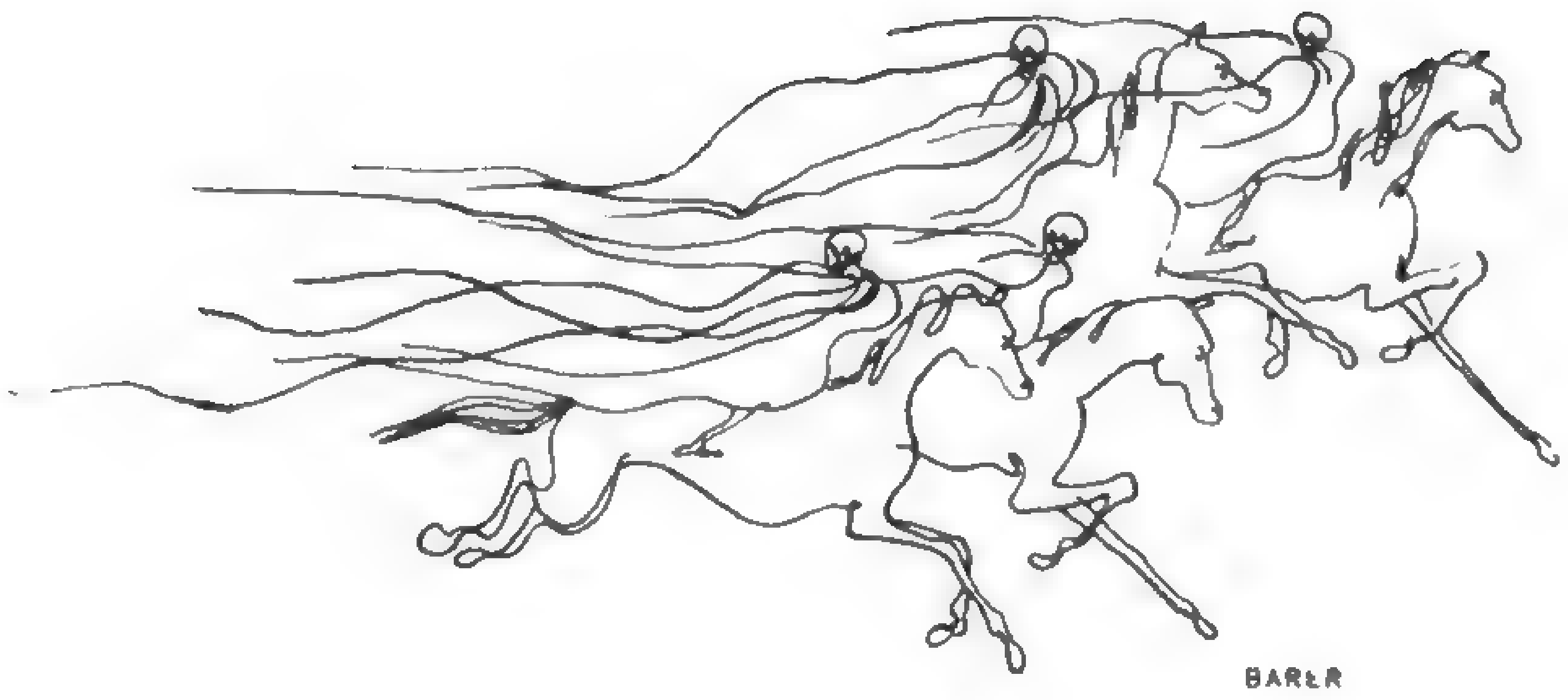


"*Try flattery, dear!*"


PRISON VISITING HOURS
132005
McKAY

"Happy birthday, dear Clayton, happy birthday to you"

To a world scarcely changed or chastened. entertainers will serve the usual froth


BARER

Nice Clean Post-Atomic Fun

by GILBERT SELDES

The war for huckleberry pie is over and it's every man for himself, every man returning to his own private idea of life, his own job, and to wondering what's going to be fun in the world it took so much agony to create. And some, no doubt, to wonder whether there's going to be any fun at all.

My guess is as good and as bad as anyone's; and my guess is there's going to be much the same kind of fun as before. That's what I'm afraid of.

Fun for me included, among other things, movies and comic strips and musical shows (not in the movies, with some exceptions) and vaudeville and unimportant things generally, although I have been known to read a book now and then, to test my eyes. And in the days after the atomic bomb blew us all to pieces, I wondered, as every practical man must have wondered, what it had done to my life, to my interests, to the work I was doing. This wasn't the only thing practical men wondered and worried about; they wanted to know what atomic force would do to the price of oil stocks and government bonds and to education and the San Francisco charter and the future of their children. But as days went by and stocks rebounded and there was hope of neutralizing the atomic bomb and the nations went on quarrelling as if they hadn't heard that war was obsolete, men returned to their private preoccupations.

But for me the brightness of the explosion at Alamogordo continued to light up a corner of the world—my private corner, to be sure. I asked myself whether atomic force and comic-strip books could exist in the same world; whether you could divide the atom and multiply the endless trivia which mass production in the field of entertainment produces as a sideline (because the main line of production is not tawdry and vulgar, at all). I wondered whether 80,000,000 tickets taken in every week at the box offices, hundreds of millions of ears harkening to quiz programs, a nation sitting hour after hour watching eighteen men either hit a ball or fail to hit it—whether all these didn't mean that the world was going to fall into the hands of the few hard men in each country who knew what scientists were talking about and would promptly set on foot the bigger and better researches which would give them more and more power.

Maybe I ought to say right off that the minute fraction of intellectuals who despise all our popular entertainments are no better off than the vast majority. The fine-spun delicate probings into normal or abnormal psychology in our novels, the rarefied pessimism of our poetry, the almost totally non-communicative abstractions of our art will hardly be of more help than the gross, hearty, stupid vulgarity of our fun. The question is just as relevant for Dali as for Dr. I.Q. Shaw predicted the Superman, and Wells the bomb of annihilation, but they could not persuade enough people that the world might come to an end; and the comic strip Superman, with Buck Rogers in attendance, turned out to be our only warning and our only preparation.

Nothing has been more impressive than the universal G.I. enthusiasm for entertainment; there were so many soldiers that highbrows found themselves popular in China-India-Burma or on the Persian Gulf; about the only complaints, when entertainment did reach the soldiers, were against the kind of war picture made to stir enthusiasm at home. There were no demurs against sentimental songs and tap dancers and knockabout comedians. The overlords of entertainment are preparing at this moment to capitalize on what they've learned, adding to their experience the lesson of the first World War, shelving the serious, going in for froth and lightness. They have a well-founded premonition that this isn't going to be a very nice world for a while and their job is going to give us surcease of sorrow.

That will be all right, too, if somehow we remain on a par with the rest of the world. So far, in spite of a Socialist government, England seems on the high road to normality. Or, at least, Noel Coward has produced a revue and if the critics didn't like it, their objection was that it wasn't top-Coward. But in looking over the announced plan of a postwar Soviet Five Year Plan, I failed to find any mention of escape movies. The USSR will, as usual, *use* its movies to indoctrinate; its ballets will have satiric undertones; the theatre will reach down to the grandsons of moujiks and tell them something about a super-national organization and the physical nature of the universe. Maybe France will keep up its tradition of second-rate revues for travelers, since you have to attract *valuta*, but I suspect that here, too, the government will say a strong word to the studios and the broadcasters; and the grim knowledge that he lives in a hard world will come to the Breton fisherman and the keeper of the estaminet along the ancient shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

Well, we fought a war, we said, for freedom and, one of the choice

RAVITZ

Personal Appearance: Gilbert Seldes

Gilbert Seldes came in like a lion in the first issue of Esquire, with his I Am Dying, Little Egypt, *and has shown no lamblike tendencies through the years. Never missing an issue, he's sustained battle "against solemnity which is not high, against ill-rendered profundity, against the shoddy and the dull" with spry pieces like* The Itsy-Bitsy Actors, The Park Avenue Hill Billies *and his love letter, tenderly stained with printer's ink, to Miss Casablanca of 1943,* Oh, Rare Miss Bergman. *As agile as the lively arts he champions, he has been bounding about the writing world since he became an alumnus of Harvard in 1914. He's been a music critic, a foreign correspondent, American correspondent for* L'Echo de Paris, *a managing editor, a drama critic, a writer of books, and a television director. At present, he's free-lancing.*

freedoms we have is to pick our own fun. We'd hate it if some bureau in Washington poked its finger into the editorial office of every pulp magazine and "oriented" our confession and western magazines so that they conveyed even the noblest of patriotic lessons. We took a lot of propaganda on the air during the war just because we all believed in what the propagandists said—which was that we were fighting to get back to a freer air.

And are we now to throw it all away because our statesmen are not wise enough to cope with our own success in the laboratory and the factory?

Some years ago I met a member of a foreign embassy who was anxious that we Americans should understand his people. He was an acute fellow; he knew that correspondents abroad and sensible highbrow commentators here were giving a reasonably favorable picture of his country; but he wanted to go further. He wanted to have Little Orphan Annie strike up an acquaintance, for a few days, with a generous and attractive foreigner, one of his fellow nationals, to be sure; or to have such an agreeable representative of his nation appear in a daytime serial. Nothing came of it. His people were almost as ignorant of the power of the strip as our own.

But as we talked, it became clear to me that in this country at least, you won't be able to *use* popular entertainment unless you keep the entertainment going at the highest peak all the time. You won't get an idea across in a popular song unless the melody is headed for the Hit Parade anyhow; and you'd better watch the words, too. You can make a short about the Springfield experiment in uniting the children of immigrants; but if you want the whole country to understand what the value of our mixed heritage is, you need to do it with Judy Garland and Van Johnson and give it a Minnelli production in technicolor. (Look at Frank Capra's terrific picture, *War Comes to America*, if you get a chance; it's magnificent; but it's war, not entertainment. Then hope and pray that Capra gets a chance to put all he has learned and felt about the war where it belongs—into a picture that will smash all box-office records.)

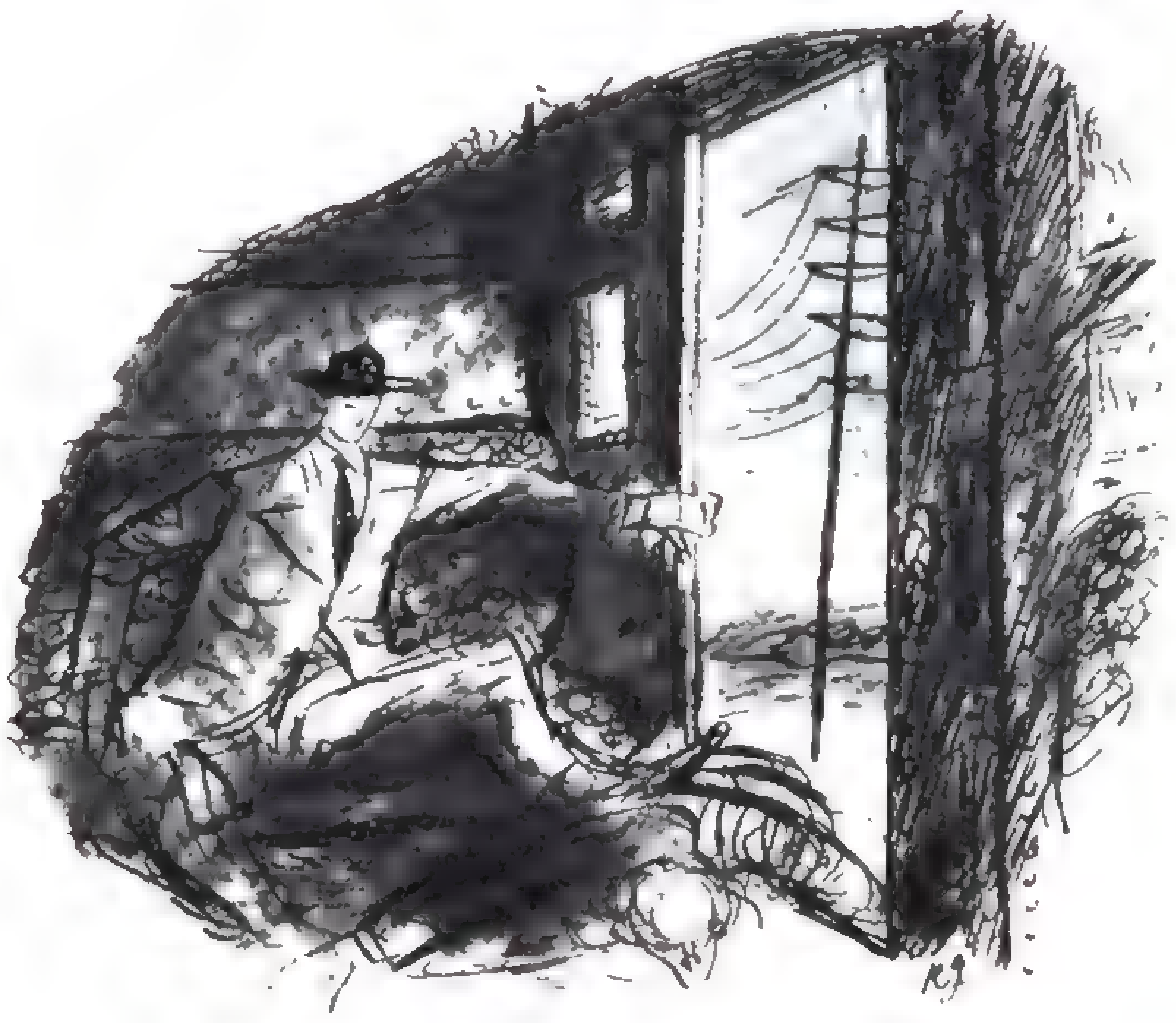
We're going to have twelve million comic books and six serious novels a month; and we'll be as unaware of the world around us as we were before the intellectual chain-reaction of the atomic bomb annihilated our world. We're going to laugh at old jokes and admire new techniques of making them seem new. We'll look at enchanting girls and attractive men, and dogs and horses will still take in plenty of cash. The popular arts in America will still remain the truest, brightest expression of our national character.

But, as I said, that's what I'm afraid of. ##

Newspaper headlines bore evidence to what seemed like a terrifying dream

Passenger to Liverpool

by DENYS VAL BAKER



GREENHALGH

When, after eluding the grasp of an irate ticket collector and sprinting at full speed down half the length of Chester railway station, I managed to bundle into the very last compartment of the afternoon Liverpool express, my first inclination was to collapse into a comfortable corner seat and gulp back some of the precious wind I had lost through my unusual exertions. It was only as the train gathered speed and rattled through the dwindling suburbs of Chester that I looked up and saw there was another passenger in the compartment, occupying the far corner seat. Even then it needed a second startled, half-incredulous look before I realized that the passenger, a stout middle-aged businessman, was huddled in his corner in a most unnatural position—his clothes torn and dishevelled, his face a mass of bruises and cuts, a thin line of blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth.

My first reaction was a refusal to believe the evidence of my own eyes, a desperate wish to remain seated in my safe faraway corner, confident that the sunshine and shadows were playing tricks with my view of the man's face, that the red trickle was merely a trace of some beetroot eaten for lunch. My second reaction, arising out of the terror with which I had to reject my first, was a complete panic. I jumped to my feet, grabbing my suitcase from the luggage rack, and leapt across the compartment to what I assumed would be a corridor door. The gust of fresh air that blew in when I pulled back the handle, demonstrated my mistake, and increased my alarm. For a moment I was tempted to bang wildly on the partition separating me from the next compartment. Probably common sense would have prevailed on me not to attract attention in such an embarrassing manner; but before common sense could operate, something even more decisive intervened. This was a voice, a rough, jerky, voice. It said: "I shouldn't if I were you, really."

I turned, forcing myself to look down at the battered piece of humanity, and I saw the eyes, under their puffed eyelids, half-open and shut again.

"Are you—are you . . .?" I began. I broke off awkwardly, realizing that it was hardly tactful to ask a man if he was still alive.

"Yes—for the moment." The eyes fluttered slowly and painfully.

I looked round anxiously, a little cooler, already somewhat ashamed of my first instinctive cowardice. "But isn't there something I can do? . . . You're badly hurt—I'll call the guard." I looked for the inevitable communication cord.

The head moved slightly. "No—no, no!—It's no use." My eyes followed (*Continued on page 228*)

quire's
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ft
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4.

3.

5.

2.

1. Club stripe
ribbon and sporting figure
braces, garters, with belts of
tooled leather, alligator grain, reptile
and pigskin. 2. Hat by gift certificate,
wool muffler, hand-stitched deerskin gloves.
3. Broadcloth shirt and woven pattern silk
tie, silver tie clip. 4. Striped and figured
ties, tie rack with individual holder, making
every tie visible. 5. Town last shoes, Argyle
plaid and figured wool, clocked rayon
socks. 6. Suitcase of plastic coated
fabric and processed cotton
raglan model raincoat.

1.

6.

3.

4.

5.

2.

1. Wallets of pigskin, alligator, sealskin and combination, sun glasses with ground lenses that filter out the glare rays. 2. Wool robe and soft sole slippers. 3. Rayon and cotton pajamas. 4. Toiletries, including lotion, shave soap, talcum powder, hair tonic. 5. Suede lined jewelry box, veteran's lapel button and ring, cuff links, tie and collar holders, sterling silver key chain and coin money clip, and wrist watches. 6. Traveling writing case, stationery, fountain pens and pencils, spaniel figurine.

1.

6.

items

3.

4.

2.

5.

1. Carving set with plastic handles in case, duckhead bottle opener, and a combination bottle opener and muddler. 2. New design radio in walnut case. 3. Ash tray of saddle stitched pigskin with pipe holders, pipes, current books between initialed book ends. 4. Highball glasses of sporting designs and a plastic tray. 5. Plastic cards in plastic case, horse race game, memento case, with scrapbook and souvenir compartments in lower part. 6. Ship clock, inlaid walnut cigarette case, lighters.

1.

6.

presents for pretties

4.

3.

5.

2.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

1. Wrought iron table with tile top. 2. Overnight bag and make-up kit of colored pigskin with shoulder strap and polo type two-tone belt with metal studs. 3. Heavy woolen sweater of fancy stitch with novel trimming and buttons, fleece bootlets with suede trim. 4. Reptile handbag, printed rayon square and compact of tooled design. 5. Wrist watches, lipstick, perfumery in various scents. 6. Solid gold bracelet and matching brooch, colognes and perfume in glass topped bottle.

6.

1.

FROZEN CUSTARD
LAURITZEN

It was an old story to the buddha in a bowler hat who guided the flying cars for he was wise in the ways of youth

Meeting at the Fair

by TOM HANLIN

SHE got into the dance hall just before the last dance, and somebody lifted her. When she was dancing a young man appeared on the stage beside the band. He threw on his coat, a sullen look on his face, as if he'd wasted a whole evening. He didn't know it, but he was the reason she was here.

Down in the body of the hall, as she moved around in rhythm with the others, she saw him and her dark eyes became alive with awareness. She didn't know it then, but her non-appearance all night was the reason for the sullen look.

Back behind her was all day at the factory; back behind her was the rush home after working late. She'd seen him for the first time two days ago and she'd seen nobody else since. When he'd eyed her, she knew that what he saw was what he was looking for. She knew it by the way his head turned casually aside and casually back again. In the midst of that apparent unawareness, his eyes had darted straight back to what had magnetized them the first time. She knew, and she'd got wind. Oh, Thursdays you'll always get him at the Palais!

As she moved nearer to the stage she continually turned her head in his direction. He shifted his feet suddenly as he saw her. Her eyes never faltered as she looked at him. He hitched at his coat as if her steady gaze was doing things to him internally. Guessing she knew the effect of her eyes, he glared at her. She smiled, her lips revealing a white flash, her eyes shadowy with invitation. He wrinkled his brows in an effort to keep the rest of his face straight. When you're nineteen it's difficult to keep your emotions from rippling along the surface. He'd spent two honeyless nights here since he'd quizzed about her. She goes an odd time to the Palais—she'll turn up there some night!

She walked out of the hall as the last dance ended. At the door she glanced back, and over the heads of those crowding behind, he was looking at her. Her torch cast a cone of light on the pavement as she walked to the tram stop where a tram was gliding off carrying all who had waited. She stepped up, first in the queue for the next. As if examining the bulb, she flashed her torch in her own face. He must know exactly where she was.

She had a round, remarkable face, and it wasn't the jet hair or the olive skin with the pink glow over the cheekbones that made it so. It was something that belonged to her pointed chin and her mouth. Always she had that vague smile that wasn't a smile, but was just something that had to do with the contour of her face. With her half-closed eyes, which never looked half-closed they were so big, she gave the impression all the time of knowing what she was about, which was odd because she couldn't be any more than eighteen.

She stepped into the next tram and sat down near the door. As the other passengers came in she demurely kept her eyes down. When it glided onwards, she threw a casual glance to the other end. He was sitting there and her eyes met his as he looked upwards. The length of a parked car was between them, an intervening screen of bodies, lights, an atmosphere of sounds and talk. She continued to look at him as if, maybe, she were occupied with thoughts and didn't see what she saw. He looked as if he was occupied with what he saw and didn't care what anybody thought.

After threading through a maze of streets, the tram stopped beside an open space on the outskirts of the city. A hundred yards away in the darkness was what appeared to be a bulbous mass of blacker domes and cupolas, from which droned a medley of racketing noises with a basis of rhythm.

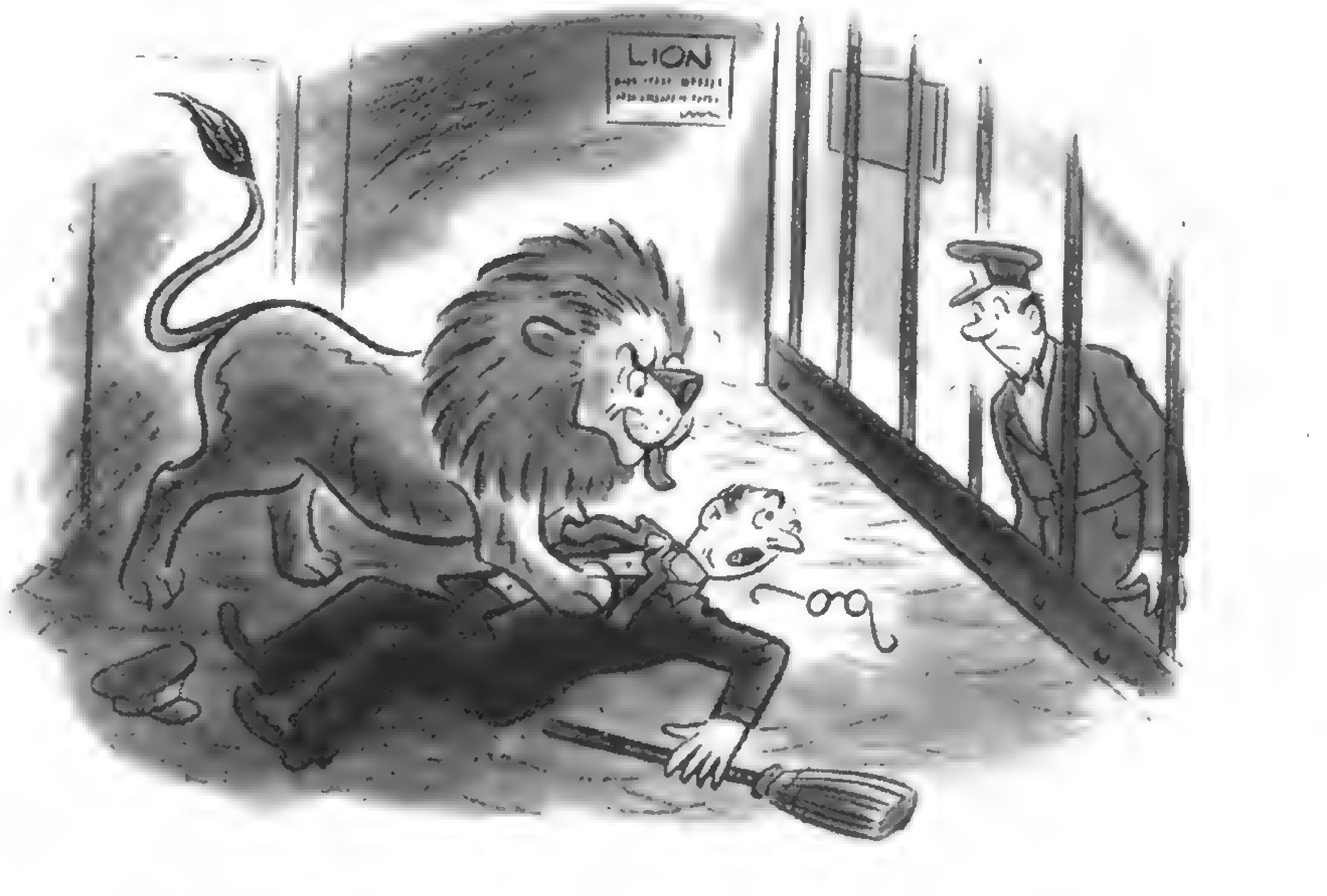
She followed the crowd towards this. As she neared it she saw, grouped around, dim tractors, trembling and vibrating like pinioned iron beasts. Cables snaked from them, snaked through the grass and were lost under the awnings. She swept aside a flapping curtain and there before her stretched a brilliantly lit lane, packed with moving humanity.

On one side was a line of circular booths; on the other, a row of stalls. The circular booths had wire netting round them, and in the center of each a girl stood paying over or collecting money from those who milled around pitching or rolling coppers on to numbered squares. Or they stood under clusters of bulbs whose brightness hurt the eyes, selling hoops to clients who tried to ring scent, dolls, or cheap jewelry. On the opposite side, men fired at balls that rose and fell on squirts of water; or threw balls at effigies.

She moved downwards, rubbing shoulders and hips with the crush of moving couples, young faces, bright-eyed and talking. She was a girl alone, occupied with seeing and what the seeing made her think. That was the way you had to look when you were alone. Out of a corner of her eye she looked back and saw him crushing through the press of people. She moved over to a circular booth and found a space to stand close and watch. Pennies rolled on the oiled cloth and a concourse of faces showed around the wire netting. Amid these his face suddenly appeared. She gazed at him. He looked towards her at the same time and their eyes met and held.

His eyes were small eyes, without color because they were shadowed by lights. His cheekbones were two bumps and his mouth was shut and tight. It seemed he was looking at something novel and was curious to know how it worked. She returned his stare, then lowered her eyelids as if the play on the oiled cloth was of more immediate interest. Then she gave him a darting glance before turning away.

She came to a place where steps led up to a circular, undulating platform round which cars raced and rose and dived. In the center of this, in a lit alcove in the darkness, sat the man who operated the controls. He sat in his altar like a buddha in a bowler hat, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, broodingly watching the flying cars, listening to the shrieks of the packed occupants. He was bored with



"Gus, are you sure he never snacks between meals?"

youth, he knew about it all.

She stood watching; only a sprinkling of people were around her. He came and stood beside her as if he was in her company. His elbow touched hers and she turned. All his life was in his eyes as he looked at her. He indicated the cars, his raised eyebrows a question mark. She shook her head and looked away because he might see something it wasn't yet time for him to see. The noise of the racing cars was a deep bass hum; over and above that, the shrieks of girls; over and above that, a strident soprano lamenting of grass that whispered secrets to the trees.

She moved away, out of the lights around the racing cars, out to where the dimness became blackness. Then she parted an awning and was under the stars, in a little square between booths. Beside her was a leashed tractor that thrummed and purred. She stood near it, waiting. The curtain flapped, she saw his shape a silhouette in a cone of brightness before the curtain flapped into its place, and he was where she was. He stood there, as if accustoming his eyes to the darkness. The noise of the racing cars was an immediate vibration that swamped the medley of fair noises.

Sound and place and time sank away as they stood and contemplated each other in the dimness. He held out his hand without speaking. Her lips parted and the vague smile became definite. She shood her head. He moved forward; she moved back. He held out both hands. She halted, then moved towards him, her hands outstretched to grasp his. He held them for a moment, lightly, then pulled her towards him until their bodies met. Her hands, forced gently by his, were pressed against the small of her back and his lips came down on hers. She pressed against his face for a moment, unyielding, then her cheek slid past his cheek as she averted her face.

Her mouth touched his ear, and as his felt for hers an uncontrollable shiver slashed through her. For a long moment her chin lay on his shoulder, then she loosened her hands, brought them up as she drew back her head. She looked at him, her hands now on his shoulders. Then she pushed him away, her eyes wide open. Her hand whipped up and the sound of the smack on his cheek was a tiny crack. He drew breath between clenched teeth. "The other now," he breathed. She smacked the other side of his face. "Punch me hard, now," he said. "Punch me hard."

"On the lips," she quivered. "Right on the lips."

Her fist clenched into a ball of knuckles that moved backwards and then shot out to butt against his mouth. He shook his head as if his hair was wet, and from behind the tractor came a figure with an oilcan in its hand to stare at them.

They ducked under the curtain and were back among the moving mass. Without letting go of each other they ran up the steps with the other couples and scrambled into the waiting cars. In the lit alcove, buddha with his bowler and cigar looked down on them. An old, ironic gleam glinted from his brooding eyes as he sent them on their way.

You can't read much in modern literature without encountering dilemmas like these

How to Read a Book and Live

by NICHOLAS DI MINNO

The novel is getting so crossed up with emotional problems, a lay reader hasn't got a chance. Without a psychoanalyst to take his hand and lead him between the lines, he's unlikely to end the first chapter without being punchy from flying motives. One best-seller leads to another and a sensitive reader is soon headed for a nasty case of literary trauma. Take, if you can, this excerpt from the best-seller *Cravensbridge*.

Precisely what had Jelliffestowe meant when he said at dinner that Reggie had killed Felicity with the bronze spear in the Victoria room, thought Cecily as she chalked the cue and ran the four-ball into the side pocket. Reggie was repressed, obviously. Else why did he hack away at the maid's door with an ax all night long? And there was something queer about Derek. What had the Professor called him—*ein Weltschlichtungsgeist*. It seemed to fit Derek well. And why did Mrs. Strake keep muttering nursery rhymes and chasing the gardener's boy around the bed of anemones? How much did Colfax know? Had he seen her that afternoon as she filled up the grave in the copse? He said he had been digging a grave for someone *he* had killed, but Cecily wondered. Somehow he was different from other men, this man with the purple eyes. They all hated her, would like to kill her. Only Max loved her. Her Max. And yet Max had changed lately.

How would it all end? She was the only normal person at Cravensbridge, Cecily knew. She took a golf iron from the rack and crept up on Max's wife.

II

Plays are in a bad way, too. When the final curtain finds hero and heroine happily married, critics close the production with two words: harmless comedy.

If, however, true mates gallop off on opposite roads, he to the fastness of Tartary as a munitions agent, she to marry the old tycoon in New York, the drama is hailed as significant. In a critic's award, the lovers, electric with love, do their damnedest for two acts to separate. The climax comes when they finally break forever because

(a) It can never be or

(b) The lure of sacrifice is strong, and ham comes before happiness.

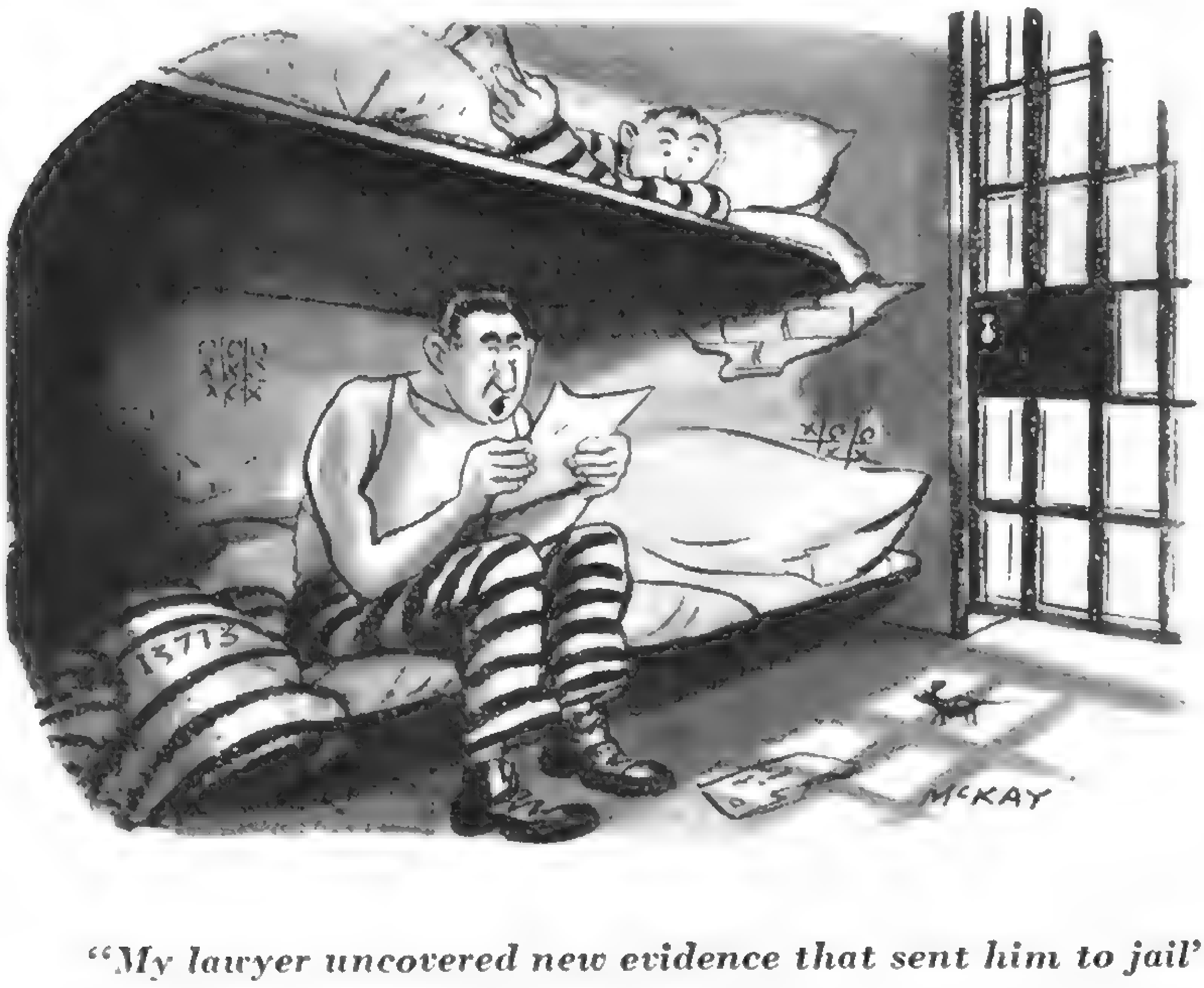
(a)

Claire: You must let me go now.

Steve: I should have known you didn't love me. I've been a ghastly fool.

Claire: That's the joke, Steve (*looking wistfully out in the direction of the audience*). I do love you, Steve. I love you very much.

Steve: (hopefully) You do?



"My lawyer uncovered new evidence that sent him to jail"

Claire: You don't know how much I love you! But—there's nothing that you, or I, or anyone else can do about it. It's just that I must leave you.

Steve: Then you're going back, back to him—

Claire: You must never see me again, Steve.

Steve: I could see you some evening at Joe's Lunch in Sandy Hook! Remember our meeting there, when I bought you pie and coffee—

Claire: I don't go to Joe's any more. But enough of this. I must go now.

Steve: To Joe's Lunch?

Claire: No, away, away from all this.

Steve: (With a break in his voice.) May I—I'd like to kiss you good-bye, Claire.

Claire: (*gently*) No, Steve. Turn your back—I'll simply slip out. It's a great deal easier that way. You won't miss me too much. (*Chokes.*)

Steve: (*bitterly*) Ha ha! (*Turning, he stands at the window. Claire hurries around the room, picking up his wallet and cigarette case, and exits, sobbing.*)

(b)

(*As David and Genevieve turn the corner, a boy about ten leaps out of a hedge and pummels the hell out of David. Genevieve stands by contemptuously, deaf to David's cries for help. While the boy is giving David the one-two, Roger enters. He carries a baseball bat, and his eyes flash. He swoops down on the boy and finally succeeds in beating him back. The boy rushes at Roger, but contacts only the swinging bat. Finally after throwing stones at Roger, David and Genevieve, the boy walks off whistling a merry tune. A beaten man, David whimpers on the ground.*)

Genevieve: (*scornfully*) Get up, David!

Roger: (*waving his bat*) If he comes back, I'll know how to deal with his type.

Genevieve: You were magnificent, Roger.

Roger: (*glancing down at David*) So this is your husband. Let's leave this place, Genevieve. This fellow sickens me.

Genevieve: I must stay with him, Roger.

Roger: But Genevieve, we love each other! You can't feel anything but disgust for this—(*kicks David, who sniffles*).

Genevieve: I loathe him, of course. But he's weak, you're strong. Don't you see, Roger?

Roger: Yes, he needs you. Stay with him, Genevieve. Good-bye. (*He walks off, chin up, his bat on his shoulder.*)

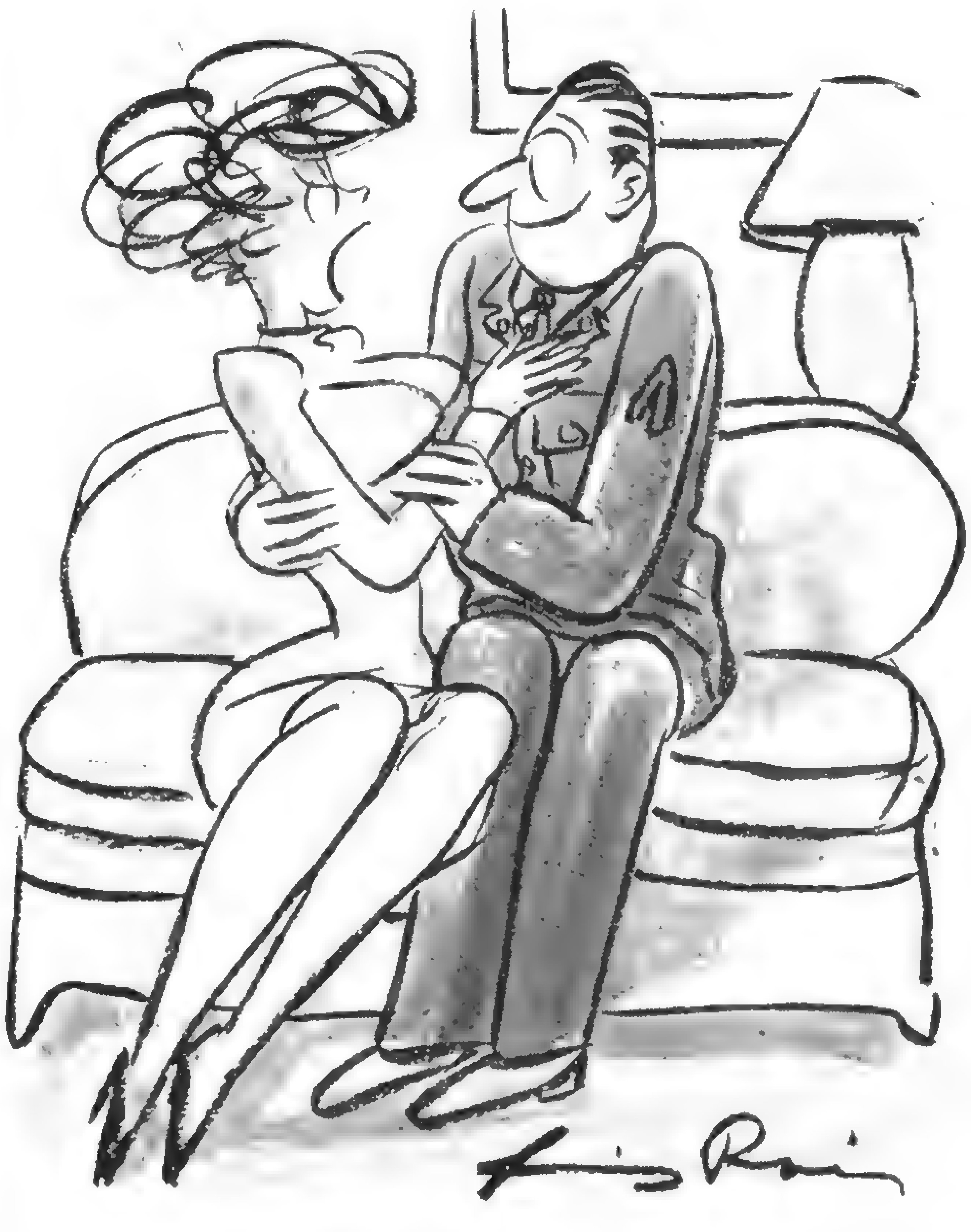
Genevieve: (*tearfully*) Oh, Roger! So strong, so brave! Good-bye, my darling! (*She touches David with her foot.*) Come, Davy. We're going home.

David: That rough boy is waiting somewhere to beat me up. I know it!

Genevieve: No, David. I'll protect you, dear. (*She faces the horizon.*) For the rest of my days . . . (*Sobs*). Oh, Roger!

David: (*A happy smile shining through his bruised face.*) And may I have a slice of bread and butter when we get home?

Genevieve: Yes, David. Come. (*She takes his hand and they walk off, Genevieve weeping silently.*)



"Now, now—no engagements until we're engaged!"

III

You would never know S.A. in the current novel. The new lady-killer is no tall, distinguished Hilary, with regulation gray at his temples, who mechanically downs cocktails, with bored asides about life.

The model for the new Man is found in the Bronx Zoo's primate house. Our delightfully homely hero has simple tastes. He does not meet Cynthia at a tea, nor on a bridge one foggy night. Cynthia first sees Mook as he comes swinging along the telephone poles, hand over hand, grunting unintelligibly but with charm. Could any woman resist?

Cynthia gazed at Mook fondly. He was ugly, true, but it was a pleasant, honest ugliness. Mook sat glowering in his chair, shifting his eyes this way and that. Mook's face resembled a coconut, a good, true coconut. He was almost five feet tall, with hulking shoulders and short bandy legs. Cynthia's eyes kindled with love as she looked at him.

"Come here, Mook," she said softly.

Mook's black brows twitched, and he ambled over, his jaw slack with wonder.

"Do you know how attractive you are to women?" she asked with a smile.

Mook grinned blankly, then his gaze wavered, and he trotted back to his chair. His faith in her was childlike—if only he could learn to love her!

Mook settled himself in his chair and gaped at a fly on the ceiling. How fascinating he was!

IV

The old house set back from the road has inspired a whole library of mystery books. Looking beyond the stone and plaster to more essential values, novelists for three centuries have been sending governesses, maids and assorted domestics to one or another of these fearsome dwellings. In each case the young lady, poor but honest and seeking a situation, unearths a score of terrible secrets, finds love, and is later immortalized in one of those super-colossal features staged by Hollywood.

A few miles in from the sea, the lorry turned into a road, topped a rise, swung into a clump of junipers, and there it was! Cobblehenge! Gwendolyn dismounted from the lorry and stared at the towering mass of stone. A bleak old joint it was: buzzards flew atop the closed left wing, while ravens and bats had settled on the right. On both sides the wind wailed, the heather whined, and suddenly Gwendolyn was nervous. Would they like her?

She looked at the advertisement again: "My wife Matilda having left me, I am not responsible"—no, it was the following one: "Governess for 2½ small children. Wages and tips. Cobblehenge, Chutney Heath, Nyx-on-the-Mustard."

There being no knocker, Gwendolyn cast about until she found a heavy plank; thereupon she whacked away at the door until footsteps mournfully sounded within. After what seemed a century, the door slowly creaked open, and a gaunt, glittering-eyed woman peered out from the darkened interior.

"I suppose you're the girl for the children," muttered the woman.

"Yes, mum," replied Gwendolyn.

"I am Mrs. Houndsditch, the housekeeper. Does anyone know you've come to Cobblehenge?"

"No, mum," said Gwendolyn shyly.

"Good." The woman smiled grimly. "Well, girl, you must never go into the west wing, nor down into the cellar, nor up into the room *she* had; don't mind if you hear groaning in the night. The children will wear masks every day, but you mustn't look surprised. You'll never see the master Mountdrago; he comes in after midnight and leaves before dawn. And skip the burial yard beyond the garden. . . . You'll want some refreshments after your trip—a glass of barley water?"

Gwendolyn shook her head, and the woman turned and disappeared down the hall. Gwendolyn drew two small revolvers from her purse and hurried to the staircase. Levelling a revolver in each hand, she decided to survey the west wing first, and then work her way around to the burial yard. She wondered how the children would look without their masks. Excitement brought a sparkle to Gwendolyn's cheeks; it was just like a mystery book. And who could deny it? ⁂

Speaking of gunning coats and high-topped boots and other accessories for the chase

The Sportsman's Yearbook: January

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

Over a large area of the country January ushers in the Snow Moon. There is no use denying that she is an ill-tempered and unpredictable wench, but even the most difficult gal may prove charming at times. If it really was Oscar Wilde who said "Nature is beautiful, but damned uncomfortable" he might have been thinking of the first month of the year.

Despite ice, snow and frost in the North and wind-driven cold rains in the South throughout much of the month, the sportsman's lot is not at all an unhappy one. Our calendar this month shows a surprising variety of sport, provided we are willing to face the elements. Fox and rabbit hunting in the North; a chance to finish the wildfowl season before the twentieth of the month in the Southern Zone; turkeys, doves and a good start on quail shooting in several southern and southwestern states; the beginning of saltwater fishing in Florida.

You don't care for the wintery hills and the voice of the hound? Not going South for quail shooting and fishing until the end of the month? That may be wise, too; give the sun a chance to climb a little higher. In that case there is no better time to engage in a sport which is unhampered by game laws and is limited only by the elasticity of the check book.

The purchase of a new gun or rod (which we *think* we need) is usually as spontaneous a process as the growth of a mushroom. But aren't most of us inclined to put off buying new gunning and fishing clothes, so long as the old ones hold together? I know, I like old things too particularly hats.

Headgear lends itself best to sentimental attachment, at that. An old hat that will shed rain and the brim of which still retains gumption enough to keep the sun out of the wearer's eyes will do. For upland gunning and early-season angling I like an old soft felt. Later on, a cloth hat is more comfortable on the stream. But for duck shooting and winter use a cap with warm earflaps and sturdy visor is a necessity.

The gunning coat should be bought with an eye to utility, fitted to the purpose for which it is designed. Though it will last for years it is better not to strain things. What cured me of ancient vintages in the line of game coats was the sad case of a friend who clung to a venerable specimen with touching loyalty. One day the game pocket collapsed from rot, leaking out two quail and a woodcock before the trouble was discovered. It took that to reform him!

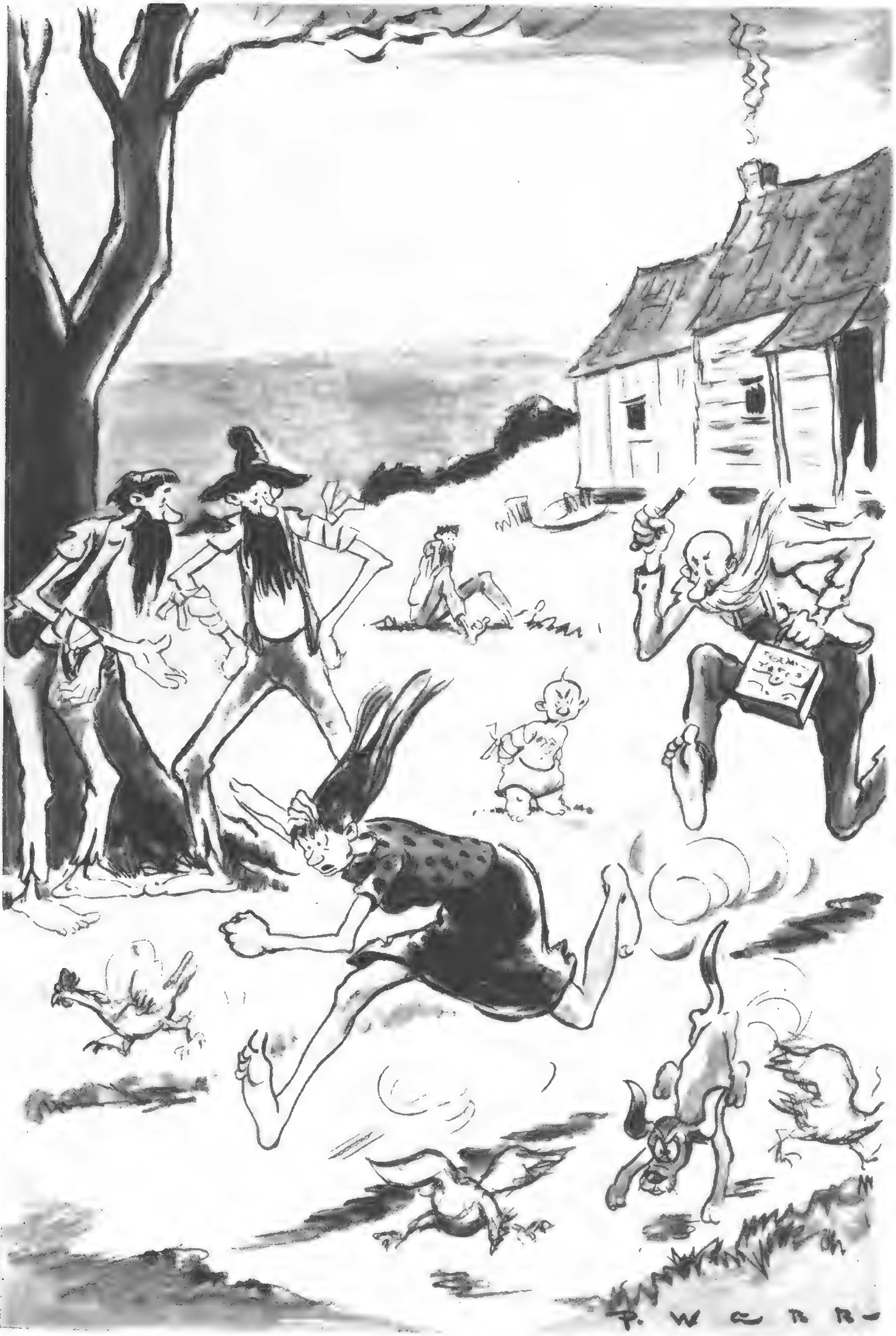
PUBLIC DUMP

Upland gunners usually suffer more from heat than from cold, even in the North, due to constant exercise. My choice of a coat is something soft and light, waist length. Tan or olive canvas is ideal, but the material should be flexible, not stiff and scratchy to make scraping noises in the brush. Carry a light sweater in one of the ample pockets for use on cold days, though you will seldom need it if you wear a woolen shirt. A much more sturdy coat is required for fowling, preferably one made of waterproofed material. Select one with bellows sleeves for freedom of action; and a padded right shoulder will prevent gun bruises if you shoot much.

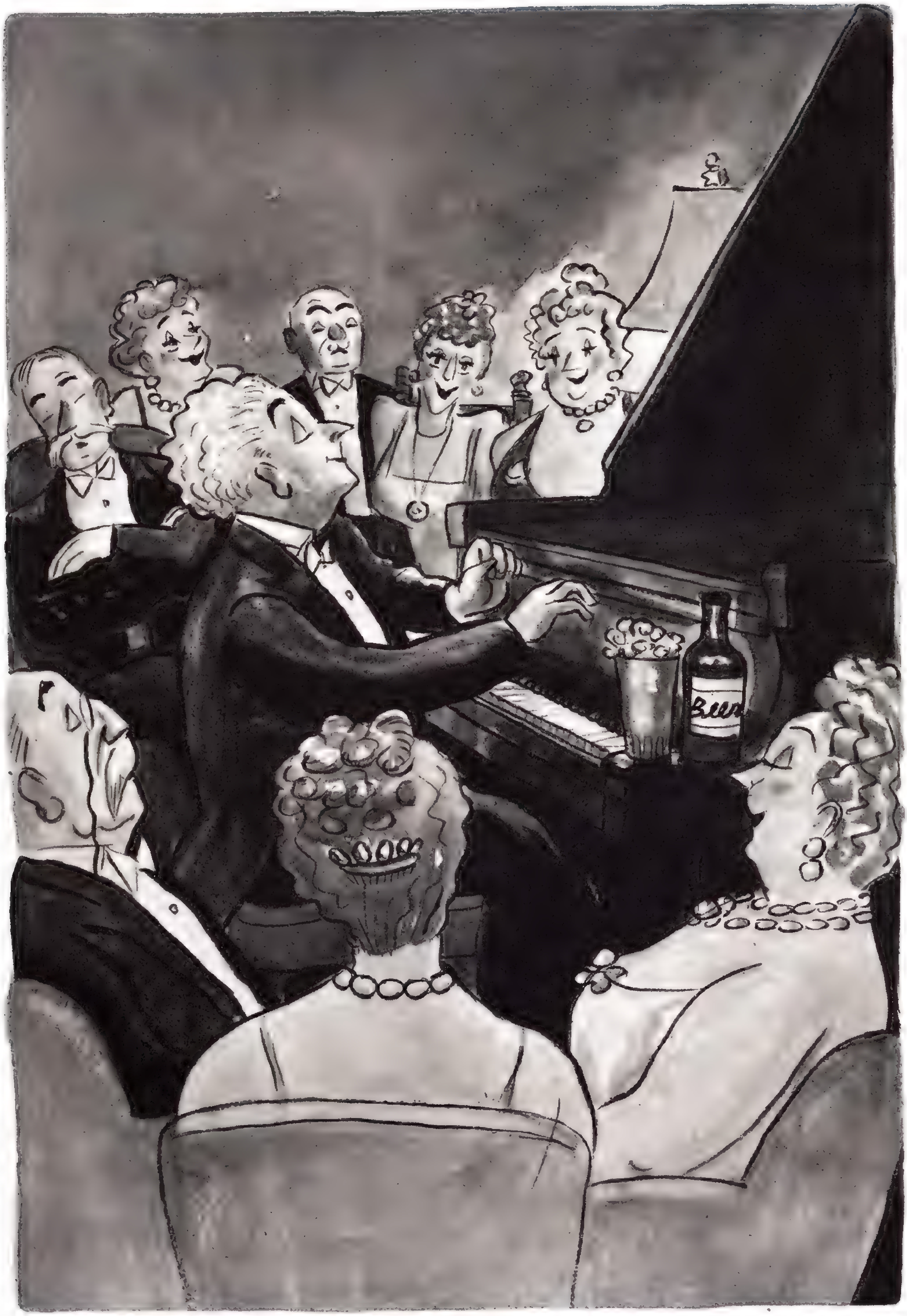
The fowler need not be fussy about pants, so long as they are comfortable; a pair made of the same material as the coat will do. But in the up-lands things are different, especially in briary cover. Close-woven material of good weight will help a lot to prevent your thighs from looking as if they have been put through a meat grinder. In really rough country, however, where there is much blackberry, cat brier and burrs, pants with leather thigh coverings are a blessing. I don't like breeches because they bind the knees and flare out at the sides. Trousers with fitted bottoms to go into the boots are much more comfortable.

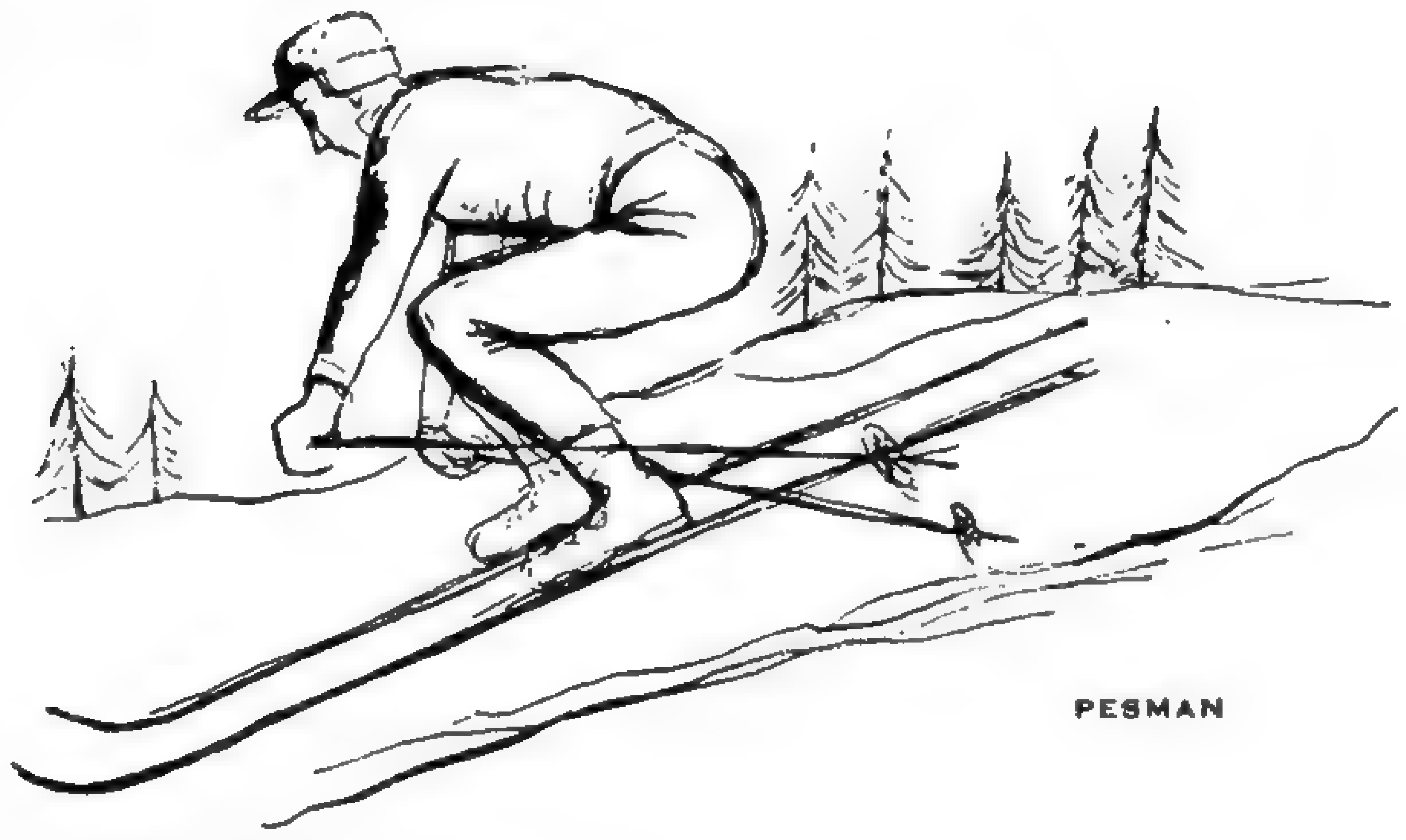
You may cling unabashed to a beloved old hat, insist on wearing a woolen shirt from which it is beyond the ability of the dry cleaner to remove the goaty smell, or hang on to the old game coat for another season, and get by. But don't, I beg of you, compromise with footgear. Don't kid yourself, there *is* a curse worse than an aching heart; it's a pair of aching dogs. When the toes of the old gunning boots curl up and the soles come loose don't take them to the shoemaker; heave them into the dump. It's the humane thing to do. Most moccasin pacs are too flat in build for feet accustomed to street and dress shoes. A pair of arch supports is the answer.

High-topped boots—sixteen or eighteen inches—may look romantic, but they bind the calves of the legs and are unnecessary except in snake country. I find that a moccasin with an eight-inch top is ideal, affording enough nip to secure the bottom of the pants and allowing perfect freedom. In stony country, leather soles with a few small and well-placed hob nails will keep you reasonably vertical most of the time. ⧺



"Ah told Maw he'd be a helluva nuisance if she give him a tattoin' set for Christmas"


Beer



Essentially a sport for daring young men, ski jumping requires a flexible balance, strong legs and complete self confidence

Ski Jumper's Holiday

by GEORGE WISWELL

THEY tell the story of the mountain climber about to attempt one of the most dangerous and precipitous peaks in the Alps. "Why," asked a friend, "do you take the risk? Why do you want to climb that awful mountain?"

"Because it is there," replied the mountaineer mysteriously.

That is a romantic excuse, but there is a simpler explanation. He climbed because he wanted to, because he loved to climb.

It is much the same with ski jumpers. This winter thousands of them are hurtling down runways into a white void with a careless abandon that leads non-jumpers to the opinion that they have a better balance in the body than in the brain. They jump because they love to jump.

Ski jumping is strictly an amateur sport. Only the most renowned earn all their expenses at tournaments. The average "rider" forsakes several days' good wages as a plumber or a carpenter and travels hundreds of miles, paying a good share of his own expenses, for the privilege of imitating a bird with nothing but skill and a prayer to make him finish in one piece.

Yet jumping takes more than the love of it. It takes daring, elasticity, and a supreme control of nerves. The least tension may cause a rough, indecisive take-off, and it is very difficult to recover from a bad take-off. Once at a meet in Ottawa, Canada, a contestant became disturbed about his jump. The slide was higher than any he had run before and as his turn approached his excitement mounted. Finally he catapulted down the runway at a speed of sixty-five miles an hour. It was too much momentum for him and he was off the slide before he realized it. Then, while in mid-air, a few feet off the slide, his feet went down as if he were trying to take off on air. He lurched crazily and dropped like a stricken sparrow. Broken arm, brain concussion, no more jumping.

All good jumpers have inordinate self-confidence. They admit they can do anything and the blame of failure always settles on faulty equipment, another's error, or God. But they are wiser in their high conceit than most men who can render a reason, for the minute their ego lags so does that daring that enables them to lift themselves at top speed into the dazzling winter air.

Jumpers of international excellence hit their peak distances between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three. Torger Tokle, Birger Ruud, Reidar Anderson and all the other great riders made their lengthiest leaps in their early twenties. It was then that their precosity was at its purest, unsullied by the disappointments of years of competition. An official who witnessed thousands of jumps by outstanding skiers says that in their prime they almost never mount the slide without the honest conviction that they are going to break their records.

It requires extremely delicate co-ordination to time a take-off for the best possible distance. And recovering at the landing calls for a flexibility of balance that belongs only to the very young. By his middle and late twenties an athlete may still be strong and agile but his reflexes are more or less fixed.

A jumper's hopes for success rest in his legs. Shooting down the steep, curved runway, a jumper suffers the same sort of pressure a flyer gets when he begins to pull his plane out of a 4g dive. There is no record of a jumper having blacked out, but he needs tremendous leg strength to lift his body up against the downward pull of gravity.

Actually the dangers of ski jumping are overrated. At Lake Placid, in the course of 5,000 jumps, there were only three fractures. Torger Tokle was never seriously shaken up in any of his thousands of leaps. Casper Oimoen, onetime national amateur champion, said he'd rather jump anytime than carry a football through a field of tacklers. Downhill racing has a higher casualty rate than jumping.

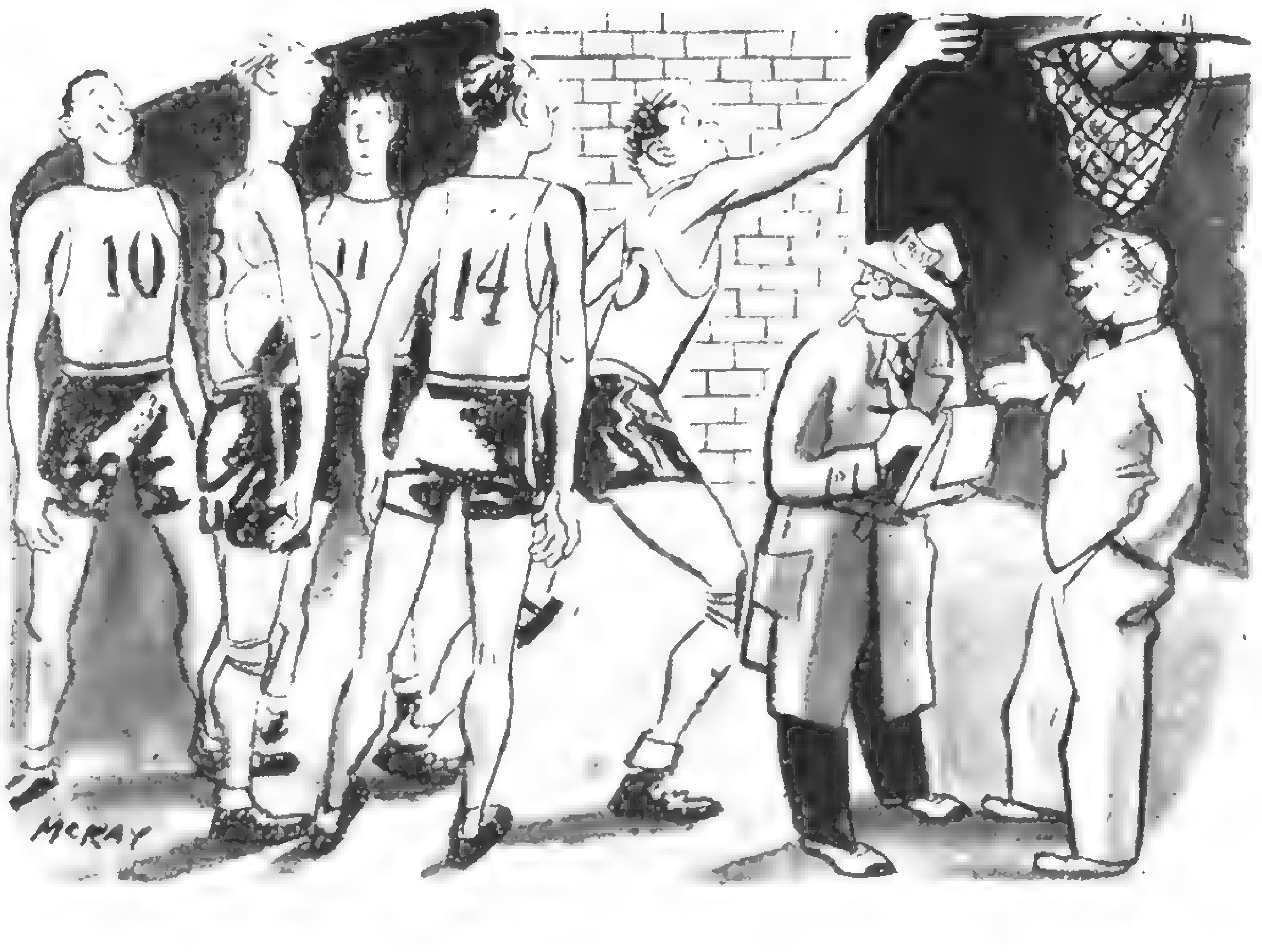
Yet no matter how safe you try to make it sound, jumping will never be a sport for sissies, and there are no women riders of any consequence.

The serious threat of injury comes, of course, with the landing. There, in that split second of action, it is recovery or fall, and when you fall at that speed, you'd better be living right. Doctors in Norway perennially tear their hair over the problem of healing those curious spiral leg fractures sustained by young jumpers hitting the ground too soon and too hard.

The post-accident psychology of jumping corresponds to that of flying—get up and do it again before you lose your nerve. There is the incident of Chris Hoidalen who was badly scraped in a tumble at a Connecticut meet in 1934. Two hours later he returned, swathed in bandages, to drive himself down the same hill on which he had spilled. Others don't have a chance to recapture their confidence. Hans Weidenger, a Bavarian jumper, had been criticized for his scant vorlage (forward lean). One day, in a desperate effort to overcome this fault, he leaned far forward in the air, almost scratching his nose with his ski tips. Suddenly there was the ground and he pulled up too late. When they picked him up, they discovered a ski tip had gouged an eye out of its socket. By a miracle, he regained full sight in the eye, but he was too long away from the slides. He never jumped again.

Jumping in the Alps toward the end of the last century had all the sport of a Kamikaze raid. Take-offs were built at the bottom of the hill and the jumpers landed hard on the flat. For years the history of the sport was strewn with the wreckage of splintered skis, sprains and broken bones. Finally followers of the sport did something about the grisly accident rate. The esthetes pointed to style. Grace, poise, and mastery of the landing became as valuable as distance for official competition. This discouraged the reckless young men from giving all they had for distance, often breaking other things than records.

(Continued on page 235)



"We're anticipating quite a successful season"

The voices of the jills and guys mourning for Hal Rivers made music in Mac's ears

The Something In a Colored Man

by CHESTER B. HIMES

WHEN Mac turned from 42nd onto Central Avenue, a gang of cats in front of the Down Beat had it and gone— "... cut that chump a coffin caper—a duster-buster ... bust his heart-string two-way side and flat ... two to one it was a broad; it was a broad what cut him, now I say it was a broad what shot him ..."

Everywhere he'd been that day, they'd been talking about it—all up and down the Avenue, at the Dunbar Grill and the Chicken Shack, at Pogue's Bar-b-coo and Sonny's Billiard Parlor. "... old slick got it at last. ..." Somebody had lowered the boom on one Harold Rivers, a slim dark boy with a mellow voice, L. A's. gift to the juke boxers, idol of the tall tan blondes. Fifteen minutes after he'd done his final number at the Cotton Club, he was opening the door of his Kitty parked around the corner on 43rd Street, when somebody walked up behind him and played I'll Walk Alone in his back with a .32. Now they were all gabbing, some crowing, some weeping—the slicks and the squares, the janes and the jills.

It did Mac good to hear them. Right back of him was the memory of Hal taking his fine banana skin chick away from him, and her slipping away in the dead of the night with his stash of hard-saved layers. It pacified his mind.

He whistled a sharp, high-breaking scale of "*If You Can't Smile And Say Yes* ...", shrugged his tan and green jacket snug about his thin bony shoulders, fingered the collar of his maroon sport shirt, hitched up his solid draped hunter's green slacks, minced across the Avenue on his tan and white kicks like a hundred dollar winner in a penny crap game, pushed into the Last Word, straddled a stool and ordered Scotch.

They were talking about it there, the bartender and three jills perched on stools across the circular bar .... "It was some old jealous nigger," a jill was saying. "No woman would shoot that man ..."

His little monkey eyes were glassy red in the dim bar light and his rough black skin was purple. But he had a wide sardonic smile that was white from jaw to jaw.

"You hear 'bout Hal?" the guy next to him asked.

"What about him?"

"He been shot! Ain't you heard?"

"I heard that. What I wanna know is what about him now?"

The guy turned and gave him a look. "Ain't nothin' 'bout him now but he dead. Ev'body wanna know who done it."

Across the bar a jill said, "The world's gone mad ..."

Mac paid for his drink and went out. Riotous colored people in their riotous colored garb surged up and down the sidewalk, in and out the joints, jabbering and gesticulating, crowing and crying, all talking about it. A sudden yen for limelight needle-pricked excitement through the beat of Mac's mind. Saucy brown mamas, bold-eyed, sway-hipped and provocative, switched by, filling the sultry summer night with a swelling sensuousness. The impulse to go tell the police what they all wanted to know, to grab the center of the stage and give out, grew in him, built up in his mind. All his life he'd wanted to be a crooner and now he could sing his song.

But he wasn't ready yet. He suckered his knowledge like a dog a bone, savored it, chewed it like a cud, swallowed it and belched it up and chewed it again. Feeling nine foot tall. He'd tell 'em all right, but he wasn't ready yet.

At the barbeque joint he turned in and ordered, "Skeleton of poke with the liquid fire."

Next to him a guy pushed back his empty plate and said, "Look, poppa, I got two cubes of sugar here. I'll give you one and I'll keep one. Take airn one you chose. I'll bet you ten bucks a fly lights on mine before it do on yourn."

"It's a bet," Mac said, taking a cube of sugar.

When the fly lit on Mac's cube first, he thought even the flies knew who he was.

Before the guy paid off he cursed out the fly, swatting at it with his hand. "Dare you goes, you black bilker. You been here drinkin' my coffee and eatin' my meat and suckin' my blood for de past half hour and now when I wants you to have some of my sugar, what does you do? Go lookin' somewheres else." Then he had to laugh. "Somebody shot Hal Rivers and dey'll swat you too."

It built up in Mac again, stirred a crazy rashness in his mind—*to go tell the police who done it.* He could hardly wait to eat his ribs.

But outside again, he wasn't ready yet. He didn't know what he was waiting for, but he was waiting. Down the street was the red neon sign of Jack and Jim's. He headed there.

A big tough dame sitting beside him began to tell him the history of her life . . .

"Yass, but Ah left dat nigger. Dat nigger was too much for me. Ah didn't mind so much him kickin' me in de face w'en he knocked me down but w'en he start chasin' me up 'n down de street wid de ax, Ah left 'im. ..."

Mac ordered another shot of rye with a beer chaser and asked politely, "Then what'd you do?"

"Den dare Ah wuz, done jes got rid of one no-good nigger. An' what Ah do? Go git mahself anothern ..."

Mac drank his rye and sipped his beer. "Then what'd you do?" he asked.

"Well, first Ah hit 'im over de haid with de iron skillet," she said. "Dat stunned 'im. Den Ah stuck 'im with de butcher knife."

"Did you hurt him?" Mac asked.

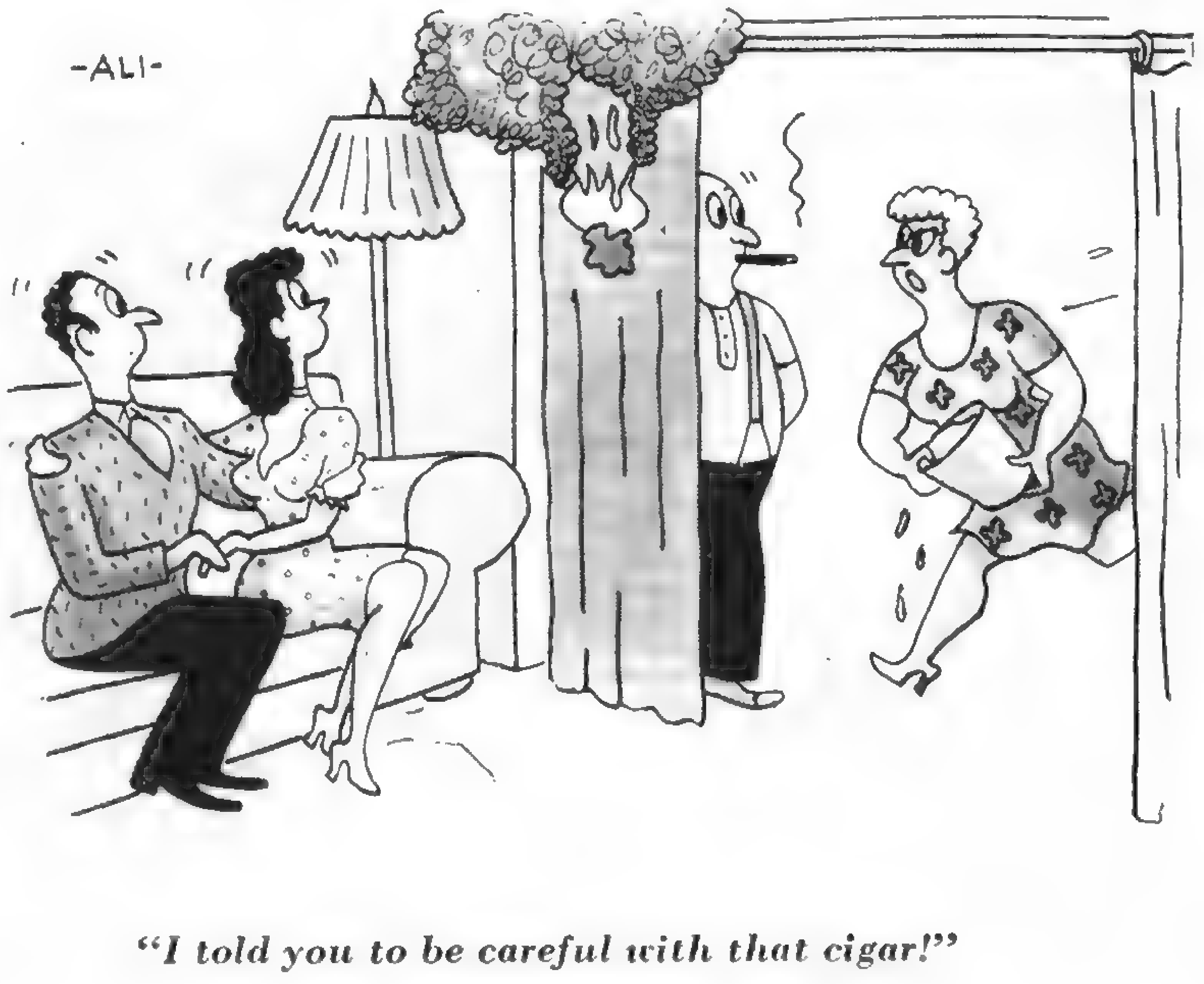
"Ah didn' miss it," she said.

"He didn't die, did he?"

"He didn't live."

"I gotta go," he said, getting up.

(*Continued on page 158*)



"I told you to be careful with that cigar!"

"I can PROVE there's a Santa Claus!"

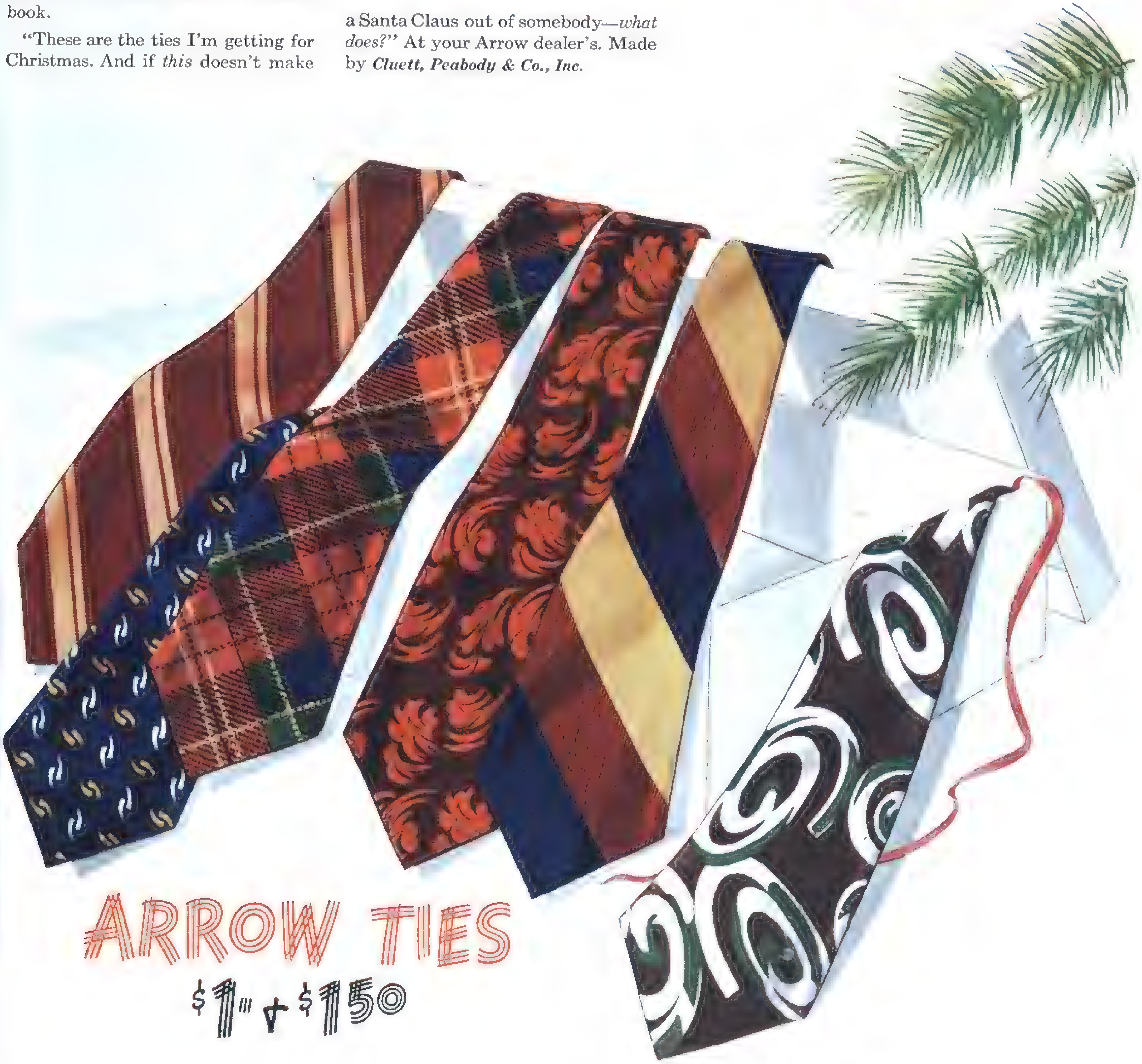
"On the morning of Dec. 25th, I'm going to find a nice, white box under the Christmas tree. It will be tied with red ribbon.

"And in this box will be one—three—a dozen (I hope) Arrow Ties!

"As everybody and his brother knows, Arrow Ties are made from the handsomest fabrics that ever roll off a loom! They come in lively plaids, solid colors, swirls, figures, and in stripes you don't see on every man who sits opposite you in a restaurant.

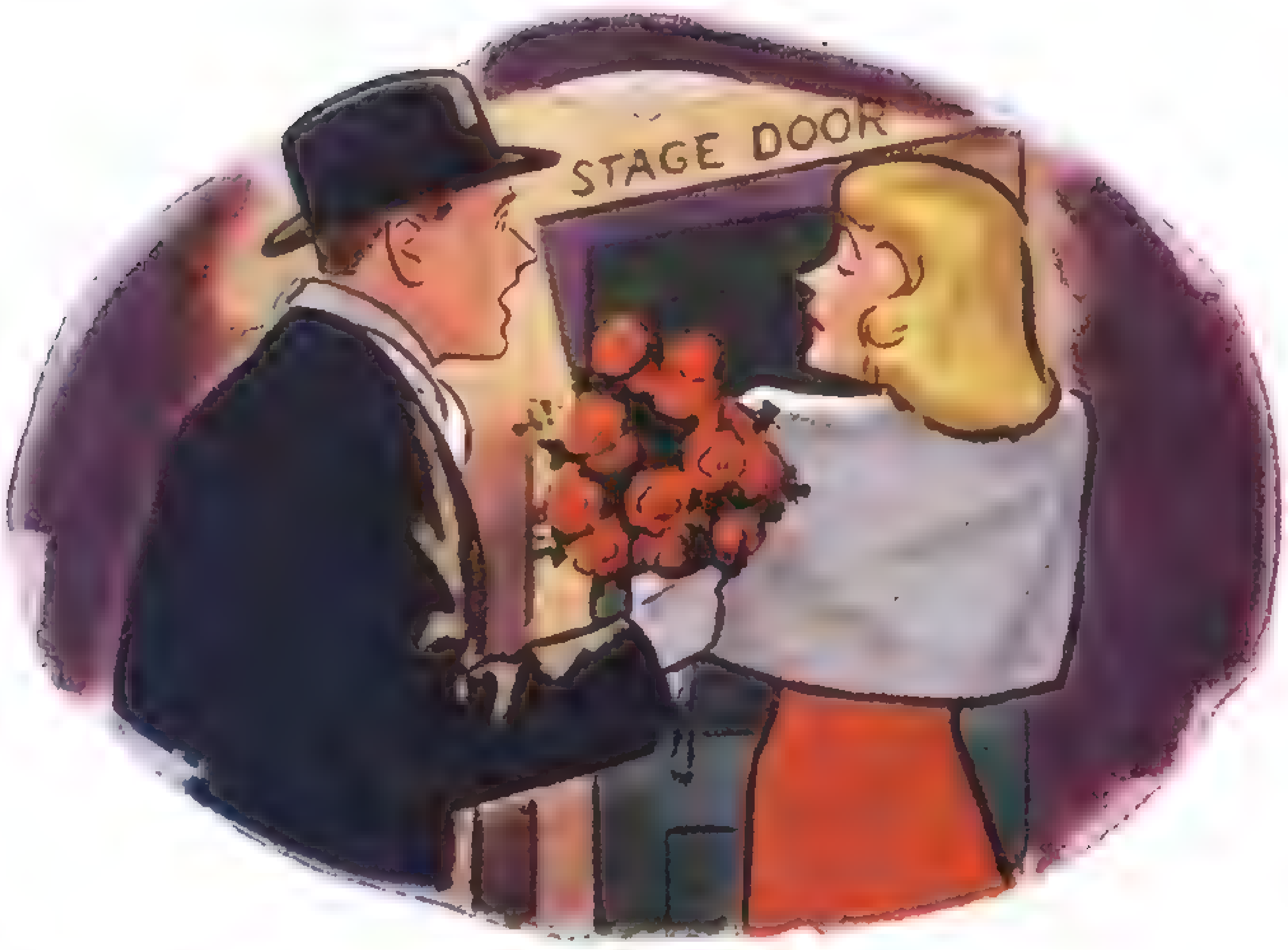
"Arrow Ties have a special resilient lining that gets you half-way home on perfect knots. And into them has gone every little trick in Arrow's book.

"These are the ties I'm getting for Christmas. And if *this* doesn't make a Santa Claus out of somebody—*what does?*" At your Arrow dealer's. Made by ***Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.***

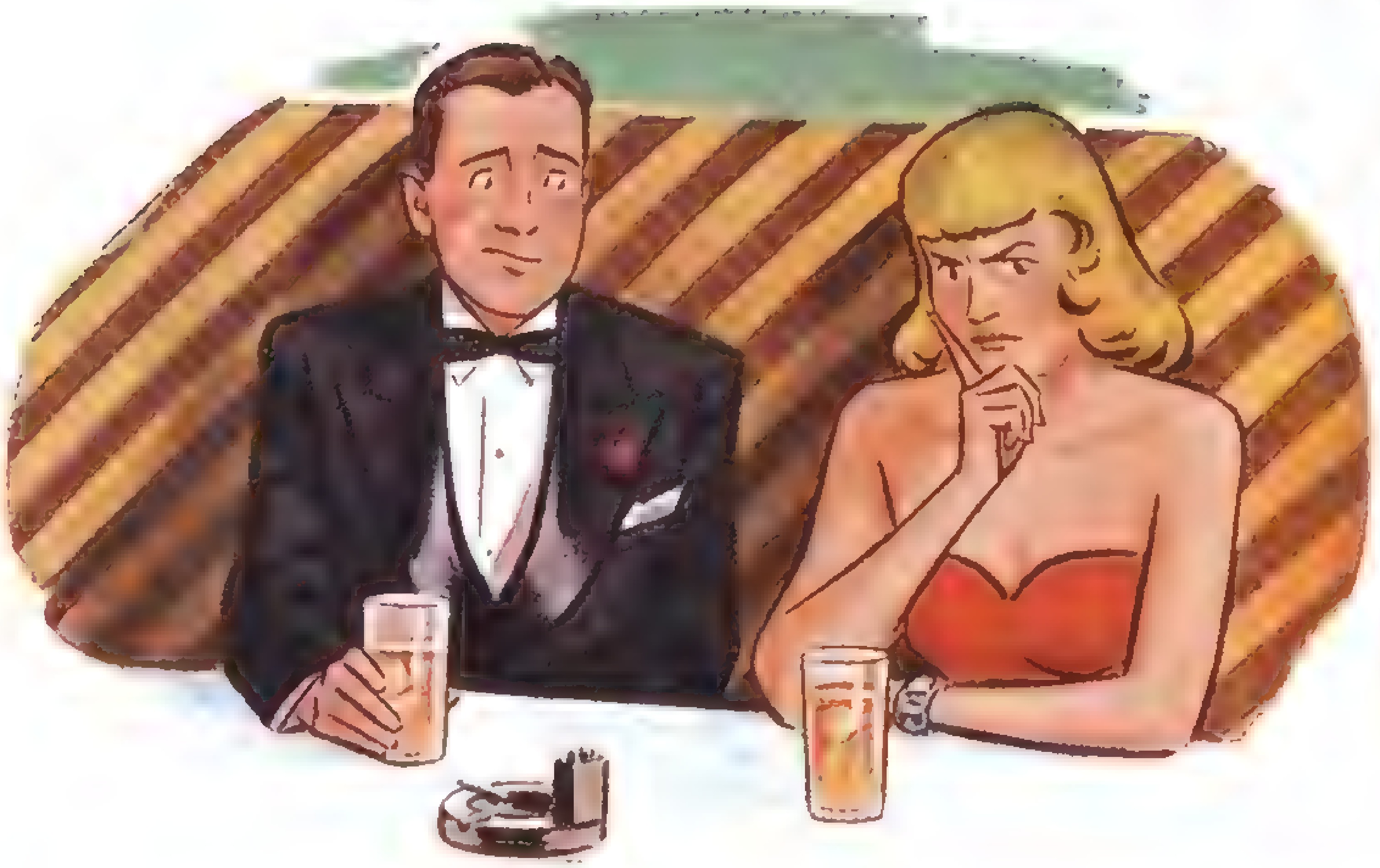


ARROW TIES

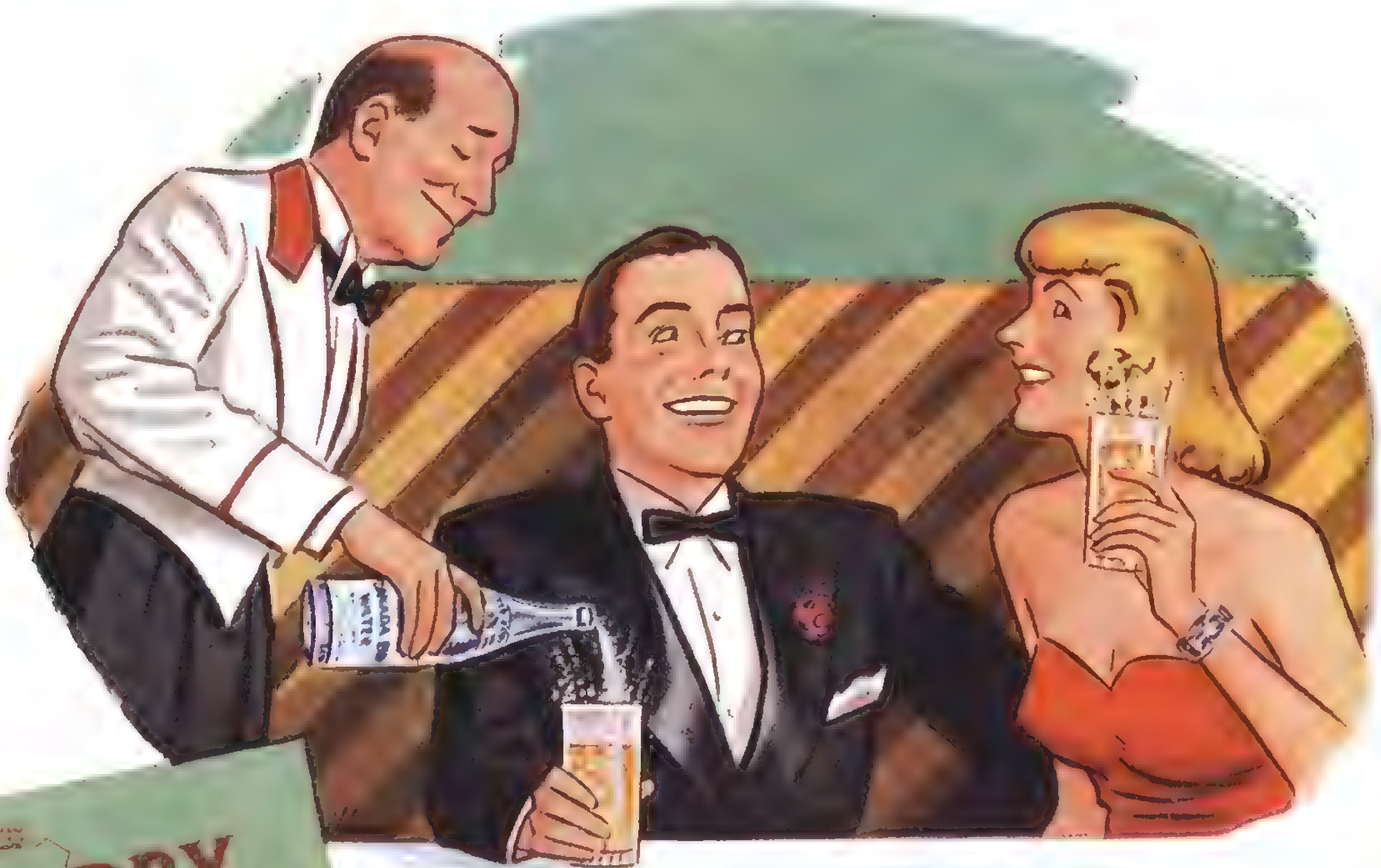
$1 & $1.50



A flat **NO** isn't always final.....

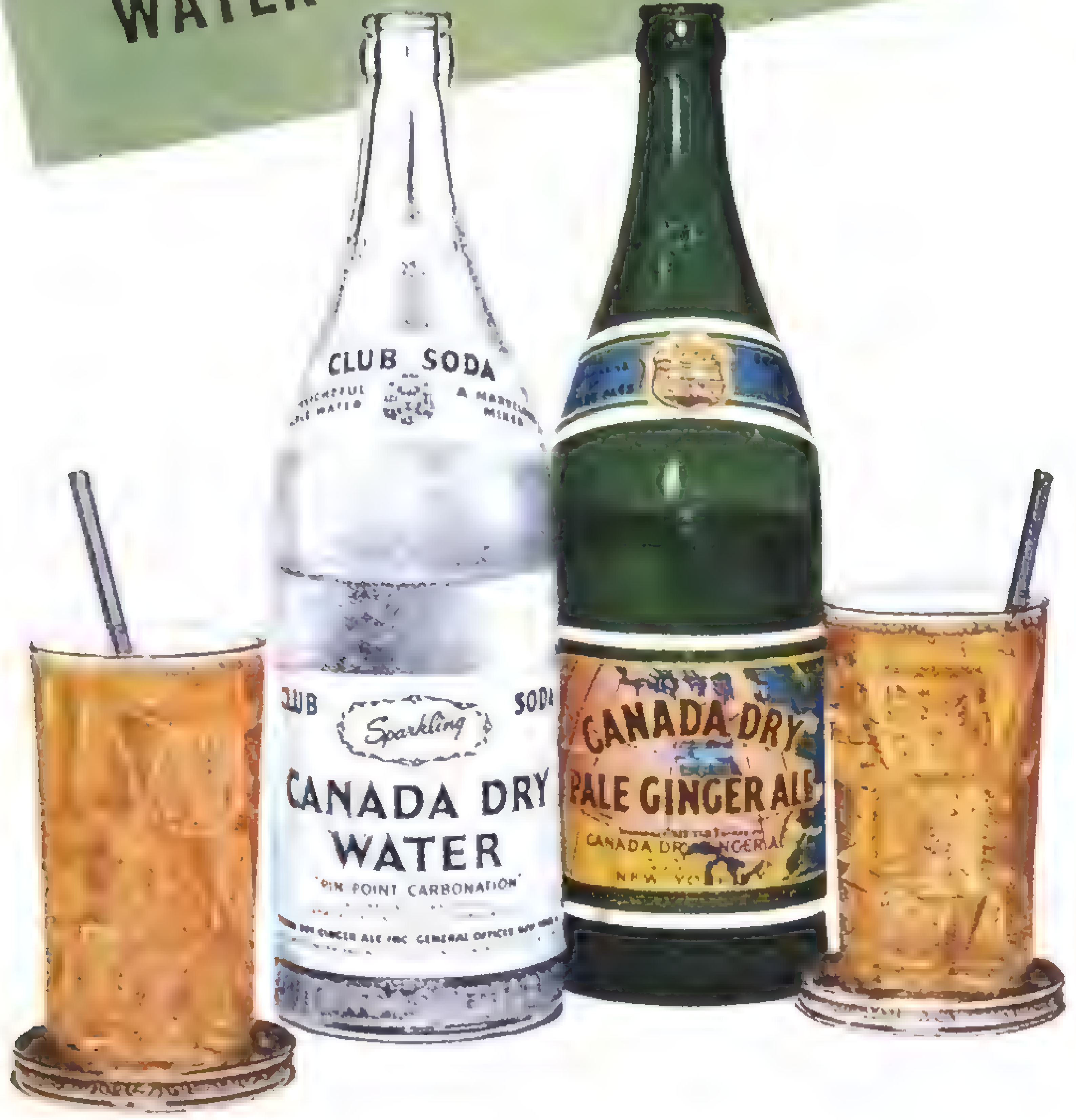


...but a flat **drink** is really the end



Keep drinks Lively with–

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER AND GINGER ALE



Drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale are at t prime of life . . . stay that way to the last sip. That's becau "Pin-Point Carbonation" insures drink-long zip and zest. Both these sparkling good mixers are made to exclusive formulae scientifically controlled. Canada Dry Water points up the flavor any tall drink. Canada Dry Ginger Ale lends the delicate flavor pure Jamaica ginger.

Add to this the purity and uniformity that have made the nam Canada Dry world famous, and you can see why these supe mixers are preferred at fine bars everywhere. See, too, the wisdo of always using Canada Dry Water and Ginger Ale . . . in preferen to mere "drink diluters."

Four other fine mixers

Tom Collins Mixer . . . available in limited quantities.

Hi-Spot . . . fresh tasting—a new high in refreshment.

Quinine Water . . . will be back for delicious gin and tonics.

Spur . . . the quality cola for a perfect Cuba Libre.

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For Men of Good Will... LORD CALVERT

FOR years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is so *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. It is "Custom" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest... with each bottle numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

The Rhythm Section

Dossier on one of the greatest of jazz pianists, Joe Sullivan

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

Ernest Byfield, manager of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, has for many years shown an appreciation for jazz and an understanding of jazzmen. One of the most famous of his demonstrations was on the occasion when Benny Goodman, alumnus of the Hull House Boys' Band, returned to Chicago. Last fall another event took place in the Panther Room of the Sherman. Joseph Michael O'Sullivan, alumnus of the North Side Grammar School, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, returned to his home town, doing a double date with chubby Meade Lux Lewis, Chicagoan by birth and boogie-woogie pianist by instinct.

For that matter there's something almost instinctive about Joe's piano playing, despite a good bit of schooling both in and out of school. Brought up in an Irish family he has a great deal of the inheritance in him, the bigness, rugged features, and a shock of hair that doesn't look as though it will stay put but somehow does. His second son, Timothy, aged fourteen months, has quite a lot of the Sullivan about him though the hair insists upon being red rather than brown. One of his first volatile reactions to music was to bounce gleefully on hearing Jelly Roll Morton's piano. Joe liked that because Joe's admirations in keyboard style—as applied to the jazz field—are for people whose left hands know what their rights are doing—Jelly, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, among others.

But there aren't many others, actually. Joe's strong left hand came to him early in boyhood, when he was playing back there in grammar school. He had intended to study for the priesthood, but decided he was better equipped to tell his story at the piano. During his high school days at Lakeview High, also on Chicago's North Side, he played at bazaars and such affairs as well as in the school band. In an extra-curricular fashion, as with all of the top-rate Chicagoans, he learned jazz through listening to the men who'd come before, the men from the Midwest, up and down the Mississippi, and particularly from New Orleans. If you tabulated his remarks about other pianists, chances are Jelly would come out way on top but piano was, even then, geographical. Just to mention the first men that came to mind when thinking of his early enthusiasms (that are still his enthusiasms) we find, among others, Jelly from New Orleans, James P. Johnson from New Brunswick, New Jersey, that lovable guy Fats Waller from New York's Harlem, and Earl Hines from Pittsburgh.

You couldn't hear all of these men at one time in Chicago in the early twenties (Joe was born in November, 1906) but you could hear a great plenty of jazz—back there when jazzmen, whose early records now sell for very nice money, considered themselves to be in their musical toddling clothes. That was a sensible attitude because there were other and older people around to listen to. All of that Chicago scene was brought home at the opening in New York, late in September, of Willie "Bunk" Johnson's New Orleans Band. The event brought out recording officials, more critics than you could shake out of your hair (were you a critic) and, more importantly, jazzmen from Chicago.

Standing near the piano to hear

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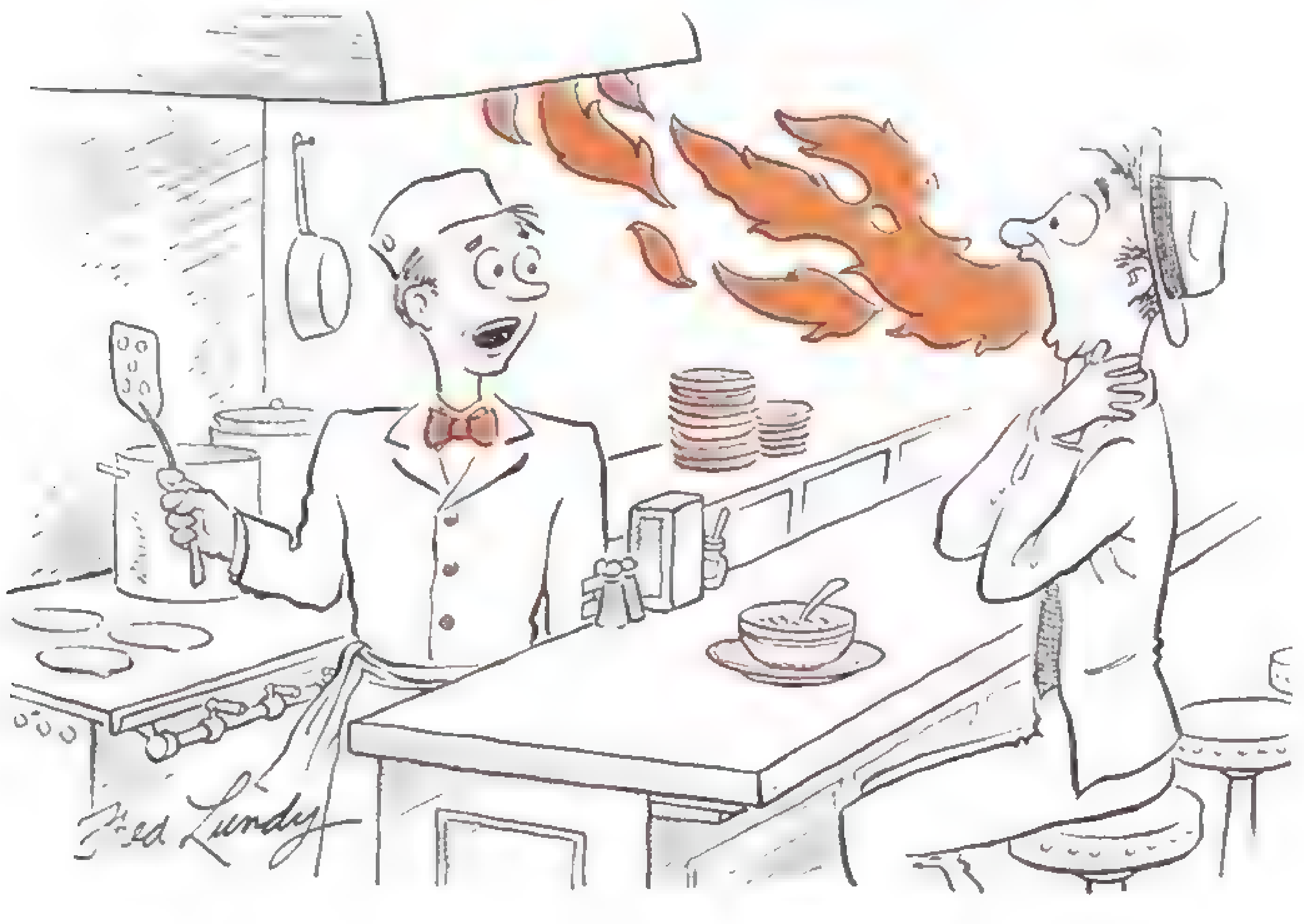


"Anything wrong with the chili, sir?"

laughter
laughter
Germaine Monteil
RAW

Monteil's great perfume...

primitive, earthy...

golden escape into an untroubled world

Germaine Monteil

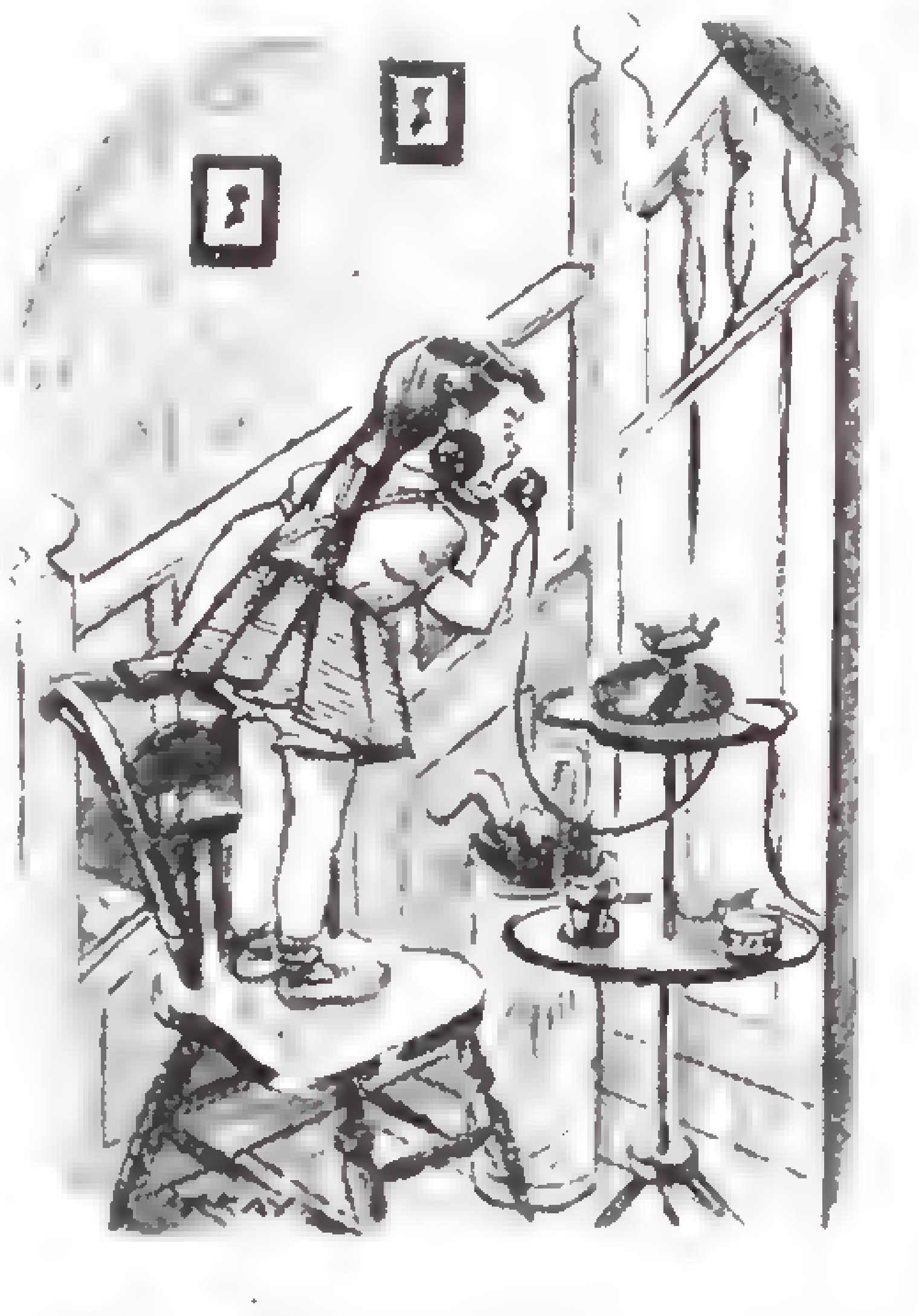
The Rhythm Section

Continued from page 123

"Slow Drag's" diminished chords and the better to watch the great New Orleans-Chicagoan drummer, Warren "Baby" Dodds, at work, one had unusual treats. Not the constant play of flash bulbs, but the wonderfully co-ordinated music of the men from down yonder, some of whom had played in Chicago when Joe Sullivan and George Wettling were in knee pants. Joe, having gone to Chicago, missed it, but his colleagues from that jazz center were out in force. Wettling got away from a marathon theatre date with Paul Whiteman and made tracks to the bandstand just as a set got under way. Baby Dodds flashed him a smile, drummer to drummer, and set out to say hello his own way. As most of our jazzfans know, Baby, is not only a fine tempo drummer but a master of the intricacies of tone and rhythm—or why do you hit this drum or this part of a drum at a particular time—and George is very much that way himself. It was a real homecoming, speaking from the music, and that's the book for a jazzman.

One of Sullivan's first jobs was with *Wettling (a Chicagoan out of Topeka, Kansas)*. They worked summer resorts, they worked vaudeville. They worked off and on—jobs, radio, recording—as so many Chicagoans did, summer resorts, vaudeville and what have you.

Between jobs they listened to other men—New Orleans Rhythm Kings, The Wolverines, King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, Louis at the Vendome (that would be Armstrong), and so on. Or they listened to records. Remember the Gennetts and White Vocalions by Jelly Roll, the white label Vocalions by Earl Hines, Jimmy Noone? Musicians do. The records helped them to survive the panic days in New York—which wasn't quite ready—and it didn't matter too much whether they were marked E for excellent surface or beat-up, so long as the music was there and you could hear it.



"Rita's Beauty Parlor—cancel my appointment, please. I've changed my mind about being a blonde"

Joe Sullivan hasn't a chronology in his vest pocket, so it's not easy to date this or that stop along the way to his becoming one of America's great jazz pianists. You have to lump a lot of things in the twenties and hope that later maybe Joe or one of his fellow musicians will find clippings or other factual data that will include dates. But a number of occurrences belong in the late twenties and early thirties—important years to jazz.

Joe, Wettling, and other Chicagoans jobbed around, sometimes with bands (Joe worked with Louis Panico and Sig Meyers at various times), sometimes with Chicago radio stations, sometimes at dream dates in gangster joints where the only annoyance was when a sentimentalist with a gun on his hip or shoulder wanted *Girl of My Dreams*. In between these efforts to make an honest living, the men jammed at places such as the Three Deuces. Line-ups like this: Dave Tough, drums; Sullivan, piano; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Benny Goodman (guess what), and sometimes Bix Beiderbecke, who used his cornet phrasing in parts of his piano solos. "We didn't call them jam sessions," Joe remarked, "not ir those days." Then he added abou the late Frank Teschemacher an his part in the sessions, withou bothering to point, "He played from here."

One of the big breaks for Jo came when Red McKenzie an Eddie Condon lined up the famous Okeh dates, including *Nobody's Sweetheart* and *China Bo* Condon met Joe and said, "Show up for rehearsal." In recalling th episode, Joe said, "It never dawned on me they'd want me for record date." But they did, as al record collectors are aware. "Th biggest thrill," Joe added, "wa when I heard the playback o *China Boy*." It turned out to b one of those choruses—like Ra polo's on *Farewell Blues*—tha other musicians imitated.

Bee Palmer, as a singer, h been instrumental in getting jo for musicians for years. (Yea ago, Jack Teagarden, pointing ou the blonde singer in the Ony Club, also pointed out that he worked a pit job on a vaudevill circuit, with Bee on stage, an

Continued on page 1

Greetings from PHILIP MORRIS
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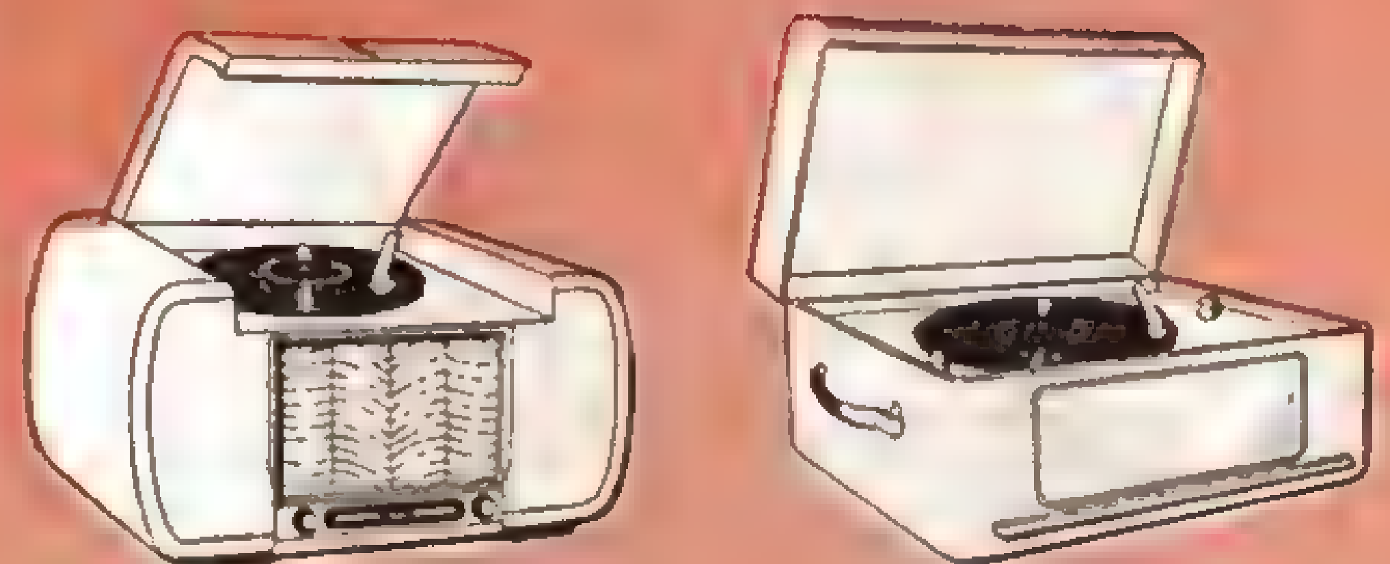

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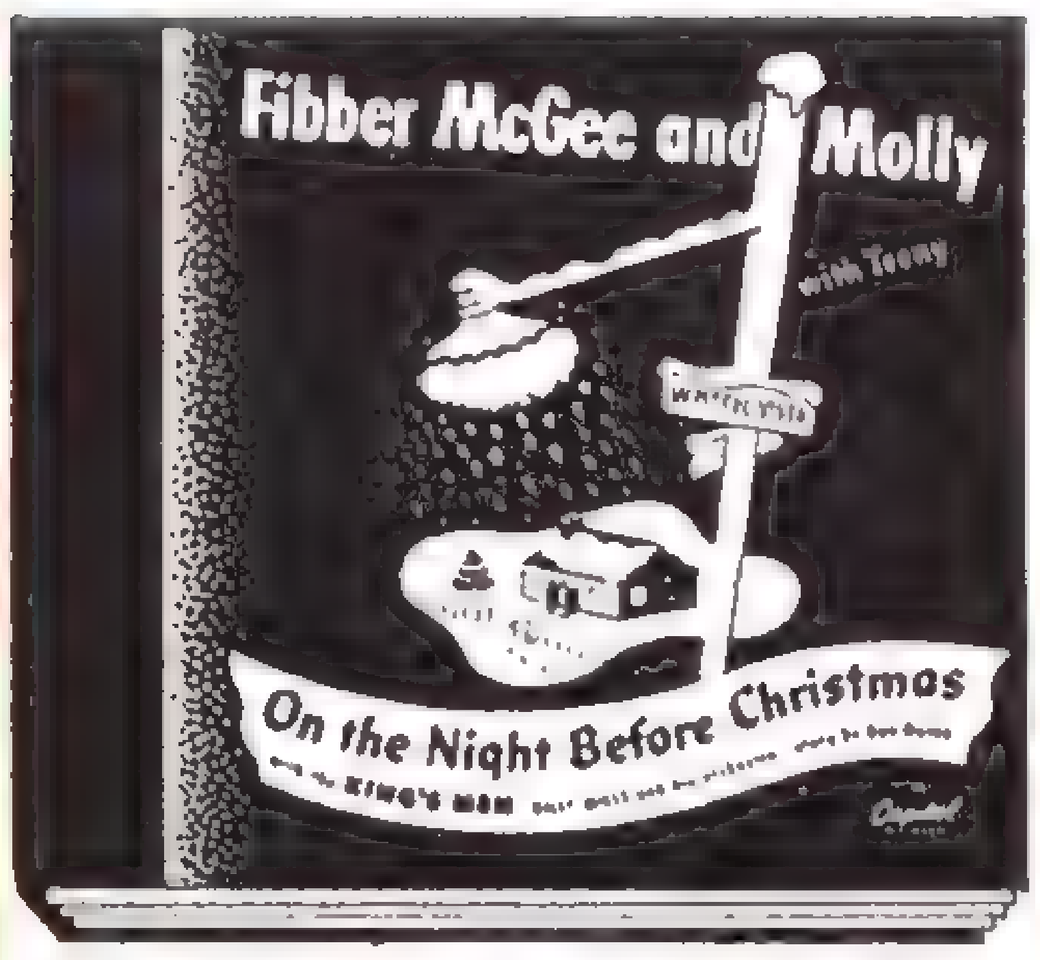
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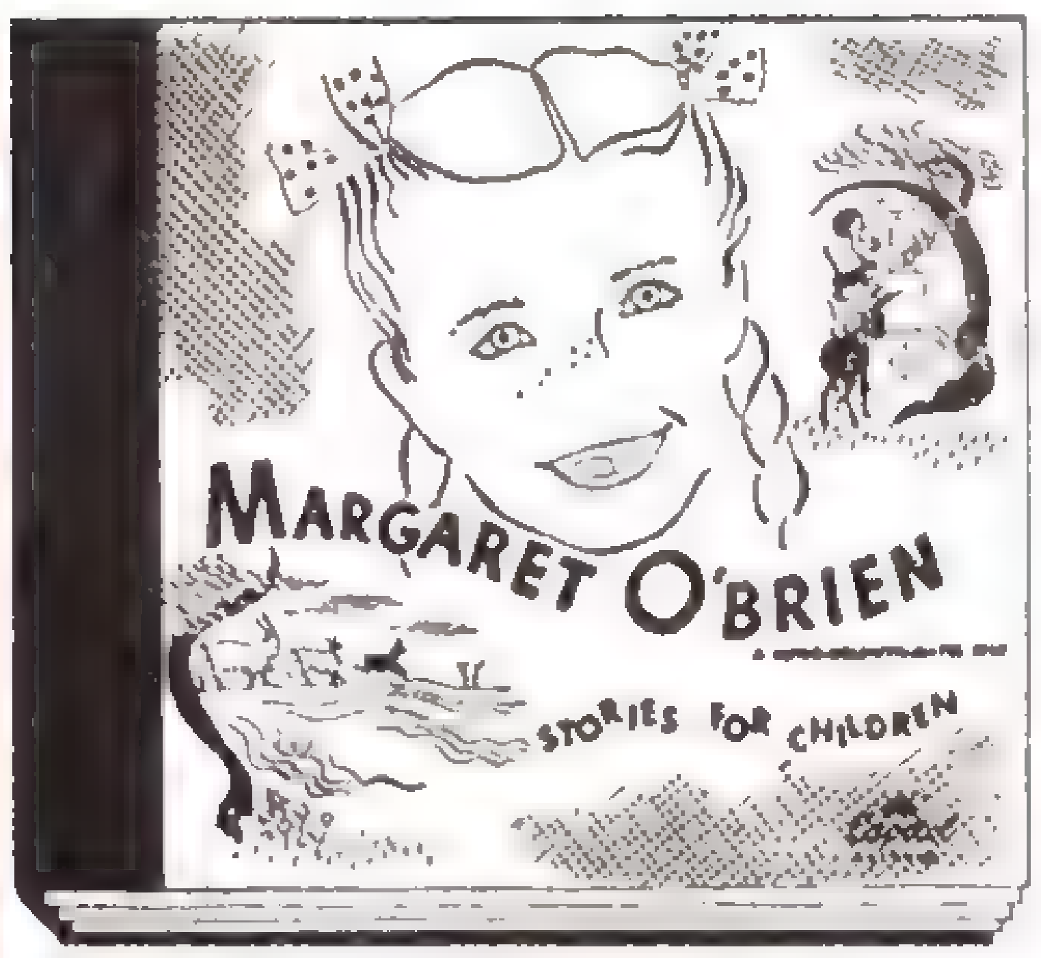
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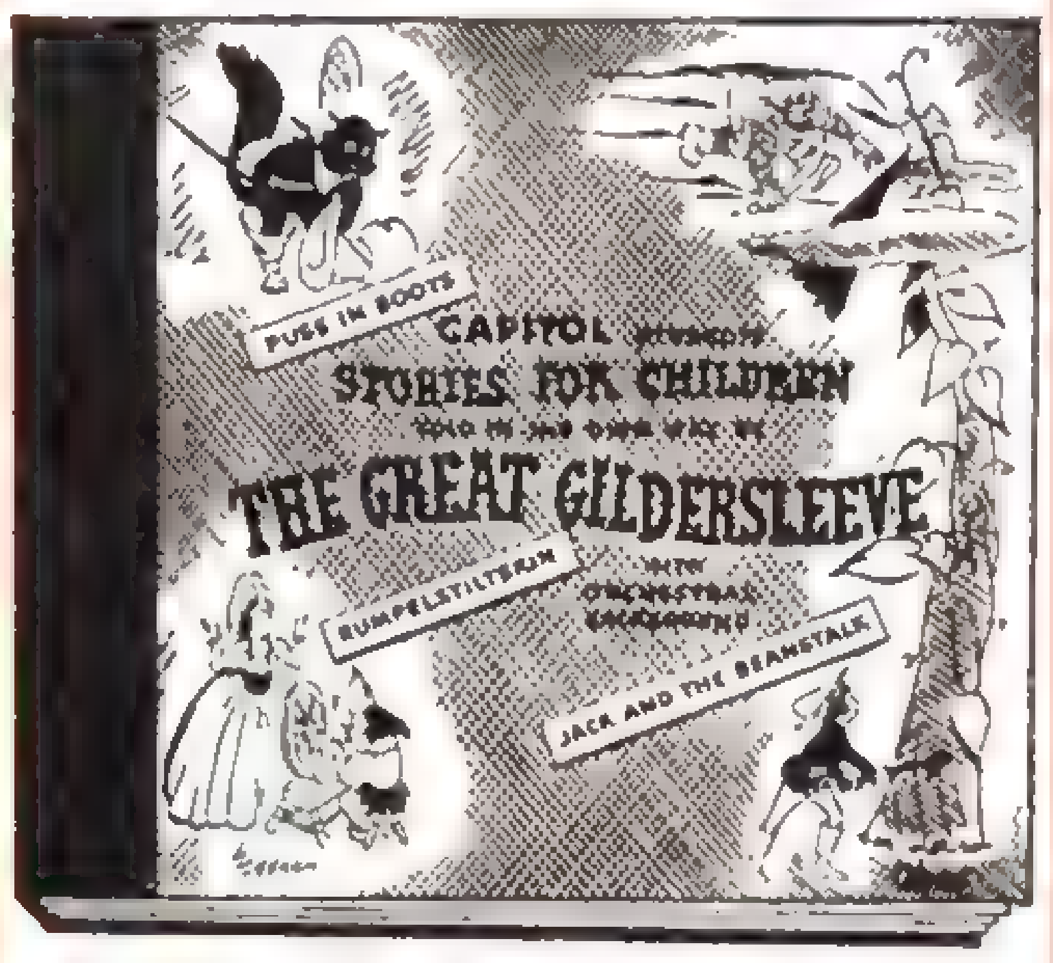
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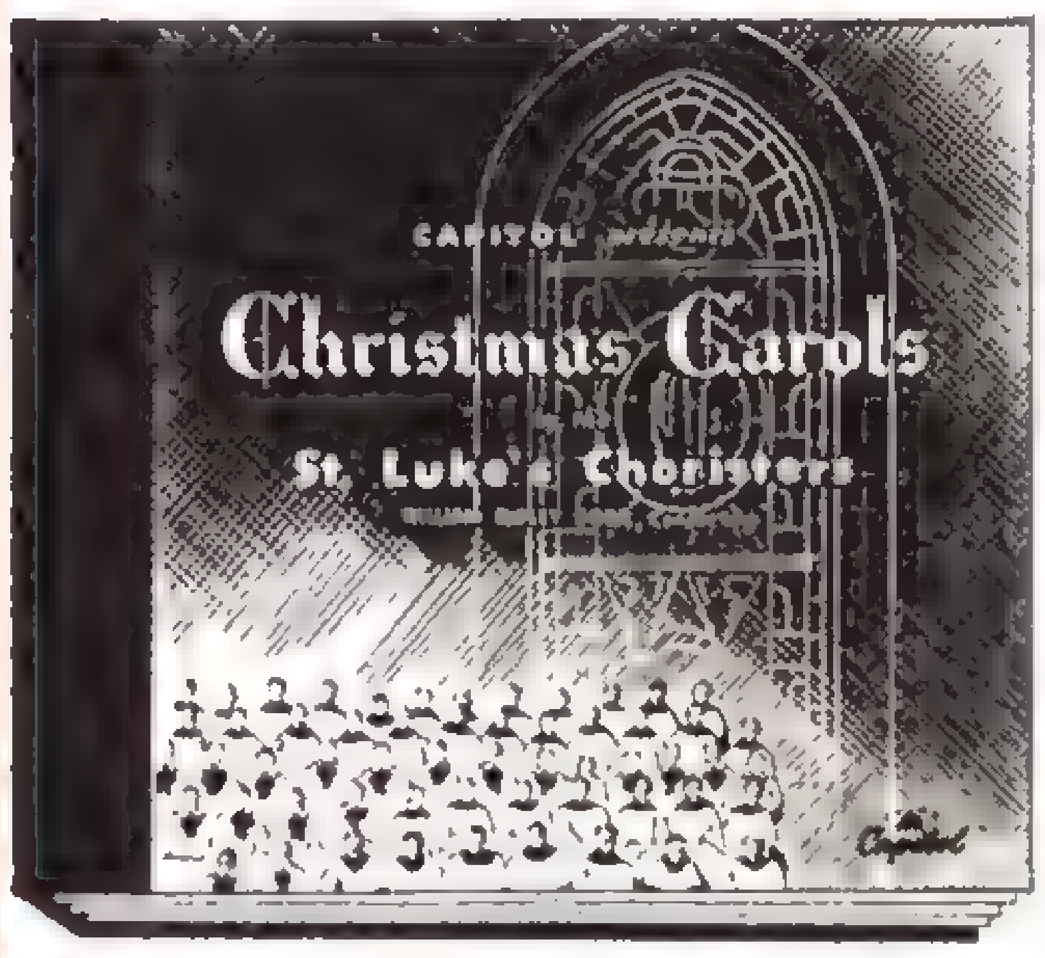
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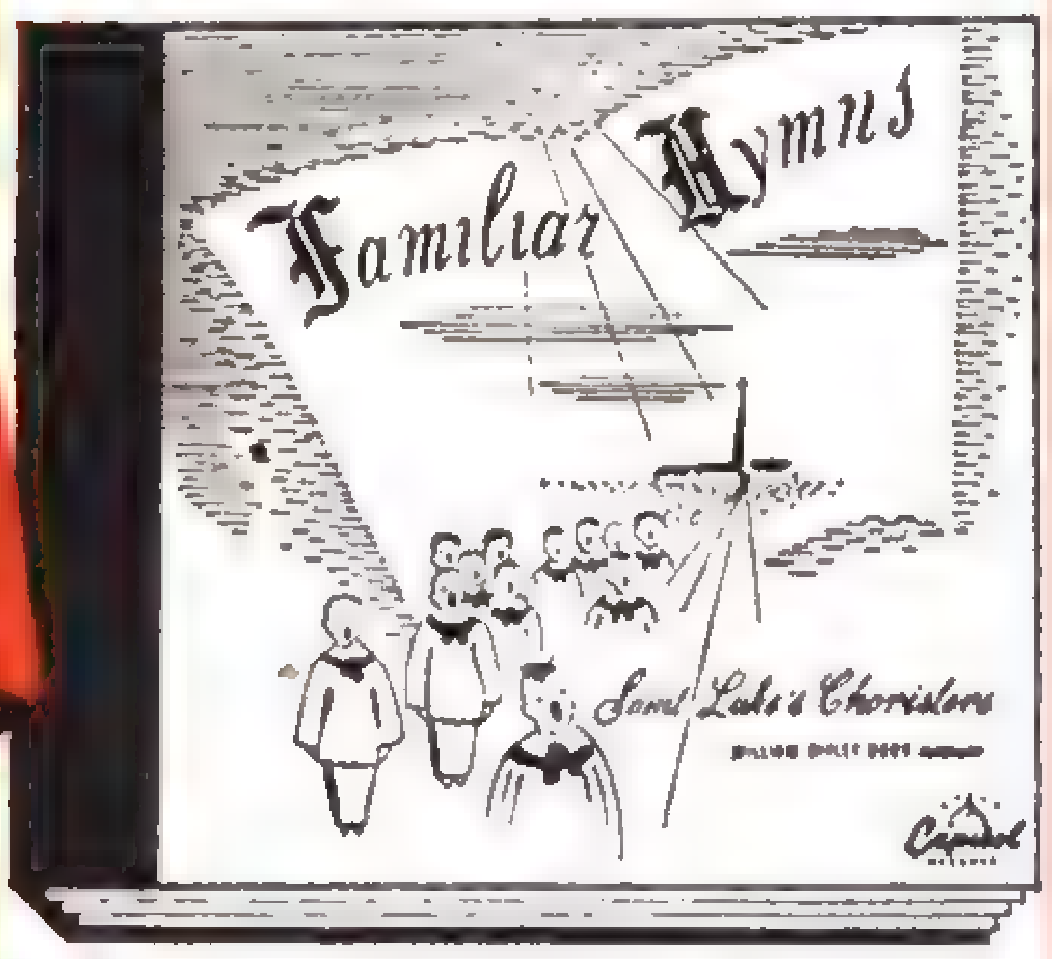
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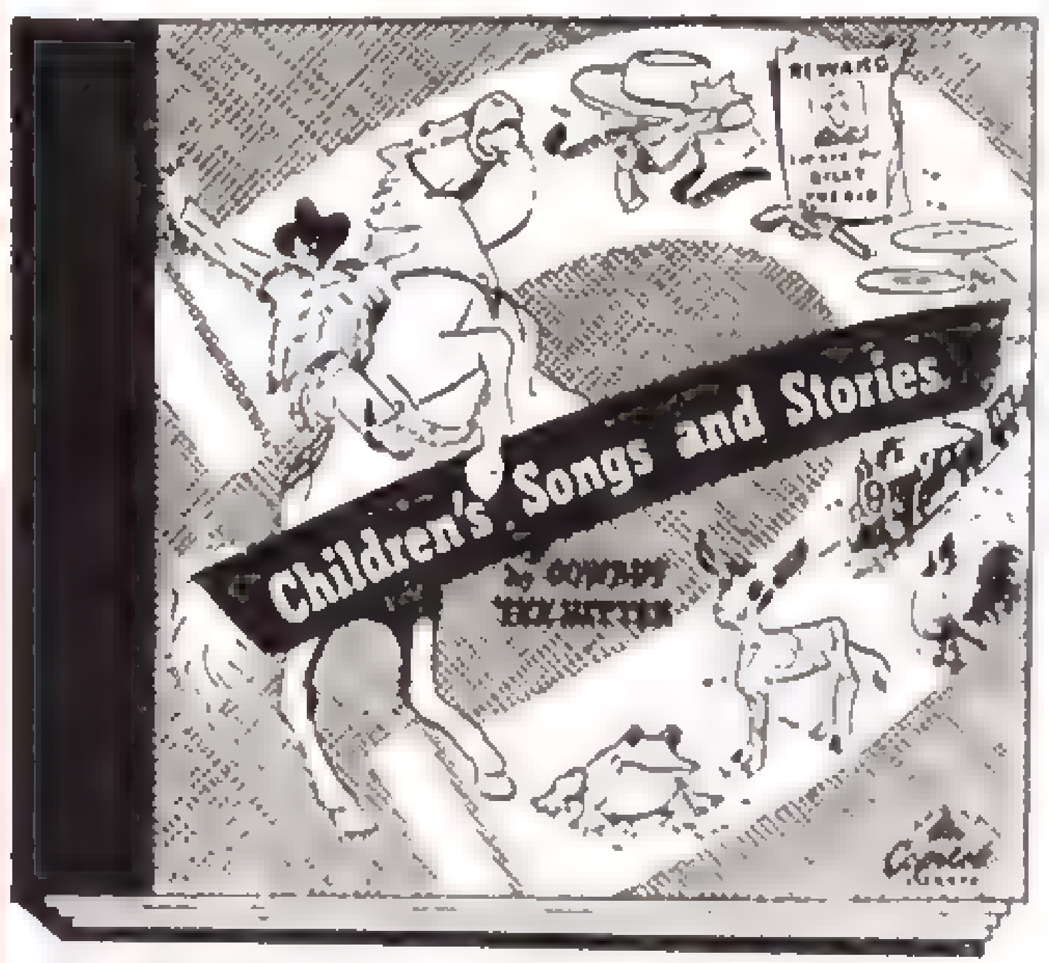
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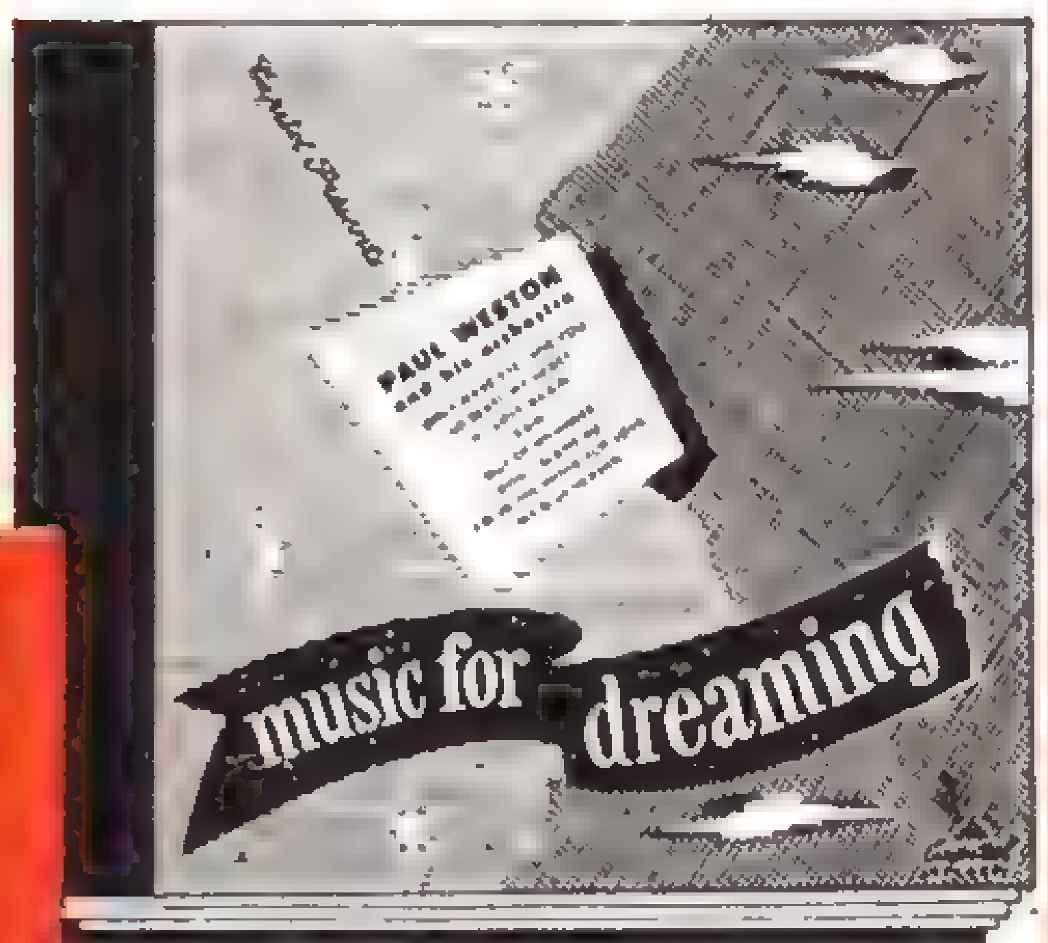
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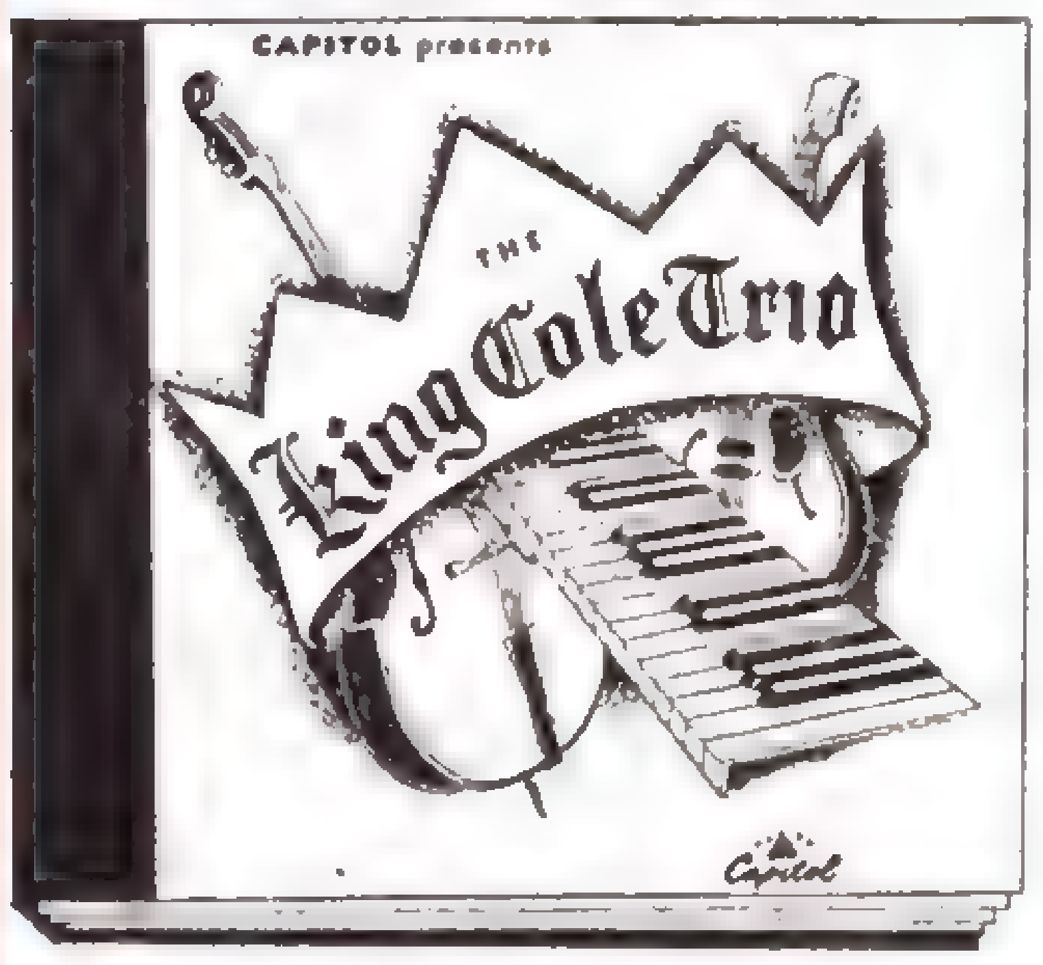
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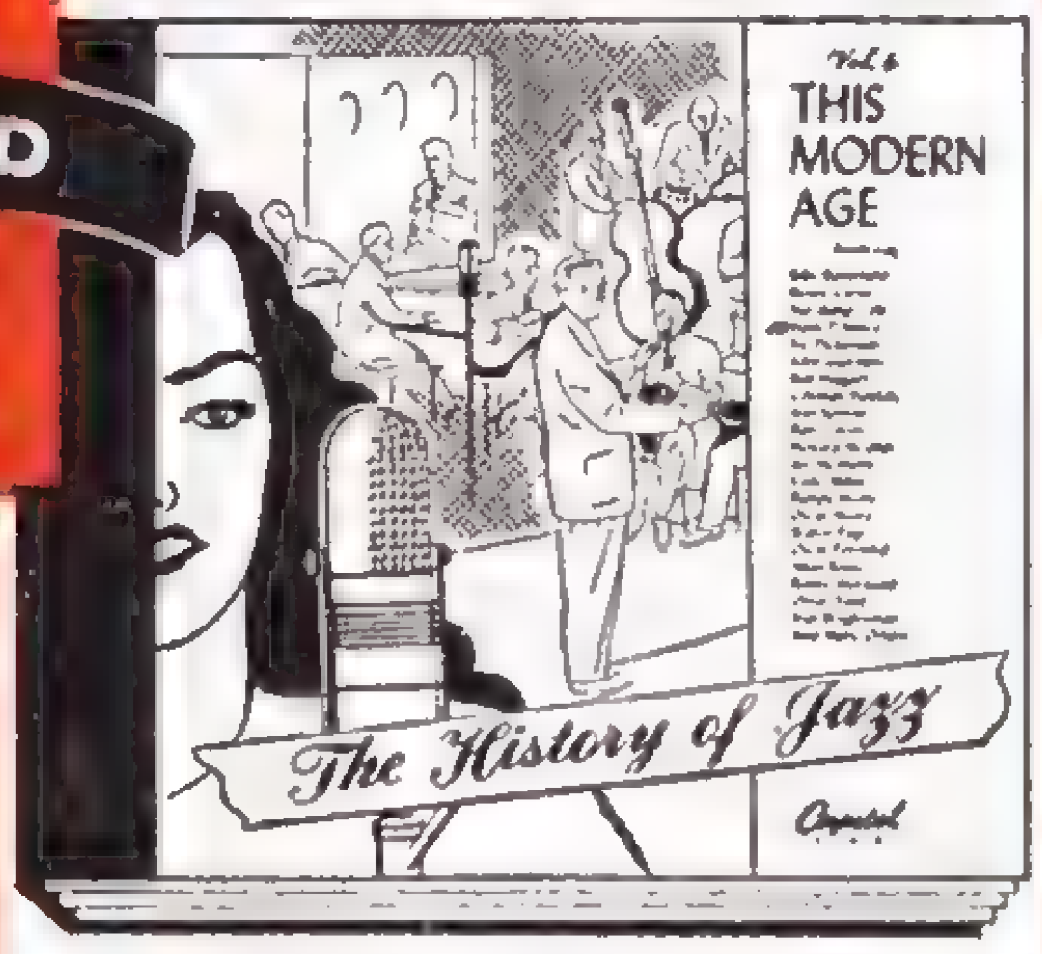
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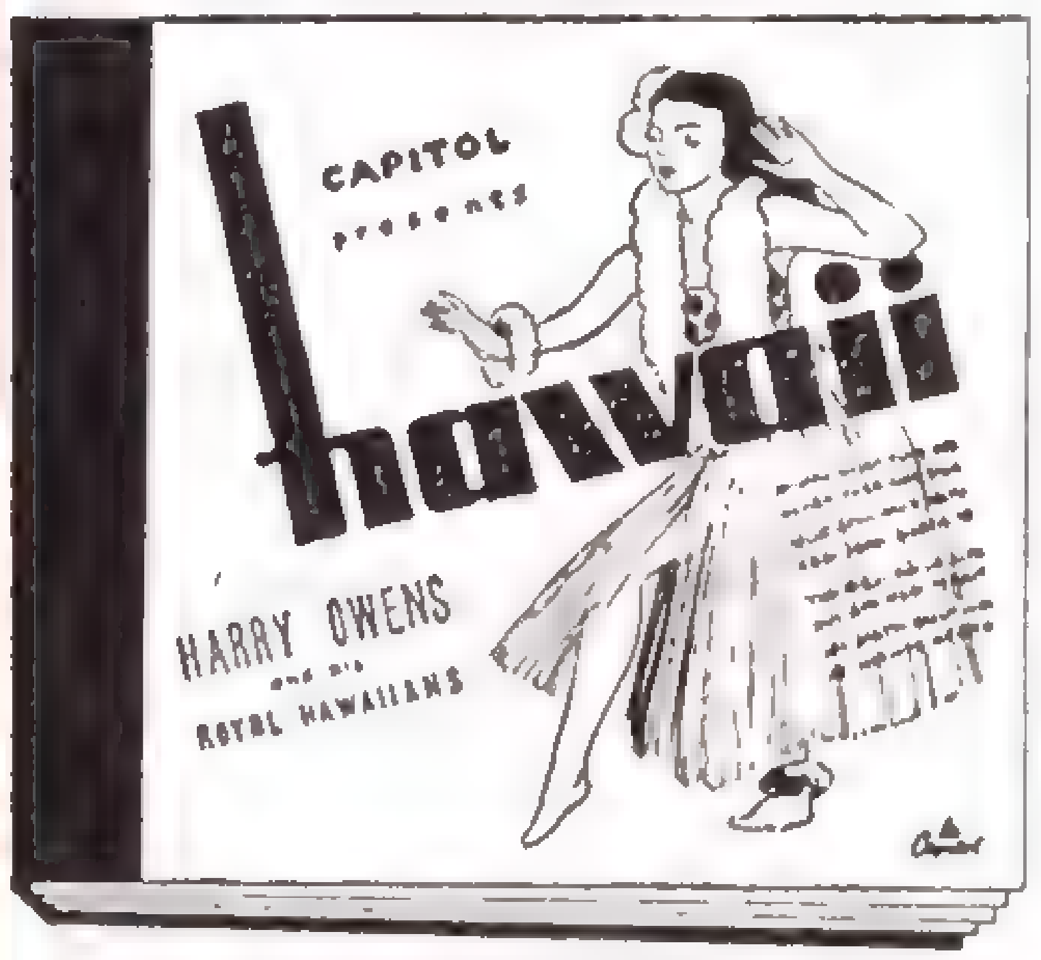
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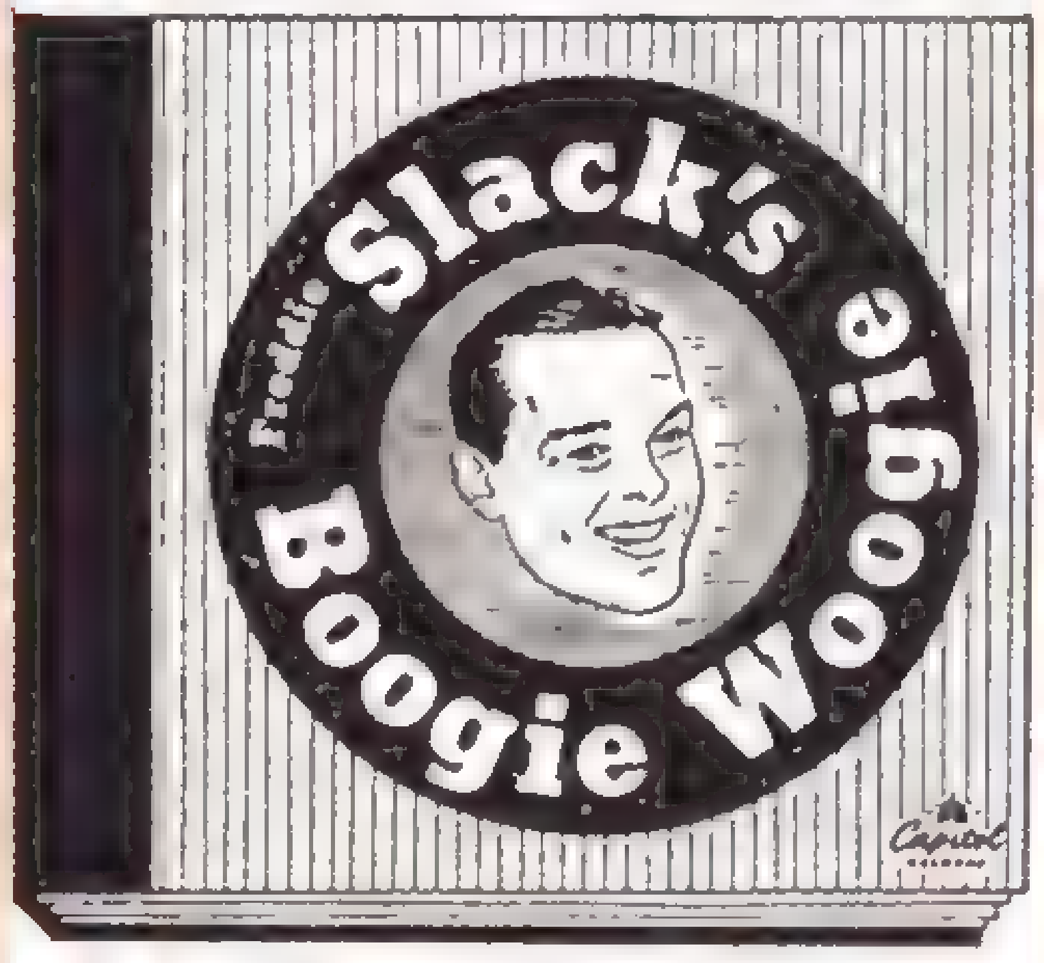
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The Rhythm Section

Continued from page 124

that Rappolo, on clarinet, was also in the band.) But though Bee wanted the group—Krupa, drums; Tesch, clarinet; Joe, piano; etc.—something kicked it out the window. Chicago's jazzmen had the meager satisfaction of being in New York.

They did get work, some of it corn, and played records in memory of their home city, and went to Roseland (Henderson's band of the Twenties) and Harlem places.

Once Joe brought Fats Waller to a party where the crowd was frothy and thought Fats was to play, just like that (though he usually did anyway). Joe said, "I'm sorry but he's not an entertainer. He's my friend—meet Thomas 'Fats' Waller." There were other band jobs—with Benny, Tesch, Krupa, Condon. Then in 1931 Joe was the first pianist at the Onyx, since become famous as an exciting road-stop on the jazz highway. The atmosphere there was quite different from that of the present 52nd Street. You had to be a musician or a friend of one to get beyond the peephole. The music was jazz.

After that, came a stint at the then-Stork Club—the bunch was still mostly Chicagoan—with Eddie playing that instrument that a colleague unkindly referred to as "an undersized guitar," and Josh Billings using traps and a suitcase with wrapping paper. They wore polo shirts of varied hues and sometimes one or another would break out into "Stick out your can here comes the garbage man." The waiter was a kindly soul who brought them Napoleon brandy but, through one of those accidents of fate, the place was raided—on a Christmas Eve.

From there on you can almost write your own story. If his piano is still a stranger in your house, you'll find it on old Decca records (as well as the Okeh-Columbia Collector's items since reissued), on several very good Commodore discs and in three new records brought out by Asch recordings. The latter represent the first joint appearance of Sullivan and Sidney Bechet (soprano sax and clarinet). George "Pops" Foster is on string bass and (here we are again) Wettling on drums. It was a sunshiny day, the boys were not beat from an all-night outing. Anecdotes about record dates notwithstanding, that's the way this one happened. And the records are worth listening to, both solo piano and band sides.

JUST MARRIED

For record collectors Joe Sullivan also made several sides, not merely with Bob Crosby but with Bing. So far as can be ascertained no one has yet made a complete discography of Joe. It would be a job, too, what with his early Chicago recordings and side jobs with Louis Armstrong, etc. And his work in movies both with Bing Crosby and in other films, including shorts such as *Fight for Life* in which he played a beautiful blues sequence with his own band.

In the thirties Joe had a fight for life all his own. Struck with consumption he was hospitalized for many months. But he came out of it with his Irish spirit and his pianistic hands intact, worked with Bob Crosby for a time and in 1939 started the first mixed band (Goodman's in Chicago had been a unit) that recorded the *Fight for Life* sequence. Since that time he has worked most often as solo pianist, recorded for Capitol, worked at several night spots in Hollywood and nearby and, finally, brought east on a night club circuit arranged by his bookers.

Despite his decided preference for solo bookings, he is not merely one of the great piano soloists in jazz but one of the finest ensemble soloists in jazz. Joe has a style very integrated (and his own) that naturally still shows traces of people he admired—Hines, Fats, Jelly.

Joe talks of his feeling about Jelly and, before Jelly died, he listened to Joe's records with me and very sincerely returned the compliment.

For a future issue of Esquire, I'll make up a list of a few of my favorite records. For the present, I can only say, subscribe to the excellent discography *Index to Jazz*, which is edited by Orin Blackstone and can be secured directly from Gordon Gullickson, *The Record Changer*, Fairfax, Virginia. ##

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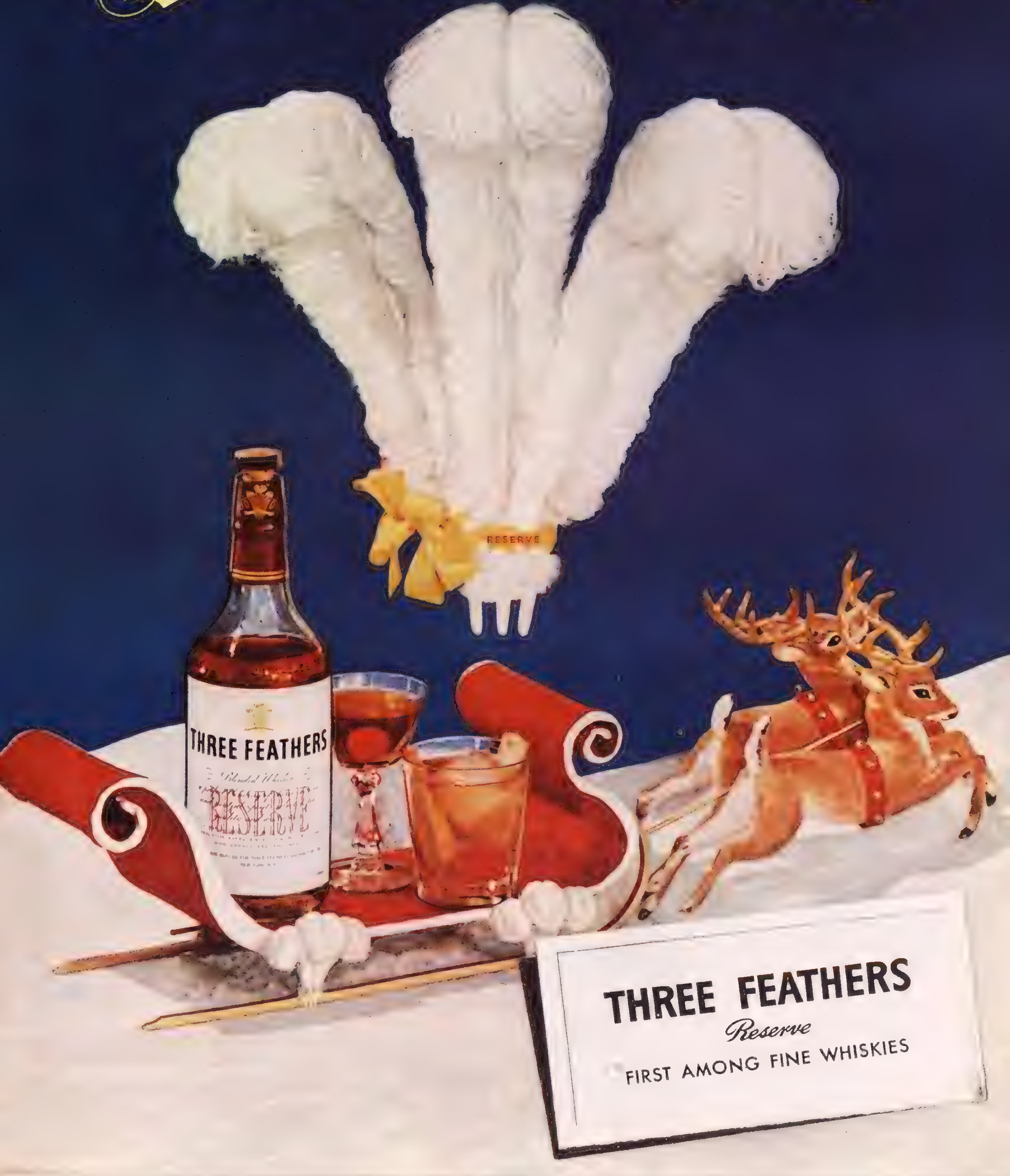
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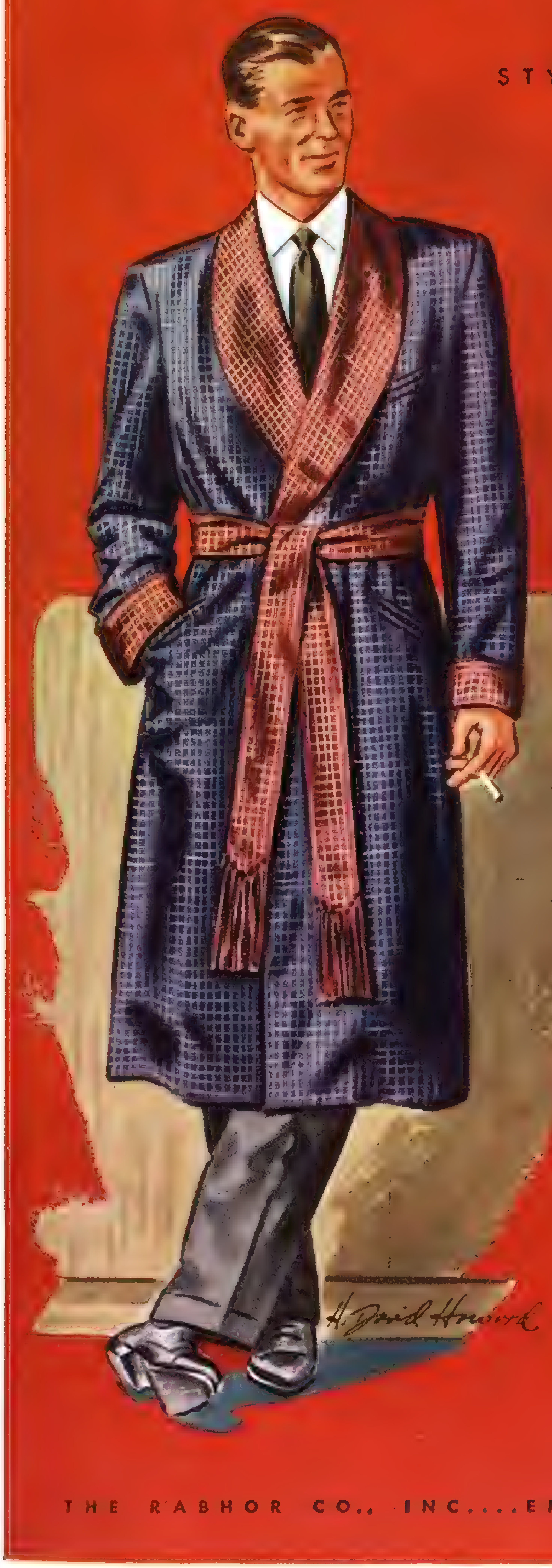

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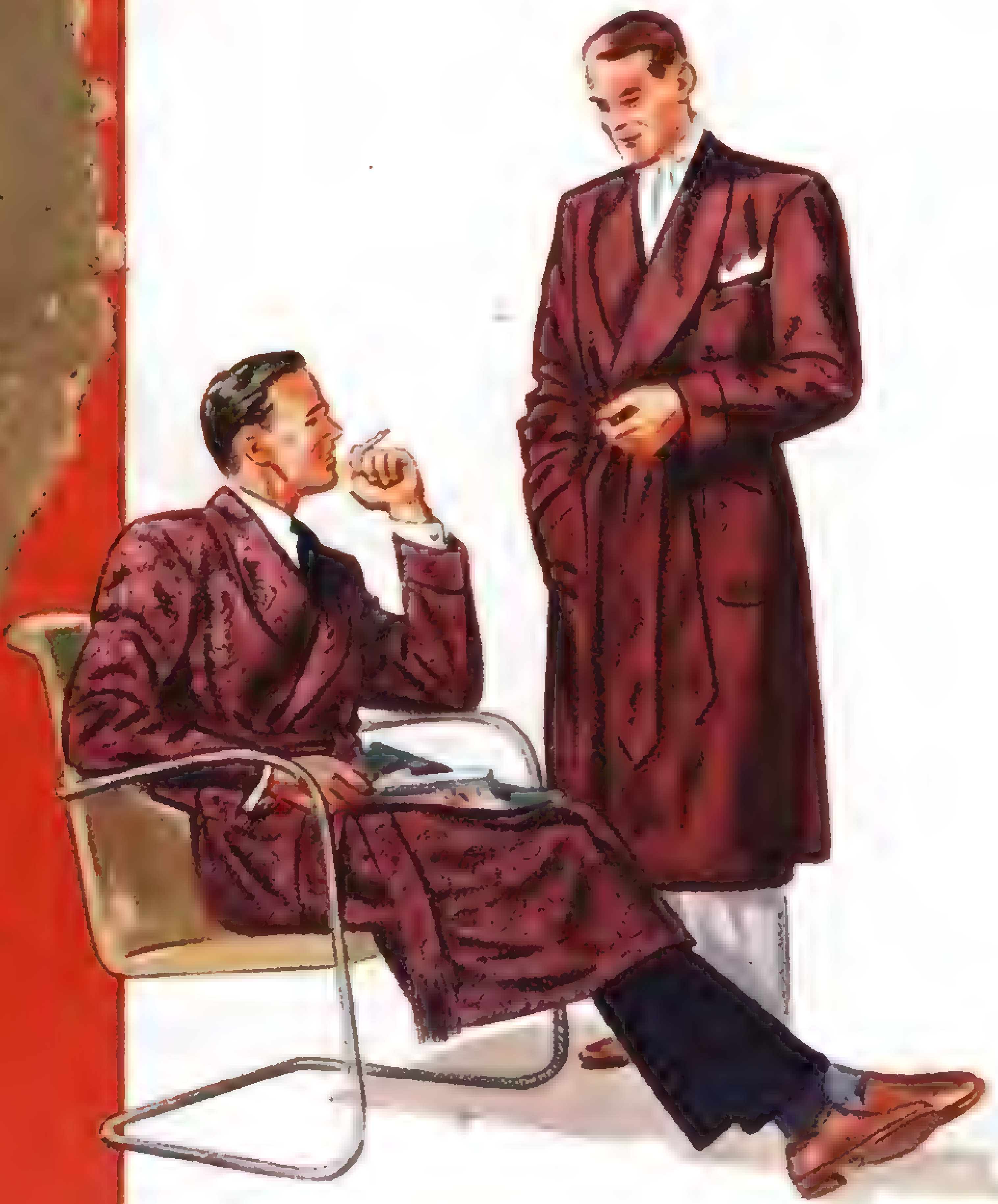

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2 You bring in the Yule log, carefully chosen to burn all night, for fire is the ancient focal point of festivity. This is also the season of light, so candles, too, spread their glow, just as in the 1860's, when the name Corby's was first on its way to Canadian fame.

3 You decorate a tree, a fir, hemlock or pine, and spread gifts under it because this custom was brought from England in the 1870's, when Corby's was becoming a great Canadian tradition. Wreaths with bright ribbons are hallowed signs that the season of goodwill is here.

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4 You send messages of good cheer—a custom started in 1845 when Christmas cards first appeared as hand-written verses or homemade prints. And folks everywhere serve Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name, as their symbol of holiday hospitality. Corby's is a light, sociable blended whiskey that goes so well in bowl or glass it just can't help saying for you, "Happy holiday to all!"

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Going the Rounds with Esquire

Four G.I.'s working in China found themselves billeted in a spot where help was easily available, and they hired a China boy as a sort of all-'round batman, cook and whatnot. As the pleasures of cheap and efficient service began to pall, they started playing tricks on the China boy.

One night they nailed his shoes to the floor. Another time they filled his hat with flour, and so on. Each morning, after such pranks, the Chinese would serve them as well as ever without any sign of resentment. Finally, they decided to play no more tricks on such a nice fellow, and one morning they told him so, congratulating him on his fine work with them.

"No more nailee shoes to floor?"

"No."

"No more puttee flour in hat?"

"No."

The boy smiled appreciatively. "Okay," he said, "no more Charley spit in coffee."

—*The Armodier*

•

A man staggered out of a railroad car, his complexion a sickly green. "Rode backwards for six hours," he explained. "I never could stand that." "Why," asked his wife, "didn't you ask the party sitting opposite to change seats with you?" "I couldn't do that," said the man. "There wasn't anybody there!"

—*The Flame*

•

The audience in the college auditorium was impatiently awaiting the appearance of the out-of-town entertainer, who was already an hour late. The chairman of the evening, fearing the people would leave, scribbled a frantic appeal for help and had it passed down the aisle to Professor B., who was a ready and witty speaker. Thinking to break up the stony atmosphere, Professor B. began: "I've just received an urgent message begging me to come up here and say something funny."

A student voice from far back in the room called out loudly: "You'll tell us when you say it, won't you?"

To which the grave professor made instant reply: "I'll tell *you*; the rest will know!"

—*Nuggets*

•

"Reconversion" also means that now an executive can safely hand back a letter for a third typing to a red-headed stenographer.

—*Nuggets*

•

Three men, all wearing hats, boarded an elevator on the ninth floor of a large Montreal hotel, and failed to doff their headgear when a matronly woman got aboard on the floor below.

On the sixth landing, a drunk stepped into the elevator and, seeing the lady, swept off his hat with the elaborate politeness which only a gentleman in his cups can display.

As the lady got off the car, she gave the hatted occupants a scalding look, then addressed the gallant drunk:

"You, sir, have manners. You are the only gentleman aboard this elevator who respects the presence of a lady, and behaves accordingly."

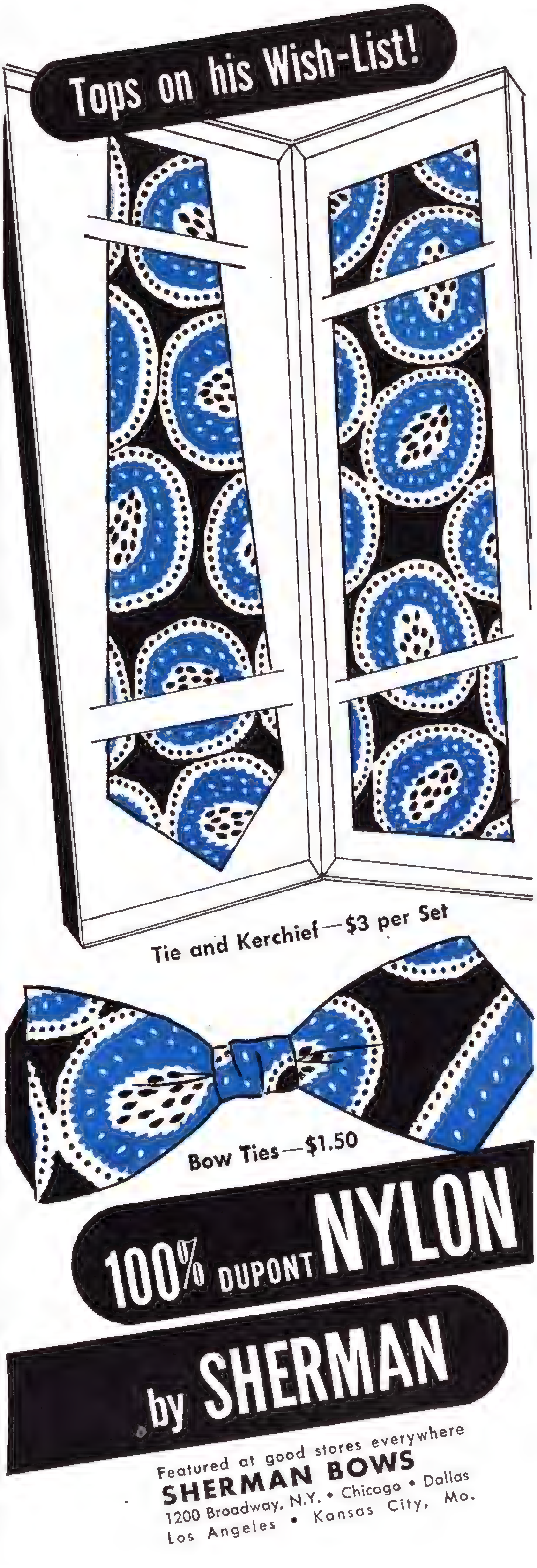
The lush, his hat pressed to his swaying body, listened solemnly. Then he bowed low and to the matron's horror, replied: "Yes, ma'am. You're *goddam right*, I reshpect the preshence of a lady."

—*John A. Alius*

•

A young wife decided to change her methods. Instead of being harsh with her husband when he came home intoxicated, she

Continued on page 132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Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 131

planned to be diplomatic. The next time her husband arrived in a not-so-sober state, she called to him: "Come here, d-e-a-r, I'll get your slippers, then you can sit on my lap."

The husband looked at her, blinked his eye, and said: "Oh, well, I might as well. I'll get the devil when I get home anyway."

—Morris Wise

•

The gentle little lady who had been watching the antics of the Pekingese in the pet shop window came in to price them.

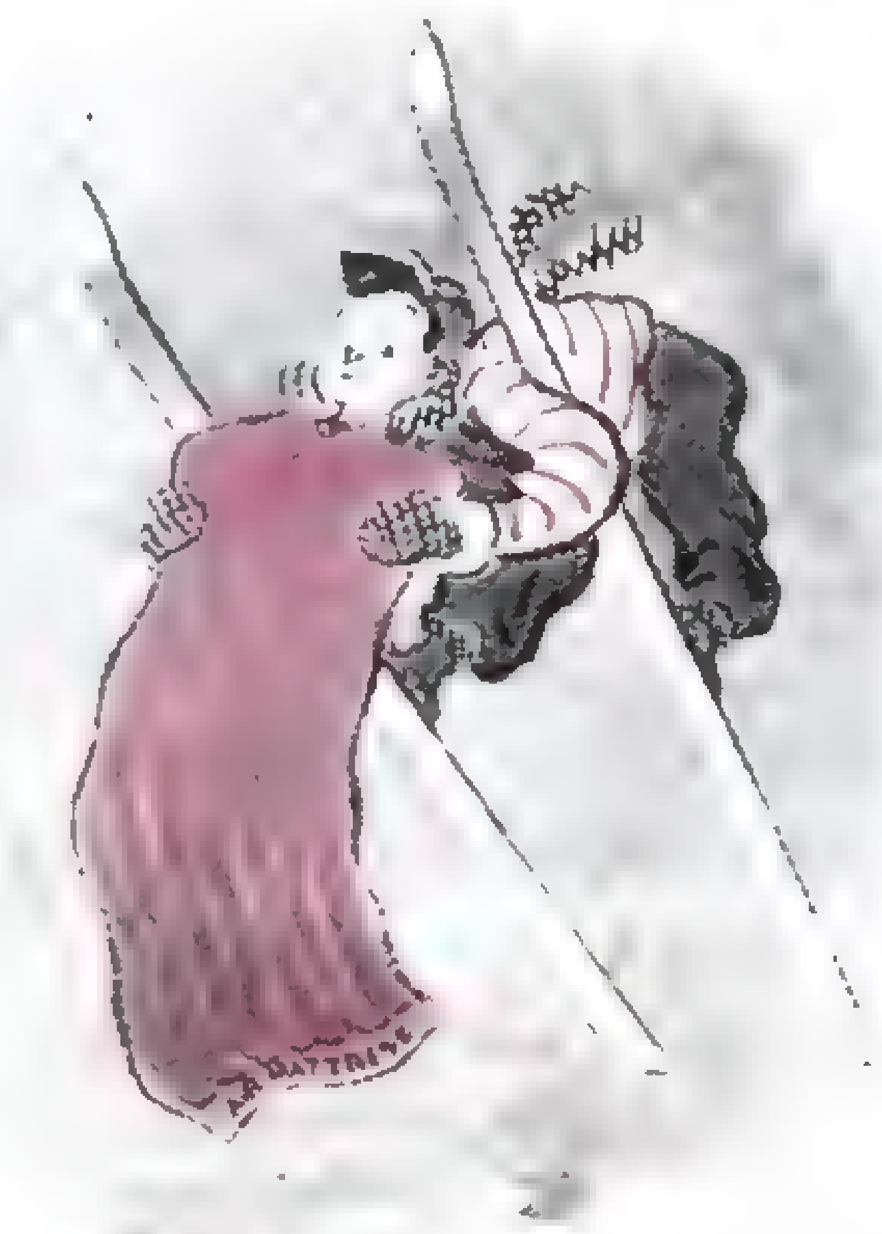
"That bitch," said the salesman, pointing, "you can have for thirty dollars, or the bitch there for thirty-five dollars."

The lady winced perceptibly. "What's the matter, madam," asked the salesman, "aren't you familiar with the term 'bitch'?"

"Yes," she said haughtily, "but I've never before heard it applied to dogs."

—Krealite News

•



G. I. Dictionary

Horse sense is something that keeps horses from betting on people.

A chaplain is an Army officer who works to beat hell.

A pink elephant is a beast of bourbon.

A girdle is something to keep the waves out of the Wacs.

Noise is barracks conversation with which the first sergeant doesn't agree.

Chivalry is a man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

A husband is what is left of a sweetheart after the nerve has been killed.

A bustle is a deceitful seatful.

A censor is a fellow who sticks his no's into other people's business.

A peeping tom is a wolf, window shopping.

Juvenile delinquents are kids who start acting like their parents.

A pessimist is a man whom an optimist owes money.

Marriage is a process for finding out what sort of a man your wife would have preferred.

Guard duty is walking around on a piece of dirt to make sure no one else walks on it.

Golf is a game in which a ball 1.68 inches in diameter is placed on a ball 8,000,000 miles in diameter. The object of the game is to hit the small one without hitting the large one.

Surrealism is proof that things can't be as bad as they're pictured.

Tact is the art of making your company feel at home when you wish they were.

—S/Sgt. Gene Gear

•

Kleptomaniac: One who helps himself because he can't help himself.

—Golden Gate Guardian

•

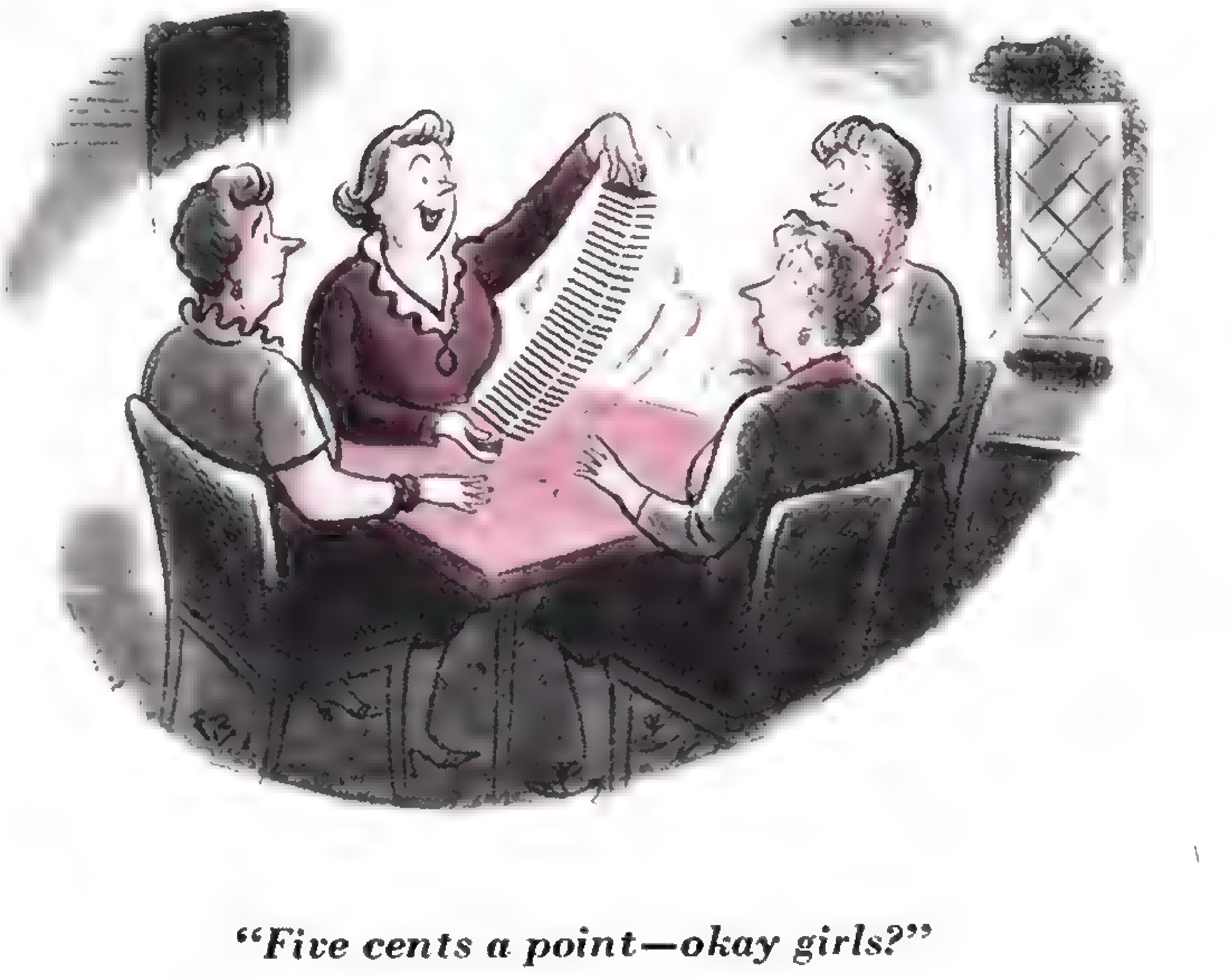
A worried mother phoned the medical officer at a local hospital: "My son writes me that he is coming home with a hashmark. Is that serious?"

—The Gee Eye Pilot

•

The sailor boy had missed his ship. It was majestically steaming through the Golden Gate. With his arm about his girl's waist and a gloomy look on his face he muttered, "Now, honey! We're both in trouble."

—Krealite News



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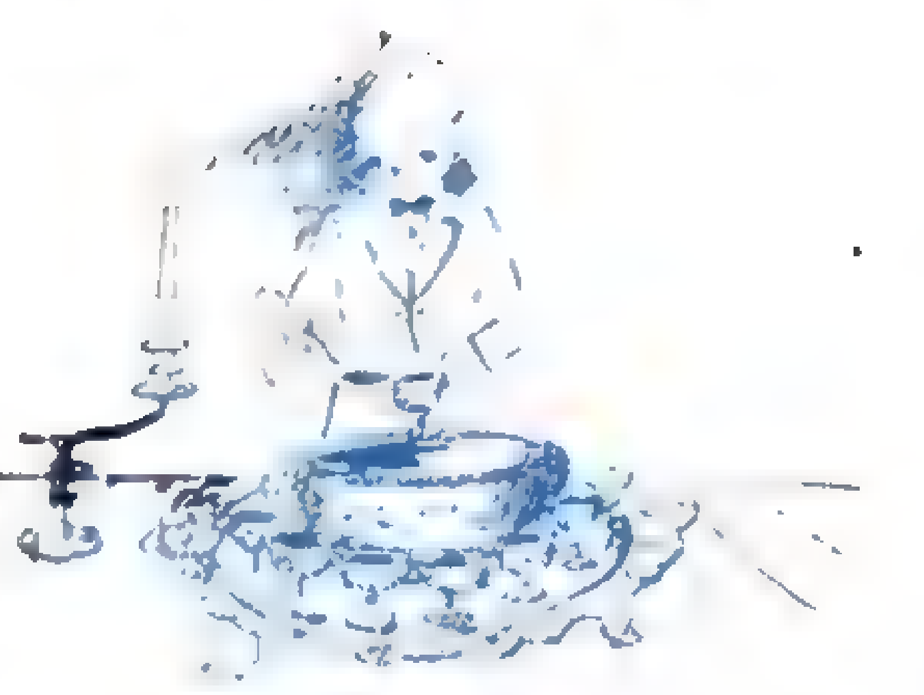


by **LAWTON MACKALL**

OLD-FASHIONED holiday drinks are of three types: lively, fancy, and hearty. And when I say hearty, I mean real sustenance that obviates the need of nibbles on the side; the entire regime of vitamins, mineral salts, and virile luxuriators is packed into potion along with lift—leisurely instead of brusque.

Posset, for instance. This one comes to us with a trail of satisfied customers leading backward from Plymouth Rock. The standard edition is Ale Posset, a potation which cheered Old England throughout the year and on Christmas Eve was the traditional cup of festivity. King William's Posset, popular in Colonial America, calls for a quart of light cream mixed with a pint of foamy ale, into which are put the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of four, which have been beaten separately and then combined; sugar to taste, grated nutmeg and any other spices desired; set over fire and stirred as it thickens; on the verge of boiling, it is ready to serve in posset cups. If you lack these two-handled vessels, as ornate as the shaving mugs of the Nineties, don't worry; served in anything, this stuff creates a holiday mood. The de luxe edition, Sack Posset—made with fragrant wine such as sherry or Madeira—involves the same amount of light cream, about as much wine as there is in a present-day bottle, a cup of sugar, and the beaten yolks and whites of fourteen eggs, making it richer all around. It's the vinous daddy of eggnogs.

Whether Crusaders, Genoese merchants, or Portugese navigators were the emcees who introduced oranges to Western Europeans is uncertain, but the upshot was:

Bishop

Stick an orange full of cloves and roast it in front of the Yule log (or in the oven) until soft and brownish; cut it in quarters, pour over it a quart of hot port wine, and let simmer for half an hour. Serve in punch glasses. The aroma is almost as good as the flavor.

California, whose vineyards vie with its citrus groves, comes up with Archbishop. You drop the thinly pared-off peel of half an orange, the juice of two, and 36 whole cloves, in a double boiler, heating 10 minutes after the mixture begins to steam. Strain, put back into double boiler to meet a half cup sugar and a bottle of burgundy. Serve in preheated glasses or cups, with nutmeg dusted o'er. Warms eight.

There are white wine versions, and those involving brandy and fruit cordials. Every clan has its recipe, vaunted as the glowingest ever. When we come to *iced* punches and "cups," the entire roster of wine types, good liquors, and liqueurs is in action under the inspiration of thirsty man's inventiveness, ancient and modern. A tasty instance combining tradition with current convenience is Apple-Pineapple Punch: equal quantities of apple brandy and unsweetened canned pineapple juice, dashed with Angostura, stirred around a hunk of ice, and garnished with slices of both fruits.

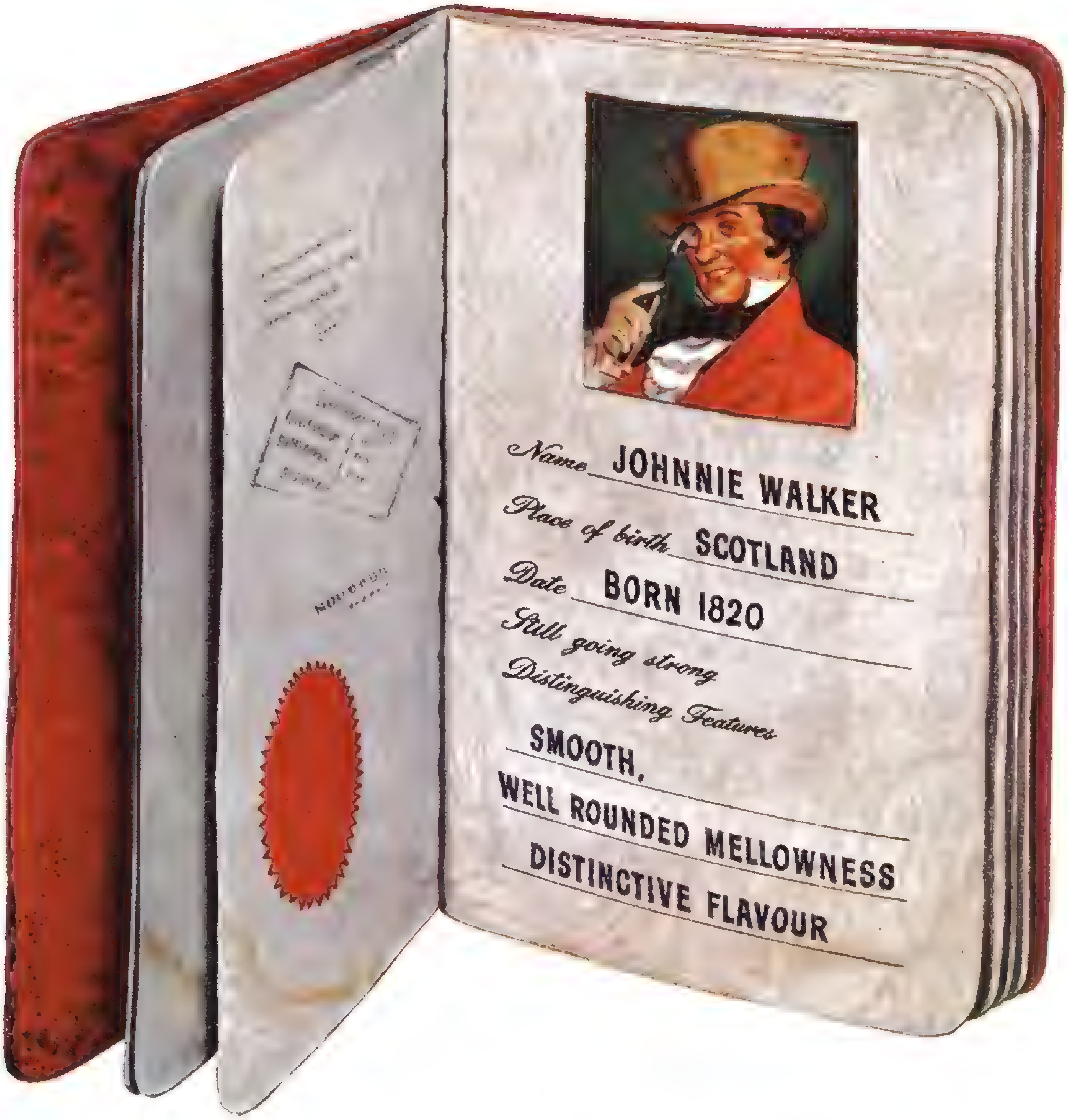
The bowl and pitcher propositions are of course events unto themselves, separate and apart from the big feast, which calls for table wine. Any flavor that food has to offer, wine will play up to. It takes only sips—held a moment to savor the bouquet.

There is eye appeal, too, in these pale goldens, deep goldens, and regal-toned reds. Most gala of all are the sparklers—sparkling burgundy, which has gained in popularity during the past few years, and champagne, the stuff overwrought stomachs will accept when they reject anything else, but which is usually considered merry rather than medicinal.

Champagne itself is holding a celebration; for years it's been a prisoner in dark cellars, undergoing a tedious routine of second fermentation (where its bubbles and high pressure were born), clarification, and general grooming, for parties. Now it has won its freedom with a pop, found its party and is the life of same. Staged in a loving cup it's Happy New Year right on the nose.

Seems to me, though, we get unduly excited over the upping of the last numeral on Father Time's speedometer. Aside from Christmas, the greatest days in our beverage book should be the personal ones. Birthdays. Splice anniversaries. Reunions. Celebration of landing of 52-pound channel bass. Due honoring of grandson's first tooth. Glorious news that the said youngster's dad is homeward bound from overseas. Still more glorious jubilation over arrival in person; no sparing of the bubbles on this open house occasion.

And then there's the fellow who eases out the cork of a champagne bottle now and then for no reason at all except that he likes it and can't see why anything so refreshing, so chummy with provender, should lie pining in a dark cupboard. Reckoning it a clever impersonator of June, even in January, he wouldn't mind if it busted out all over the calendar.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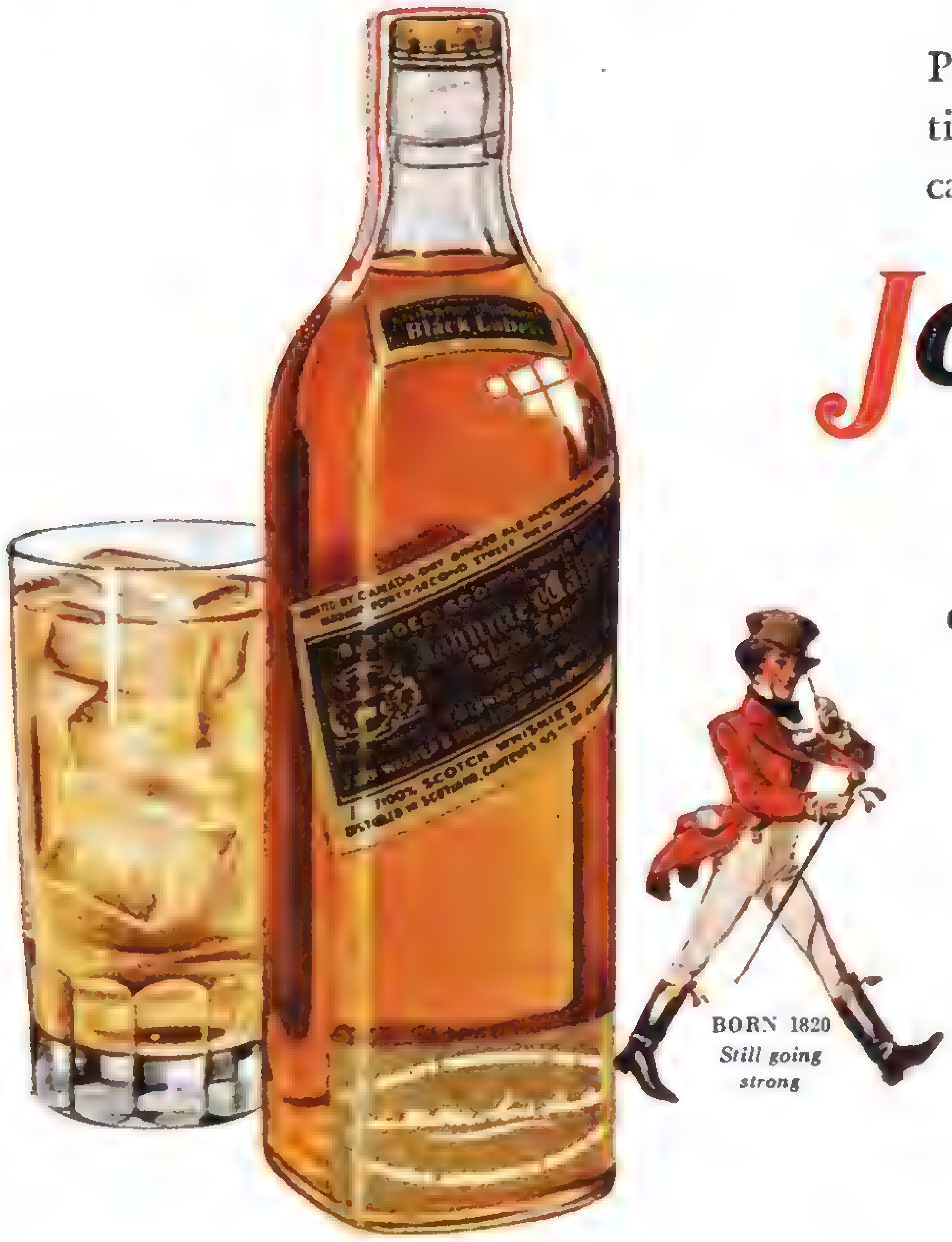
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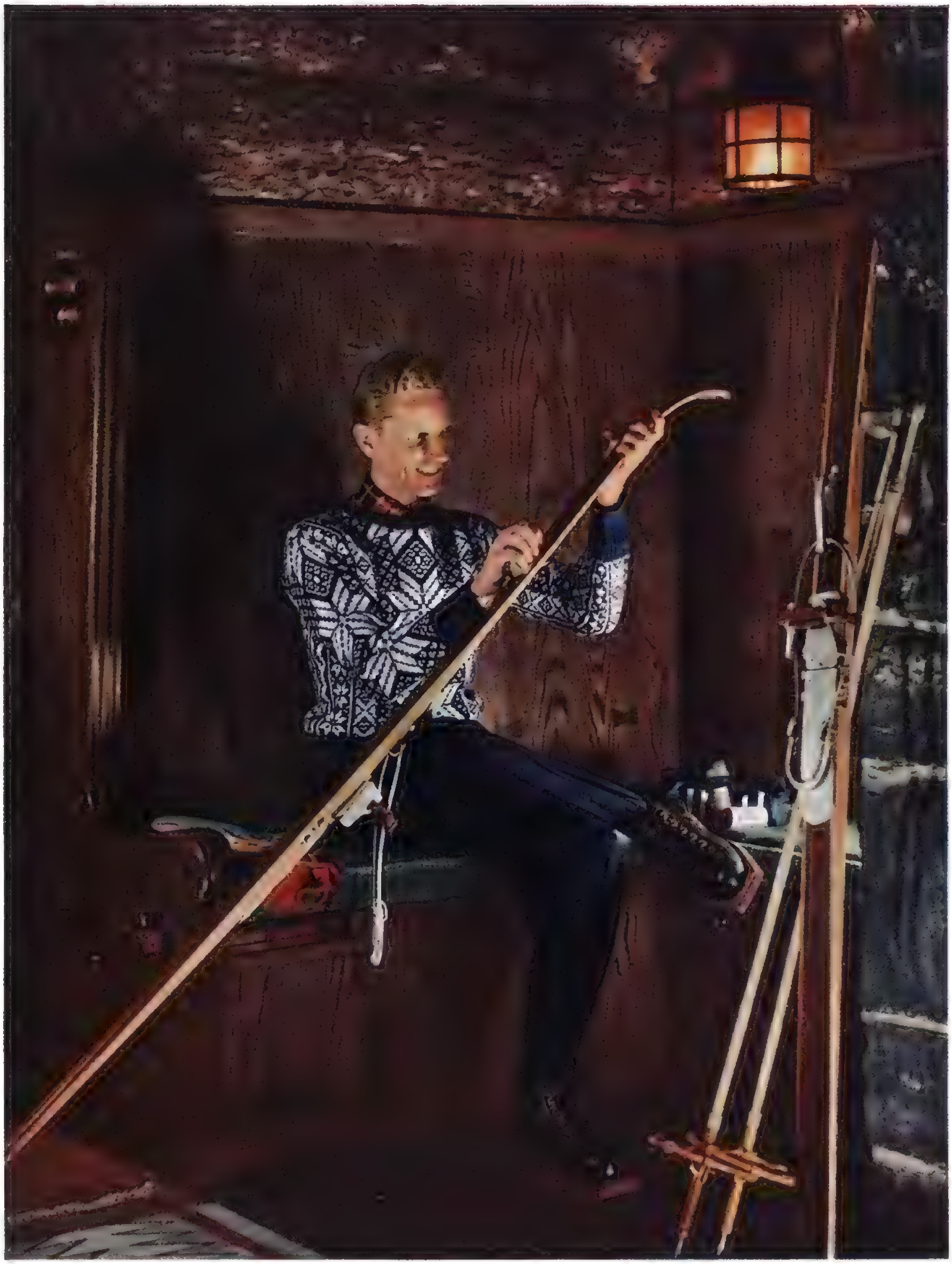

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A winter-sports fanatic, our man is off to the snow-bound hills of the North for a round-the-clock binge of skiing. By day he'll wing down the trails; at evening, he'll "hangar-fly" at the lodge and noodle up his equipment to waxed wonders. The Norwegian influence is strong in American ski wear; example: the sweater with a large snowflake pattern. Beneath it he wears a wool plaid shirt and solid blue wool tie. His downhill trousers, which are cut full at the knee, taper off ankleward. His thick soled boots with grained leather uppers are designed with a flat sole and wedge heel to prevent snow packing at the instep. On the seat beside him are a knitted wool headband in ear-warming red and leather palmed mitts with processed cotton backs.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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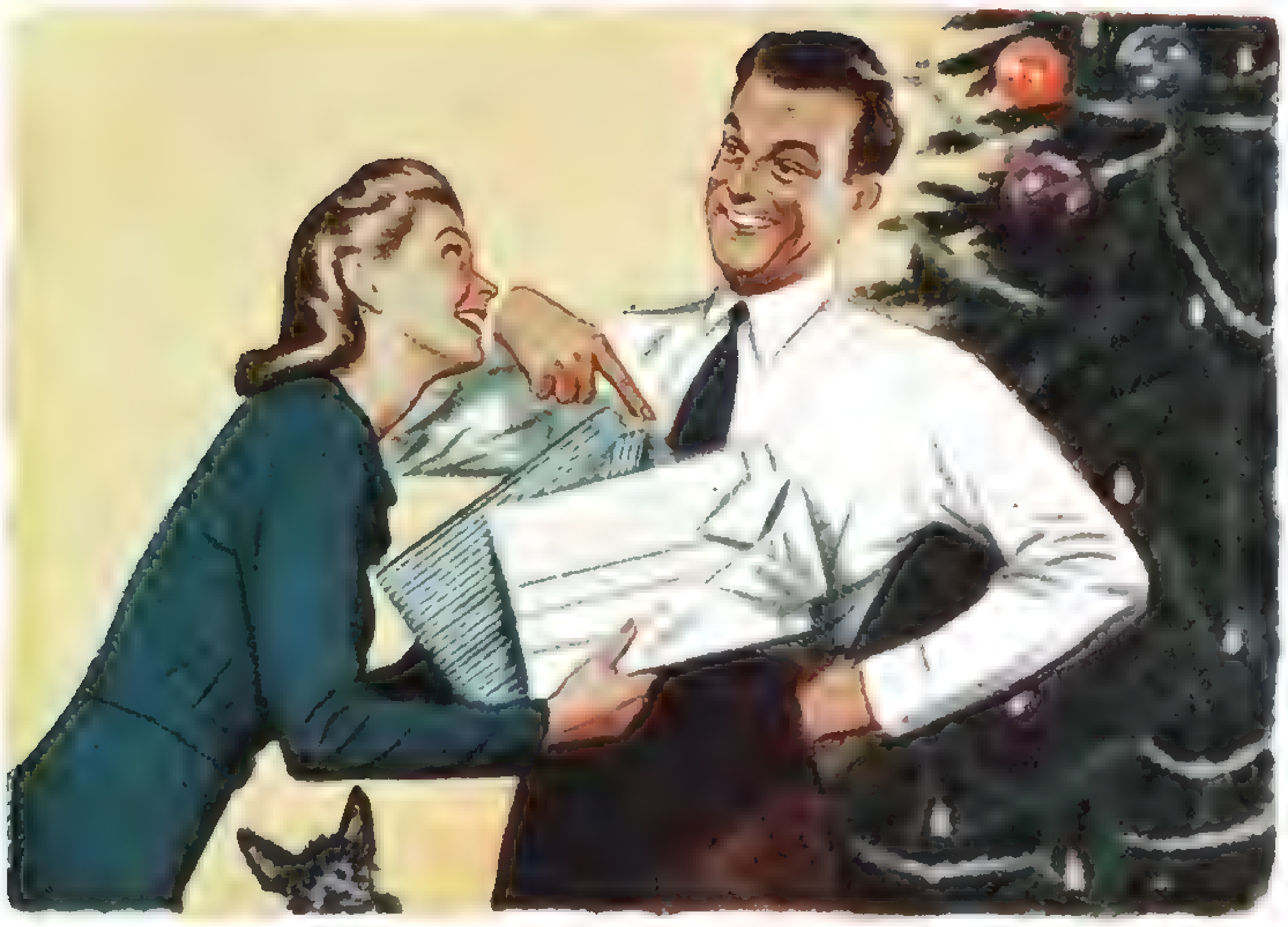

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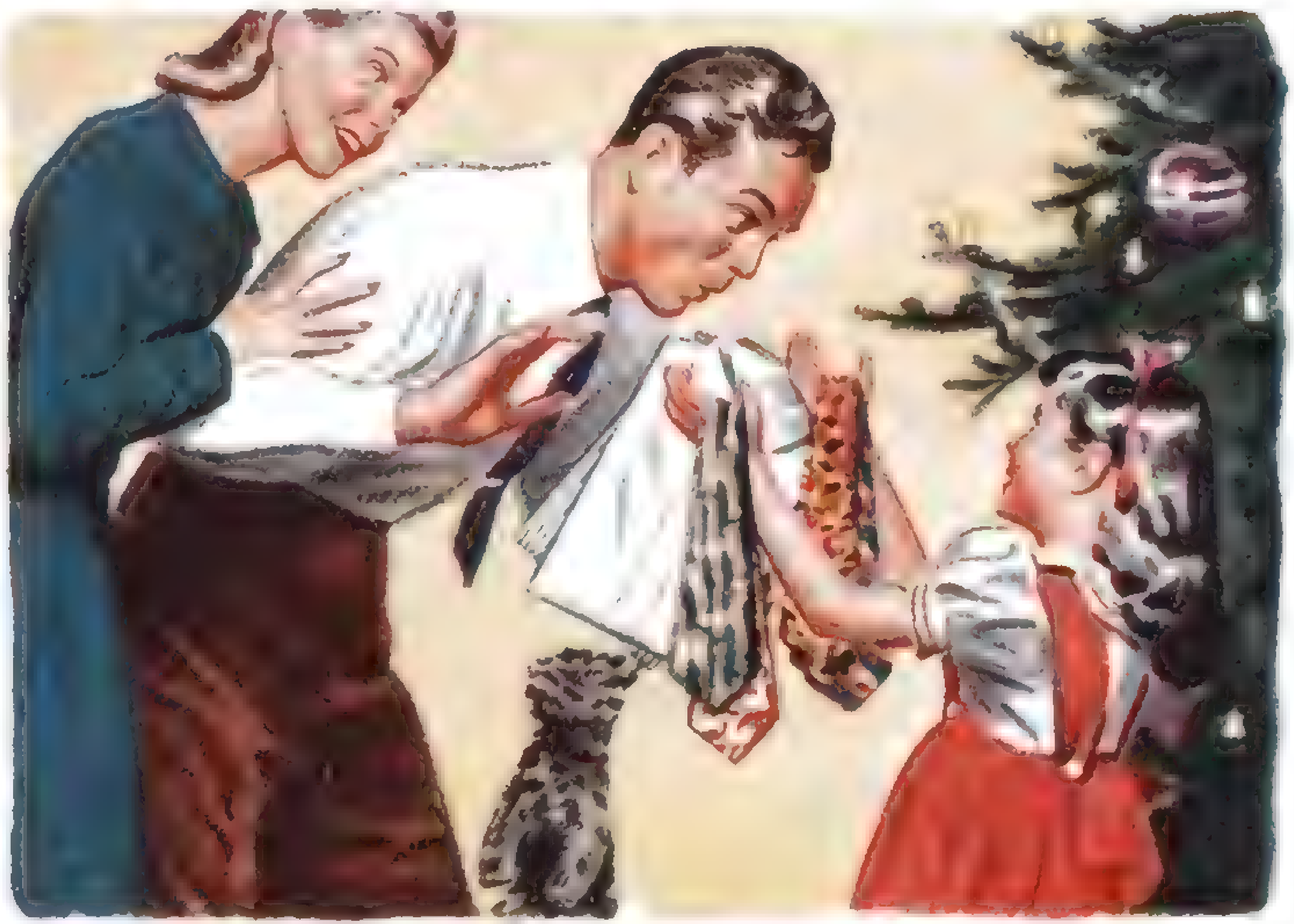

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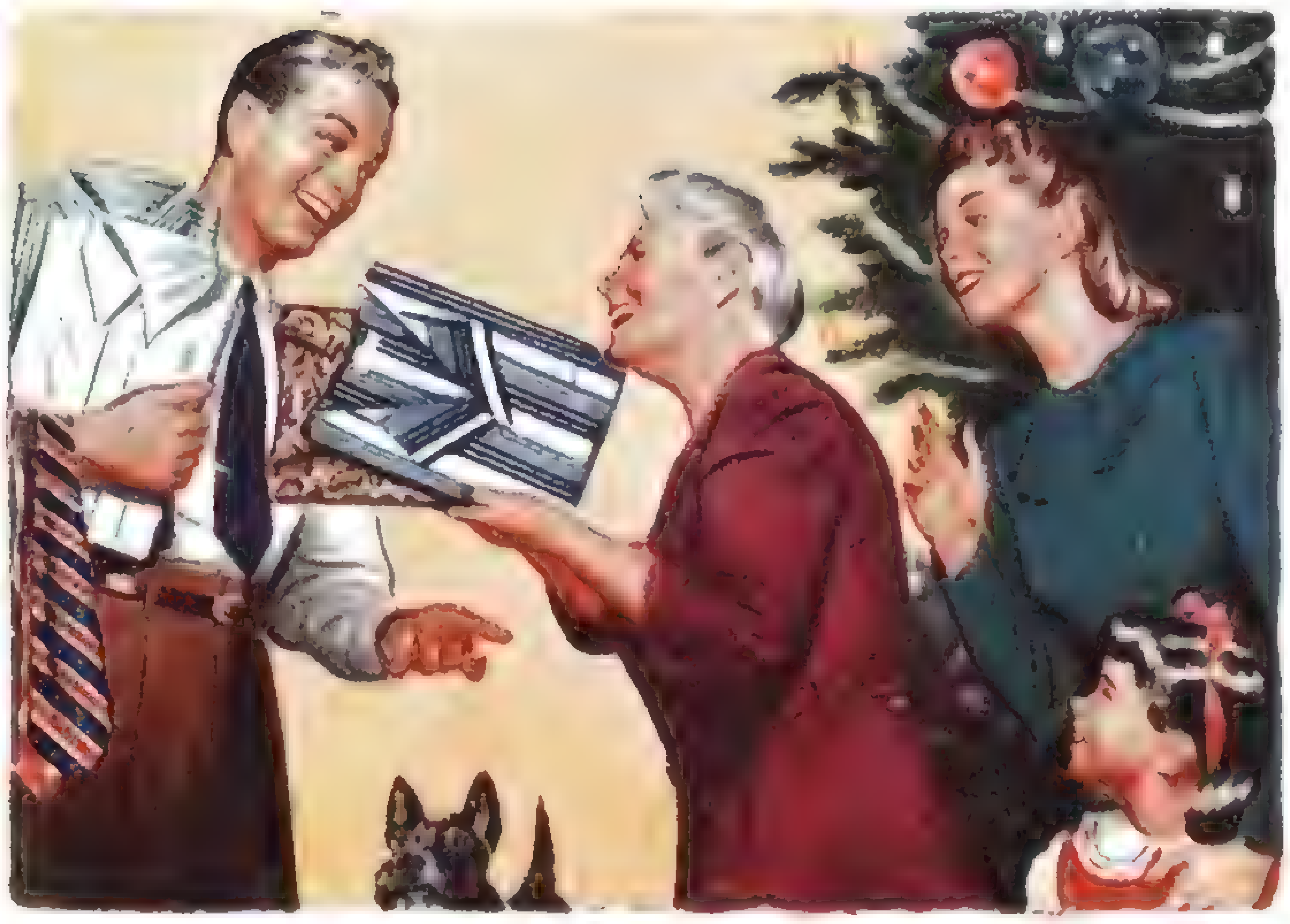

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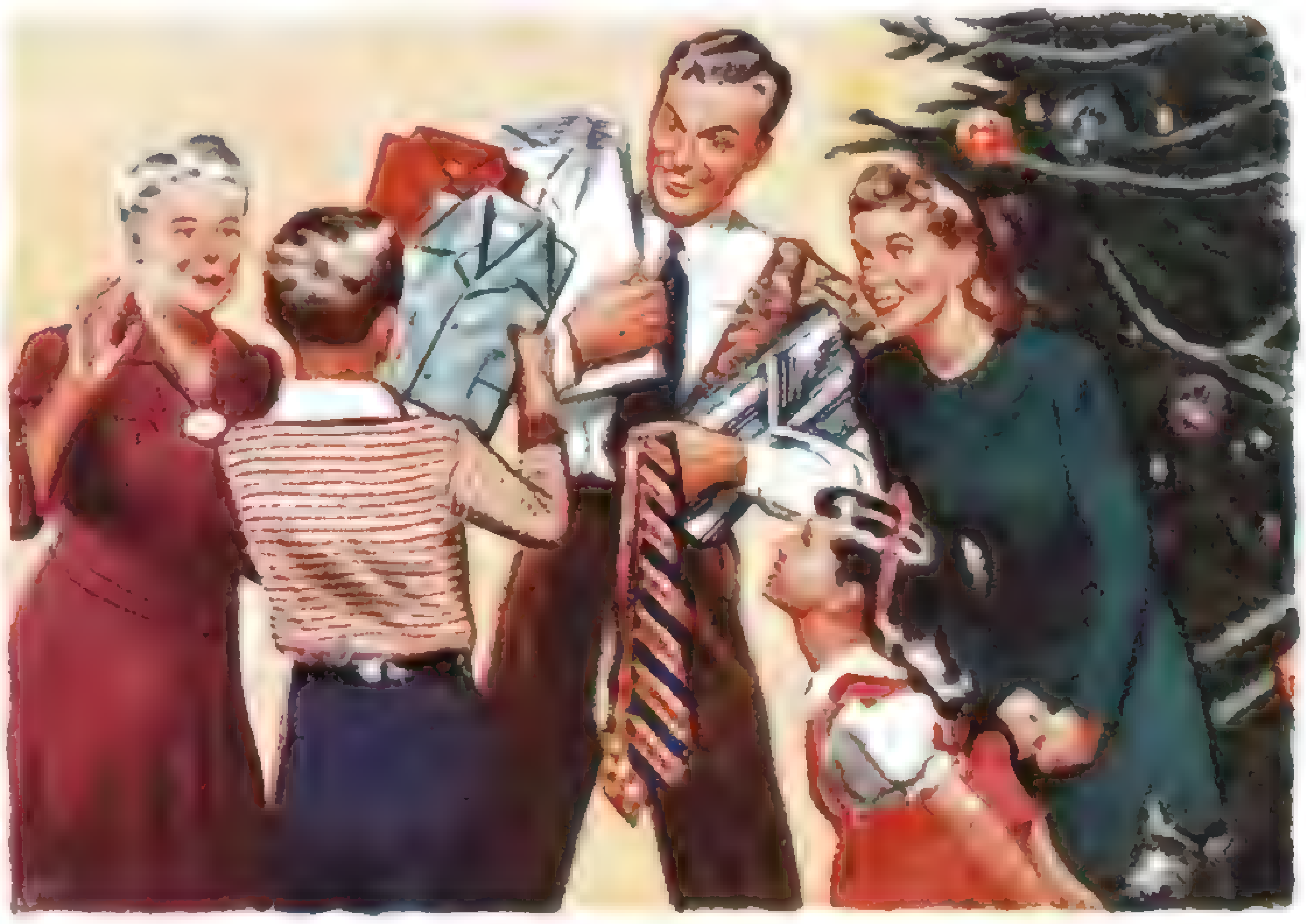

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Man the Kitchenette

Passing of the superior pie is blamed on mass production

by ILES BRODY

That great American dessert, the pie, is today practically unedible and indigestible. And that goes for apple, pumpkin, cherry, meringue, peach or anything else you can mention.

The trouble is that modern pies are produced on the conveyor belt, like cars or washing machines, and without the individual care and devotion so necessary to the making of a really fine product. As a matter of fact, at the same time the first Model T appeared (in 1909), truly good pies vanished. We had to sacrifice *something* for this fast transportation.

Before the advent of the machine age, housewives would have hung their heads in shame had they forgotten to punch holes in the flaky top crust of a pie—not merely for decoration's sake, but also to let the steam escape, and thus add to perfection. The hole-punching operation was done by hand, with a fork, and sometimes your grandmother (not mine—we did not bother much with pies in my country, considering them too heavy for dessert) would perforate your initials into the crust if you were her favorite grandchild.

Inartistic bakers, who make fortunes each year with their pies so sadly lacking in good will, have succeeded in developing pie inferiority complex in American women. The professional pastry "experts" assert that only bakery pies can be good, that it takes a magician to conjure them up, and that in an ordinary kitchen "you can't imitate our pie crust, anyhow." This last statement makes my blood boil, but I am quite willing to admit that it is difficult to produce synthetic rubber in a simple home oven.

Another source of trouble is that pies are too inexpensive; how can the baker put first-class ingredients into a pie that sells for ten cents per cut?

As you can plainly see, I am very angry with bakers, and so are you, I suppose. Only you are unable to give vent to your feelings because you have no soapbox, and perhaps you are too timid to throw the pie into the baker's face. Before I do it for you, I am willing to wager any baker in the country that if he would make really fine pies and charge twenty-five cents per cut, despite the high price he wouldn't have a single one left over. I, personally, am ready to pay even a dollar for a good piece of pie, for I never allow myself to forget the maxim of a gourmet: "a delicious morsel is worth everything, a bad one nothing." Besides, in regard to food, I don't believe that it pays to be thrifty.

A few years ago a big shortening company made a thorough investigation of American pie-eating habits. It was found that pie is eaten in only eighteen homes out of a hundred, because women have lost the knack of making pies, and because "too few bakers really make the type of pie desired by a self-respecting American family." As you see, I am quoting verbatim from the published findings of the company's research department. They also state that medium and low price restaurants sell the most pies. Naturally—what is a man to do after a lilliputian glassful of tomato juice, a dish of thin soup, and a scrawny piece of meat with two vegs? He has to put a period to his hunger with a piece of pie. People have short memories, and they are apt to forget nasty flavors and sleepless nights.

I'll tell you also that if Americans were willing to forget their mistaken addiction to "closed" or covered pies, the ones with the upper crust, they'd fare better. An open pie is infinitely lighter and it is very easy to bake. Besides, it is supposed to be more chic to eat open pies; at least, New York's top restaurants, dictators of gastronomical style, do not approve of anything else but open pies, and you won't find a "closed" pie on their menu or on the shelves of their dessert carriages. Of course, I am talking about only the dozen or so very best restaurants.

My friend, Pino Grandi, pastry chef at one of these places, gave me an infallible recipe for open pies:

> Put two pounds of flour on the kneading table or board. Grate the peel of an orange and mix thoroughly with a half pound of granulated sugar. Pour this mixture into a hollow in the center of the flour. Break on top of the mixture two whole eggs and seven yolks of egg, and let them trickle down slowly. Now knead all together, quickly and lightly; deftness and smoothness of kneading motions assures a flaky and light pie crust. Line a pie pan with butter, place the paste in it, but be sure to leave an edge, and bake in a fairly hot oven; the finished crust should be light brown in color. Cool thoroughly, and spread the inside crust with a coating of marmalade (orange, peach, apricot, apple, or any other kind). Sprinkle sponge cake crumbs and dry raisins over the marmalade, and now lay in, in spiral formation, *fresh* fruit, peeled, cored, and thinly sectioned. Finally dust the finished pie lightly with powdered sugar. The paste of this pie is classic Italian, and it is called *pasta frolla Milanese*.

Pie is almost as old as the sun—prehistoric men baked their

Continued on page 140

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 139

pastry under it. But the aborigine versions of pies must have been even worse than the mass production sort of today. Pies, tarts, desserts in general, were actually an offshoot of the Renaissance, although the legend of King Alfred and his cakes testifies that pastry was a favorite in England almost five hundred years before Chaucer mentioned "hot pyes."

First, pies were filled with meat, and then later English pastry cooks added fruit to the meat. When the meat was chopped, in the course of this evolution, and spices and fruit were added, mince pie was born. Apple pie, which is thought to be as thoroughly American as griddle cakes, maple syrup and corn bread, was actually first mentioned in Greene's *Arcadia*: "Thy breath is like the steame of apple-pyes." In direct opposition to this poetic mention, in some provinces of England apple pies were called "apple foot," translating the French *pied*, foot, into English; and in Ireland and Scotland pies were called tarts.

Apple pie may have been an English importation, but it came into its own in the United States. Away back in 1875, The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher delivered a wonderful sermon one Sunday morning—on apple pie. And he said among other things: "But, oh! Be careful of the paste! Let it be not like putty, nor rush to the other extreme and make it so flaky that one must hold his breath while eating, for fear of blowing it away. Let it not be plain as bread, yet not rich like cake. As to the filling, it will accept almost every flavor of every spice, but nutmeg, cinnamon, and lemon are the most agreeable."

The Reverend Beecher, great man though he was, advised wrongly in suggesting these strong spices. They can very easily overwhelm the natural flavor of the apples, and after all, it is the taste of the fruit that characterizes apple pie. There is no use making pie with cheap cooking apples; they should be expensive Newtown Pippins, Red Astrachans, or Gravensteins, whichever may be in season. I give you now a detailed recipe for apple pie, with a different paste from Signor Grandi's; follow this recipe accurately and you can't miss making the best apple pie.

Sift on a table or board one pound of flour, making a hollow in the center, and pouring into the hole a pint of very cold water, two ounces of butter, and a pinch of salt. Knead in the center for a couple of minutes first, then incorporate by kneading with the flour. Cool the paste for five minutes, then put back on the table, flatten it a bit, and place in the center six ounces of well-washed butter. Now fold the paste to enclose the butter, roll it with a pastry roller, and refold into three folds. Allow the paste to rest again in a cool place for five minutes. Then roll once more, fold into three, and place in refrigerator for five minutes.

Peel, core, and slice four fine apples, place in a vessel with three ounces of powdered sugar, and a little ground cinnamon. Line a pie plate with butter, cover the bottom with three ounces of the paste, arrange the apples on this, cover with five ounces of the paste, and make incisions on top. Moisten the surface with a little beaten egg yolk. Bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes, take it out, sprinkle plenty of powdered sugar over it, return to the oven for two minutes, and serve, hot or cold.

If you are an attentive recipe reader you will readily see that the three most important things about pie are cold ingredients, a light touch, and a hot oven. Naturally, the ingredients must be the best, the shortening butter exclusively, and gelatine must be banished. The oven ought to be closely watched, also, otherwise you will fare like your baker, who, in his callousness, steams out of the pie the desirable fondant of succulent juices, and leaves huge air pockets between crust and filling. No wonder—the air costs him nothing!

Aside from indifferent bakers, another threat to pie-eating is the year-'round fruit supply, which is a rather recent phenomenon brought about by rapid transportation facilities. People today finish a meal with raw or stewed fruit, or salad and cheese, in preference to pies; and very rightly so. As I said, I don't consider pie a dessert; it is too heavy after a fine meal. And originally it was not intended as a dessert but as a one-course meal. When the meat disappeared from pies and fruit took the meat's place, people of vast appetites, the hungry working man, added a piece of cheese to apple pie. But even then, they did not eat it after a full meal.

Later, when ice cream became easily available, pie *à la mode* was discovered, but despite the moniker this dish wasn't a French invention—the French never even heard of pie *à la mode.* They eat an open fruit pie with very heavy Devonshire cream, mostly for luncheon, and I can testify that this is a wonderful dessert; it was my favorite during my Paris years, at Foyot's or at the *Cochon du Lait* restaurants.

Apple, coconut, peach, apricot, cherry, pineapple, cheese, mince, and so on, *ad infinitum*, are not wonderful any more, and I mourn the passing of the good pie. I do not think that there is much difference between today's cheap pie and the one Gene Cavallero, owner of the famous Colony Restaurant in New York, had his chef prepare for a friend who was cursed with an insatiable fondness for mince pies. The meat in the pie wasn't minced fillet of beef at all—it was finely chopped shoe leather! The pie-lover ate every bit of it to Cavallero's great delight. And at this point I warn you with the poet:

Chuse your materials right;
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies . . . #

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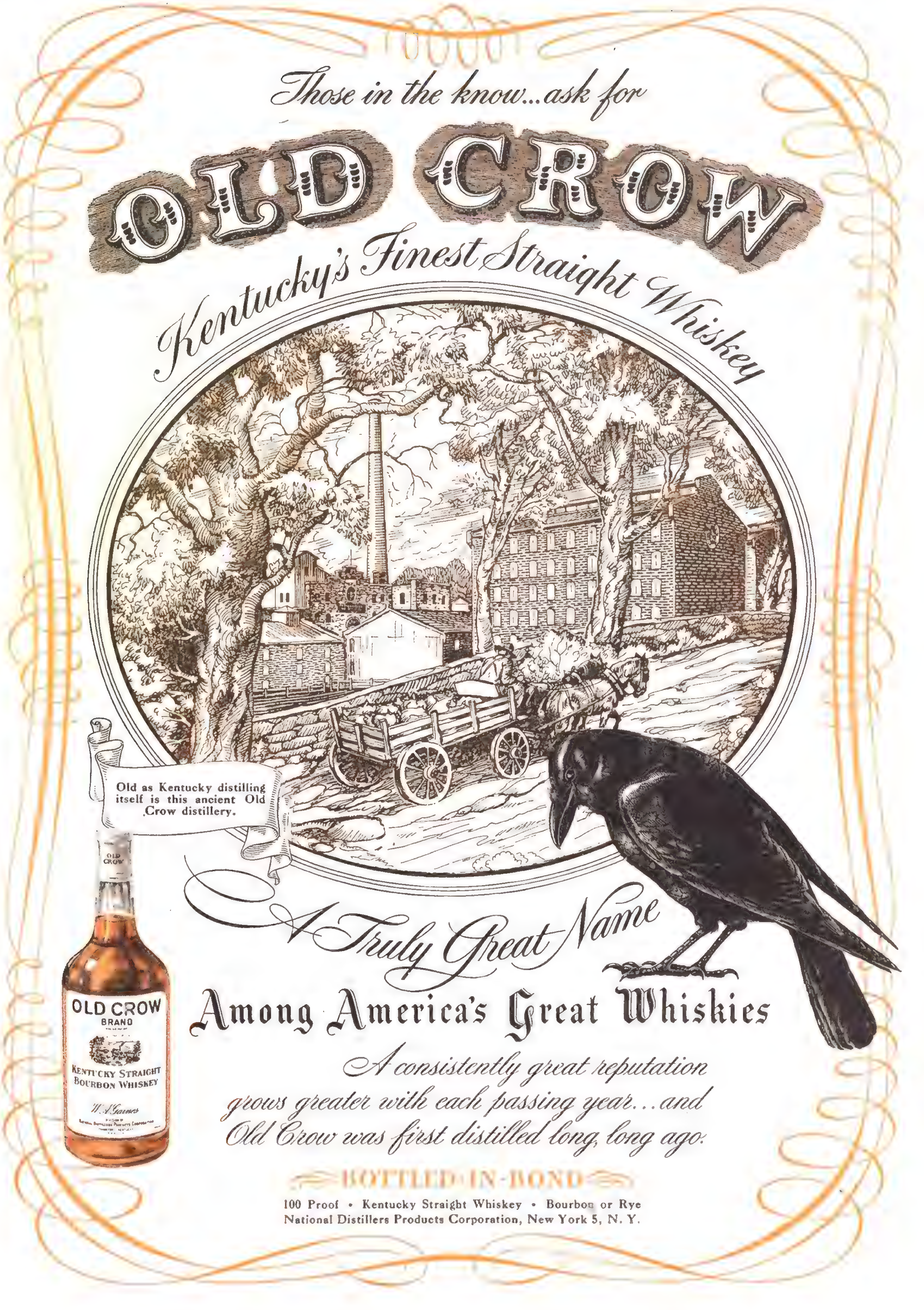
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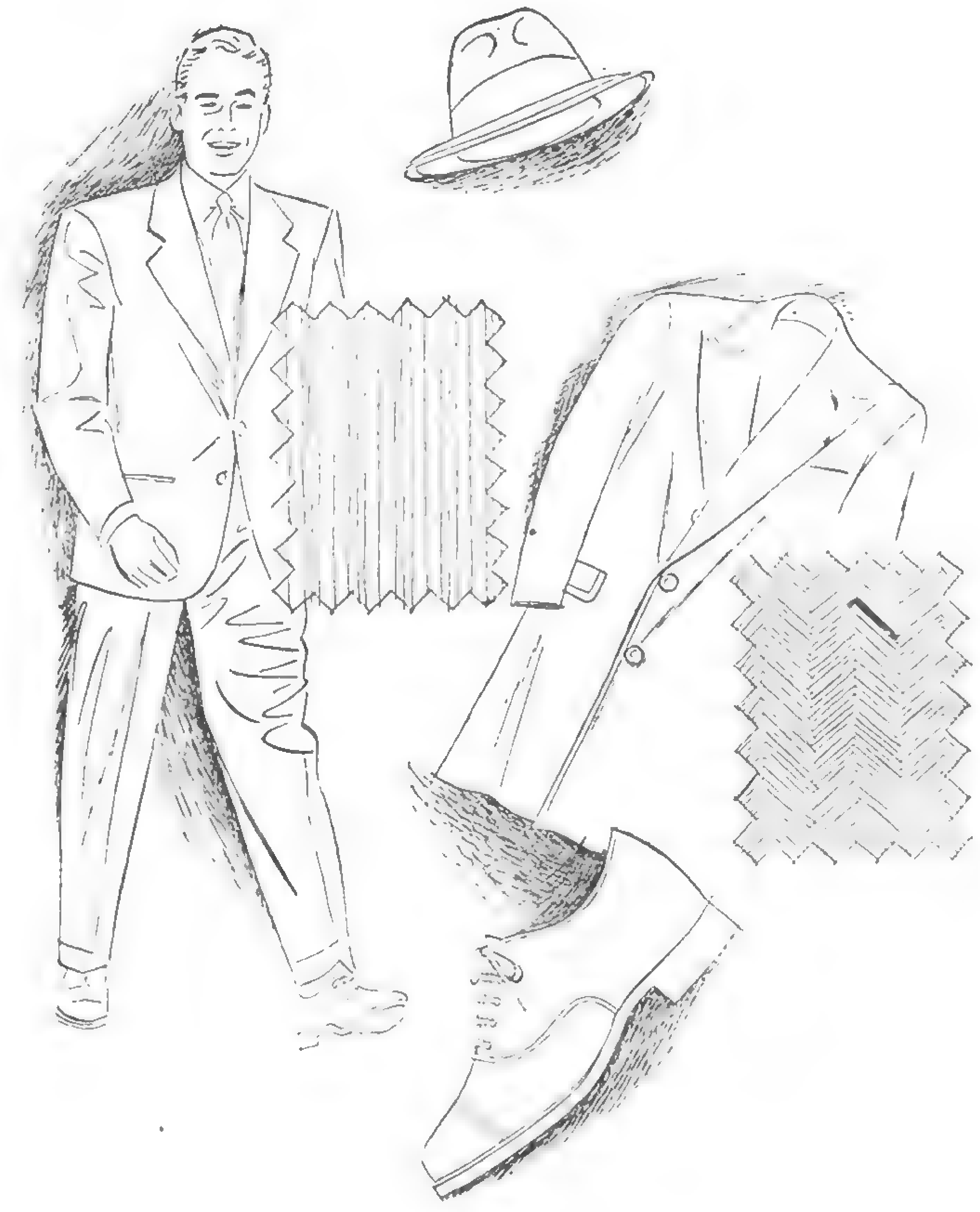
Short-cut to Height

Fashion subscribes to the maxim that you're as tall as you look

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



Some of our correspondents in Olive Drab have told us, albeit reluctantly, that life in a pup tent has its compensations. For one thing, military drill often decreases a man's girth; for another, it may also increase height, and this applies even to doddering oldsters of thirty winters. Nevertheless, some returnees confide, when they mention the pleasant subject of choosing civilian clothes, that they hope to look even taller than they are. We will leave the psychological aspects of this yearning to those who study the dark mirrors of the soul. And minding our own business, which is fashions, we offer herewith a few pragmatic suggestions.

Patterns of suits, for example, can be exploited to make the less-than-average-height man look considerably taller. Chalk, pin or group stripes, all are on the approved list because the lines marking the fabrics are a cogent means of achieving the desired elongated effect.

On the other hand any designs that give apparent horizontal impressions should be avoided because obviously they will detract from a man's apparent height. Even in regard to topcoats and overcoats this guide holds true, so the best fabrics for a shorter than average man are those which show herringbone weaves.

As to the style of a jacket, long roll lapels on either single or double-breasted ones are most satisfactory. The two-button model, especially, creates the illusion of added height. Very long jackets should be eschewed in favor of jackets of medium or short dimensions, because these latter make the legs look longer and the wearer taller. Wide trousers have the opposite effect, of course, so choose them reasonably narrow.

The virtue of short lengths holds true for outer coats as well as jackets. If a coat extends to the break in the knees, then the distance to the floor is increased. Catch? Long roll lapels on single- or double-breasted overcoats are as desirable as in the case of the jackets.

Shoes should be chosen with the same cagey sense of discrimination. Wide looking, heavy shoes with the soles extending broadly at the sides are less appropriate for half pints than those of closer trim. There are models with specially constructed ramps inside at the heel which actually add height; no fooling.

Hats with tapered crowns and brims of medium to narrow proportions tend to build up their wearers. Conversely, hats having wide, low crowns and extremely wide brims do not. ⧻

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I Will Be the One

Continued from page 80

mouth thinned down and he said bitterly, "I kill Jap!" I sat and stared at him and thought about my kid brother back home playing football in the park. The old man nodded toward Benny's belt with its playful toys and asked, "With one of those things?"

"No, sir." Benny drew his right hand suggestively across his throat. "With bolo."

Well, we chased him off to sleep then, and he knocked it off until he smelled Windy's dinner cooking on the tailboard of the truck. I saw him hop out of his hole and walk into the ocean, clothes and all, dropping only his grenade-heavy belt on the beach. One of the boys gave him a cake of salt-water soap from a case of 10-in-One rations, and he went to work on himself.

I hadn't seen the captain all morning. His jeep was gone, so I guessed he was up at the Regimental C.P. collecting some information from the brass. He must have got a whiff of Windy's spaghetti, too, for his jeep bounced in off the road at 1230.

The skipper came over to the truck, selected one of the blue and white enameled tin bowls we had won from the Japs a while back, filled it with spaghetti and parked himself on a water can.

After a few mouthfuls he nodded toward the beach where Benny was splashing merrily. "I found out some more dope about our new recruit," he announced.

"He was grabbed by the Japs two years ago for being too friendly with the guerrillas, and they made an officers' orderly out of him. Benny did a lot of listening and when he had won their trust by being a good boy, he started slipping out at night to spill what he knew to the guerrillas. With what that kid told them, the guerrillas ambushed a flock of Jap patrols and truck convoys. Then the Nips caught him with a guerrilla one night and they tossed him in a stockade. That little son-of-a-gun pulled a knife on a guard that very night, sliced his throat, and took a powder to the hills. He's been out here ever since. Quite a kid, no?"

Benny was quite a kid all right. "I will be the one to take care of you," he said, and so appointed himself chief bodyguard to the old man, following him like a shadow. The skipper fixed him up with a battered old carbine, and that kid polished it up like new. With his belt bulging with cartridges, a wicked looking trench knife stuck at his side, and a grenade hanging from each breast pocket, he looked like a Commando—and I don't mean the Junior variety. We sharpened up his appearance with a pair of fatigue pants, a woolen O.D. shirt, leggings, wool socks and G.I. brogans. He was a regular part of the outfit, and everyone was crazy about him. He liked us too.

At night he'd sing for us. Sing catchy Filipino marching songs. *Sons of the Philippines* and stuff like that. Songs of defiance and songs of a troubled people. Then, suddenly, he'd burst out with an old Bing Crosby tune like *Moonlight Becomes You*.

This temporary home of ours was some distance removed from the real fighting, but the hungry Japs kept skulking around and it was a rare night when the stillness wasn't shattered by the streaming clamor of machine guns, the spiteful bark of carbines and the loud report of M-1's. We strung trip wires around the bivouac and attached hand grenades and flares to them, but the Japs saw them every time and pulled the trips with long pieces of string. Our flares would shoot up and the grenades would explode. In the morning we'd expect to see half a company of dead Japs—good ones. But there wouldn't be one.

We had strict rules about firing inside our perimeter of defense at night. Only the men on the edge could fire because those on the inner circle had a better chance of knocking off some of our own men than they did of killing Japs. It was a hard and fast rule that anyone who fired at night, from the inside, had to produce a dead Jap in the morning or spend two weeks on the outside where he could fire at will.

So when Benny got all excited one night and woke us up yelling, "Cap, Cap, I smell Japs!" none of us started exercising our trigger fingers. We couldn't see a damn thing. Benny insisted he could smell the yellow men, but that sounded sort of farfetched to us. We strained our eyes in the pitch black, located nothing, and went back to sleep. A few minutes later Benny leaped up, fired three times with his carbine, and started hollering, "I told you, Cap! I told you!" We were a little peeved at him by then and tried to shut him up so we could get some sleep.

But as soon as dawn broke, the kid was up out of the hole and running. The old man followed him. There, twenty feet in front of our hole, lay two good Japs.

One afternoon when Benny suddenly requested permission to go visit his sister in a near-by town, the old man gave him some money—many pesos. We hadn't been aware that he had any relatives close at hand. He never said anything about them. But off he went, with about fifty pesos, worth about twenty-five bucks in our money.

The captain and I took a jeep ride into this town that night on the off chance that we'd see a good cockfight. Sure enough, right on the main street the whole population was turned out around a pit, watching the gamecocks go at it, betting their shirts on the outcome of each match. And there, in the center of the crowd of heavy bettors, was our Benny having a hell of a time, his arm around a

Continued on page 148

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I Will Be the One

Continued from page 147

pretty "dulaga" and his eyes popping out of his head. The skipper walked up behind him and said, "Benny, won't you introduce me to your sister?" Benny ran like hell.

He was more fun to have around than the barrels full of monkeys that the boys always were buying from the natives. Whenever a native lady wandered into the area to pick up laundry or to sell bananas, or what not, Benny supervised the deal. "I will be the one," he'd say, "to see that you do not pay too much."

Windy was negotiating the purchase of some bananas one day and, before he was aware of what was happening, the lady clipped him for eight pesos for eight bananas. That's fifty cents in American money per banana, which would be a little too much even in Grand Central Terminal. Then the lady started pulling at Windy's shirt, demanding that too. Benny stepped into the breach efficiently, started raising hell with the native woman, chased her to the road, conferred with her at length there, then returned cheerfully. I asked him if he had got back any of Windy's money. "Money?" he asked. "I tell her just that she shouldn't take soldier's shirt."

One time we caught a prisoner right on the main road. But unlike most of his compatriots, this character was looking for someone to whom he could wave a white flag. This seemed strange to us until Benny walked up, looked him over, and started talking to him in Filipino. The man was a native of Luzon, who volunteered for service in the Japanese Imperial Army. Of course, he insisted he was made to serve and he hated the Japs and he liked the Americanos and was glad to be our prisoner because he knew we would be nice to him. Our S-2 was half inclined to believe him, but Benny obviously was itching to get a crack at the guy.

Finally they let Benny take over the questioning. He kept asking the prisoner why he carried a rifle to another Philippine island if he was a true Filipino and a friend of the Americans. The prisoner replied that he threw away his rifle as soon as he landed. Benny changed the subject and talked about other things for a while, acting as though he, too, were convinced. Then he quietly asked him if he did any firing in the battle up the road, above where he was nabbed. Pretty confused by now, the Luzon recruit jabbered something about throwing away his ammunition there so he wouldn't have to fire his rifle.

Benny leaped on him with his hands around his throat and started choking him. "You told me you threw away your rifle when you landed," he shouted. "You lie! Everything you say is a lie! You like Japs! You want to kill guerrillas, Americans. We kill you!"

It took two men to pull our pugnacious kid off the prisoner. Benny quieted down immediately, and when all the questioning was over and it was decided to send the prisoner along to Division Headquarters, Benny volunteered to go along with the detail to act as interpreter when the brass down there started to question the traitor. Nobody thought this unusual, so he went, riding in the back of a jeep with the prisoner while two soldiers rode in the front seat. He waved to us as they went down the dusty road.

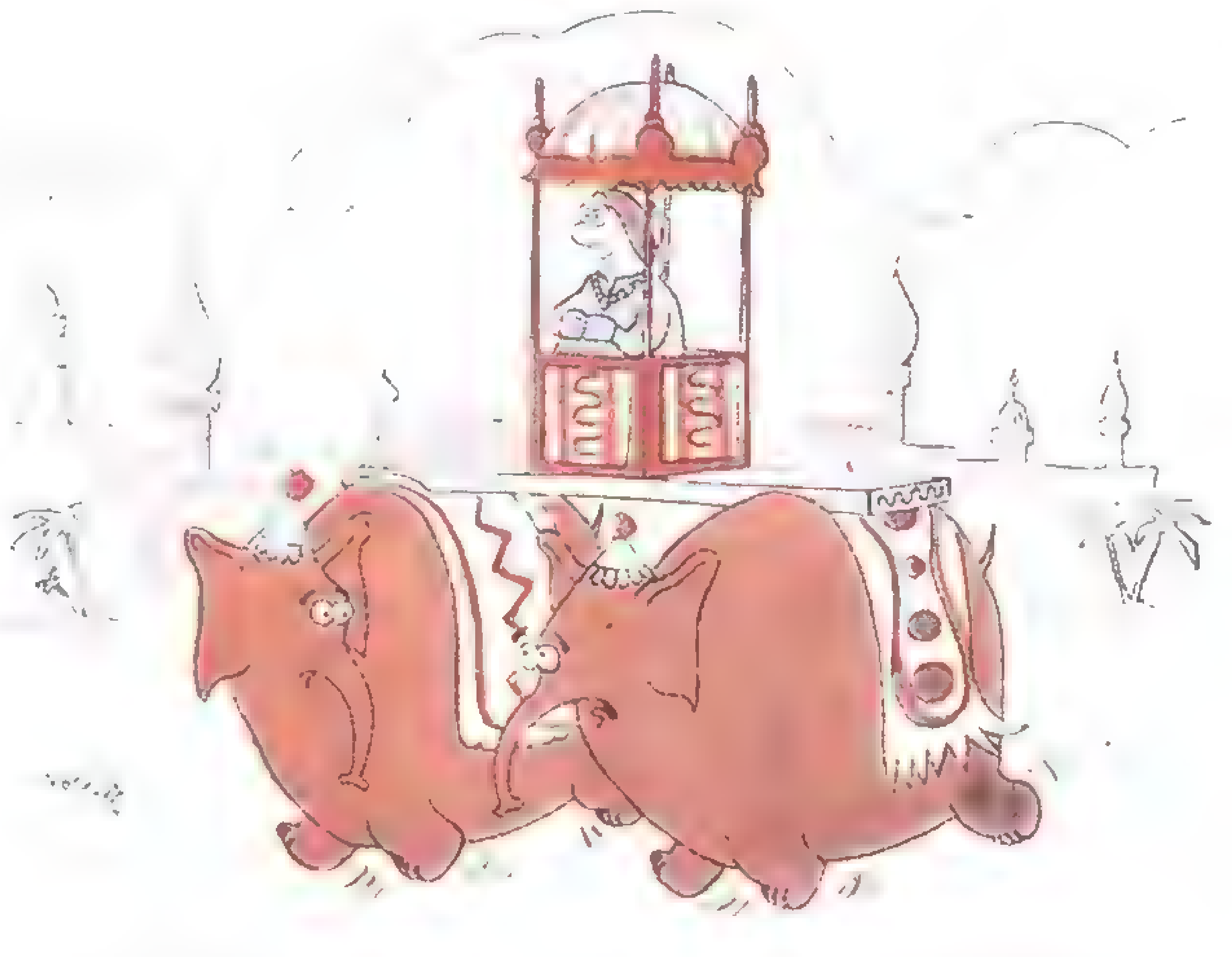
He was back in a few hours. We noticed that he seemed to be avoiding us. So the skipper called him and told him to sit down and tell us how he made out on his trip. "Did the Division officers get anything out of the prisoner, Benny?" he asked.

Benny grinned slyly. "Oh, him. He never got to Division. I had to shoot him. He resisted."

We broke camp after that, and Windy said Benny had gone to visit his "sister" again, thinking the captain might be sore. We never saw him again.

He had packed a lot of living into his short span of years, and I think I told you. He was fourteen years old. ⧺

Continued from page 80



"I was afraid that sooner or later he'd hear about twin-motored planes!"

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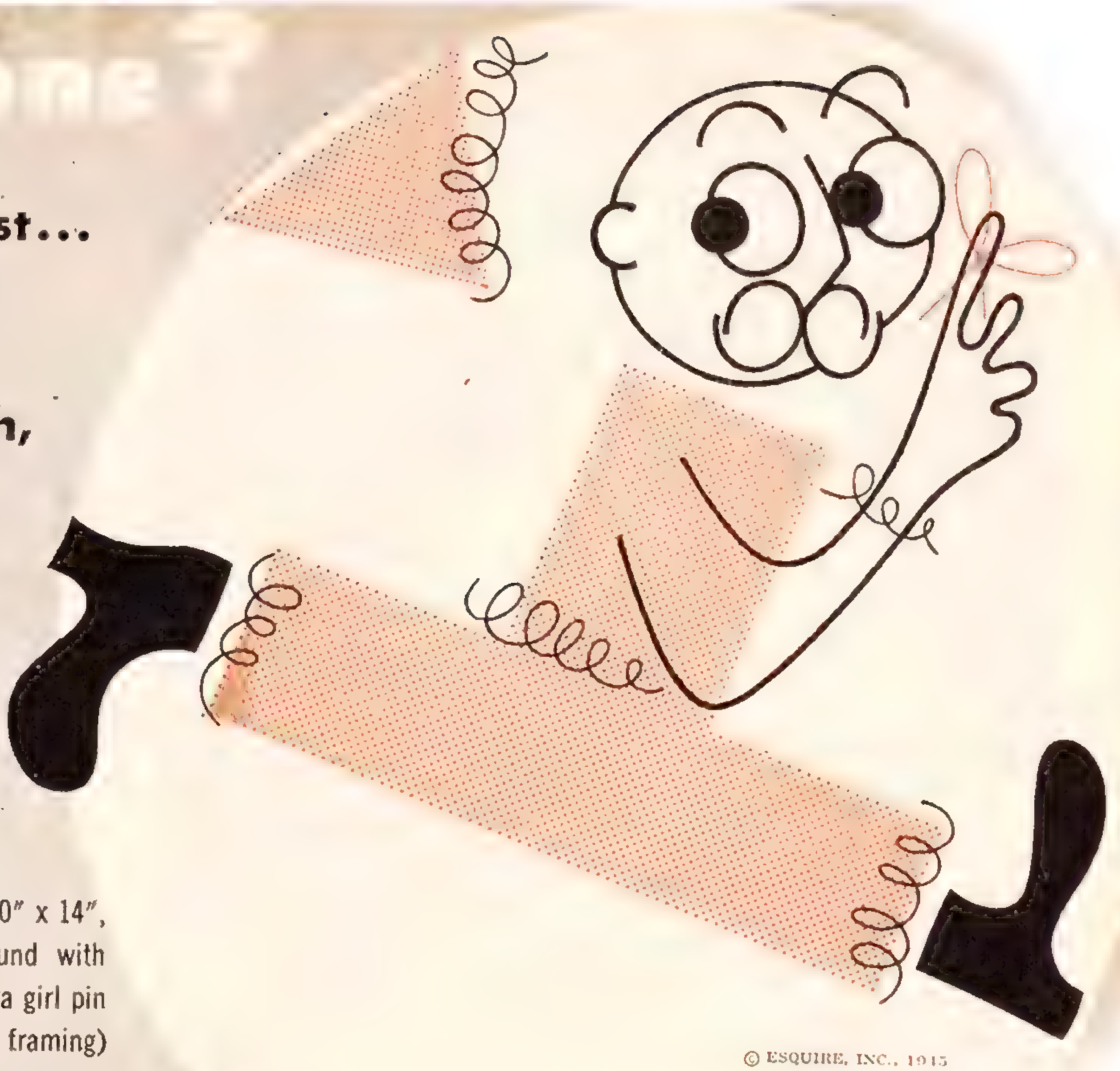

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Selections from the catalogue of Blue Note:

1. *Variations on a Theme* (Harpsichord—Meade "Lux" Lewis)
2. Four 12-inch records by James P. Johnson (including *J. P. Boogie* and Improvisations on *Pine Top's Boogie Woogie*)
3. Ike Quebec Quintet
4. Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Jazz Men
5. Sidney de Paris' Blue Note Jazzmen

Blue Note is not a new recording company. Some of its recordings have been mentioned here before. It has issued at least fifty jazz records "with a consistent articulate point of view" which is best judged by the records themselves. Its great soloists group and re-group themselves and function as conductors of remarkable combinations. The *Variations* of Meade "Lux" Lewis on the harpsichord are another indication of good editorial judgment. Among the individuals not listed on the left are Edmond Hall, Max Kaminsky, Art Hodes, and Sidney Catlett. Ike Quebec is a graduate of the Cab Calloway school.

New Company

Wang Wang Blues
(Cosmo—Henry Busse)

No Can Do
(Cosmo—Joan Edwards)

How Deep Is the Ocean
(Cosmo—Jerry Wayne)

The announcement of these and several other records says "this document will become a collector's item". I suppose the reference is to the actual recordings. Joan Edwards' song is a sort of transplanted *Rum and Coca Cola*, done with her usual knowing skill; the others are known quantities, nicely done. You can't tell what collectors will collect; Cosmopolitan Records, "the house of stars," may be on the right track.

Apology

Capitol Records' H. Harland Crowell, Jr., an enthusiast, rebukes me (and Feather and Miller, too) for neglecting Capitol Records, specifically noting that "Mercer's waxing of *Atchison* is so obviously better done than Crosby's," and mentioning Coleman Hawkins and King Cole. All I can say in self-defense is that I reviewed Capitol records when they reached me; and recently they haven't.

Single Pops

Who Threw the Whiskey
(Majestic—Prima)

I'm Gonna Love That Guy
(Decca—Marian Hutton)
(Columbia—Ginny Simms)

Lass with the Delicate Air
(Decca—Evelyn Knight)

My Shawl
(Columbia—Frank Sinatra)

Paper Moon
(Columbia—B. Goodman)

Begin the Beguine
(Decca—Les Paul and Trio)

Lover
(Musicraft—Joe Marsala's Septet)

Feather Merchant
(Columbia—Basie)

A Tender Word
(Columbia—Krupa)

Is there a trend showing? Like a petticoat? Not to my eye. The commercial recordings can't yet indicate much change, can't hint at our postwar popular songs. Of course, *I'm Gonna Love*, etc. has postwar implications, take them or leave them. Sad Songs (like Gene Autry's melancholic *Address Unknown*), and sweetly sad ones like *My Shawl*, *Paper Moon*, and *A Tender Word* are standard—ever since the ballads of the '90's. I don't like genuine ballads like the *Lass* tricked out with "characteristic style"—in this case a sort of yodel. Basie's *Feather Merchant* has top charm in this month's list.

Maybe It's Christmas

My Favorites
(Victor—Fritz Kreisler)

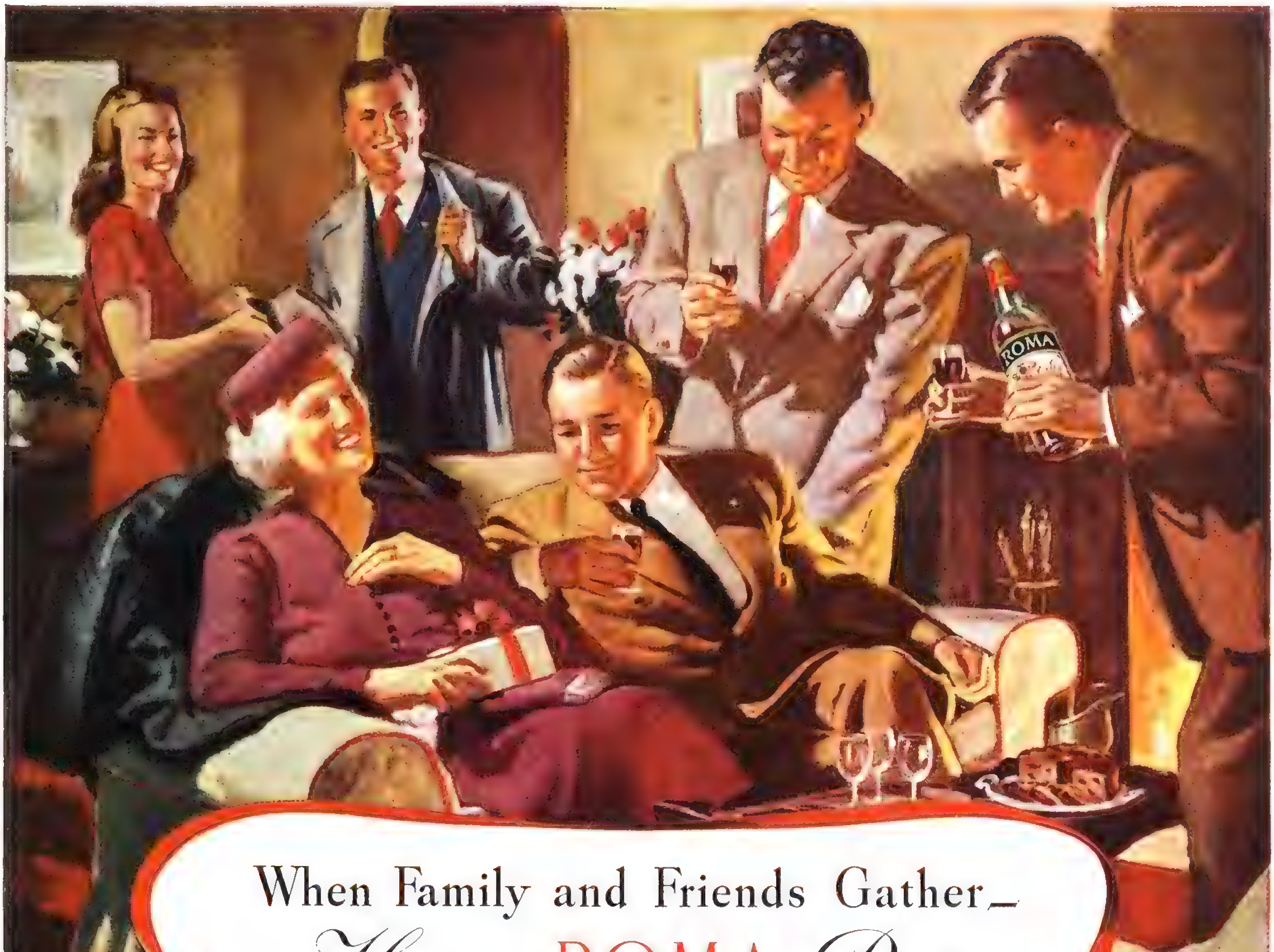
Duchin Reminisces
(Columbia—Eddy Duchin)

Golden Moments of Song
(Victor—Jan Peerce)

Kostelanetz Conducts
(Columbia—Andre Kostelanetz)

Porgy & Bess
(Decca—Wallenstein)

For you, dear reader, it may be. Actually the Christmas releases aren't out at this writing. So here are recommended some sets and solos you may want to think about. You will note that these are about as "sure" as any collections can be; except the symphonic arrangement of *Porgy and Bess* which is a novelty. Jan Peerce's is one of the grandest voices on the air and he has a sense of style which is faultless; his four songs are all Italian. Kreisler's "favorites" are everybody's favorites; and Duchin recollects what you would expect he would, in his usual style. The Kostelanetz, noted before, is also not unexpected in its choices.



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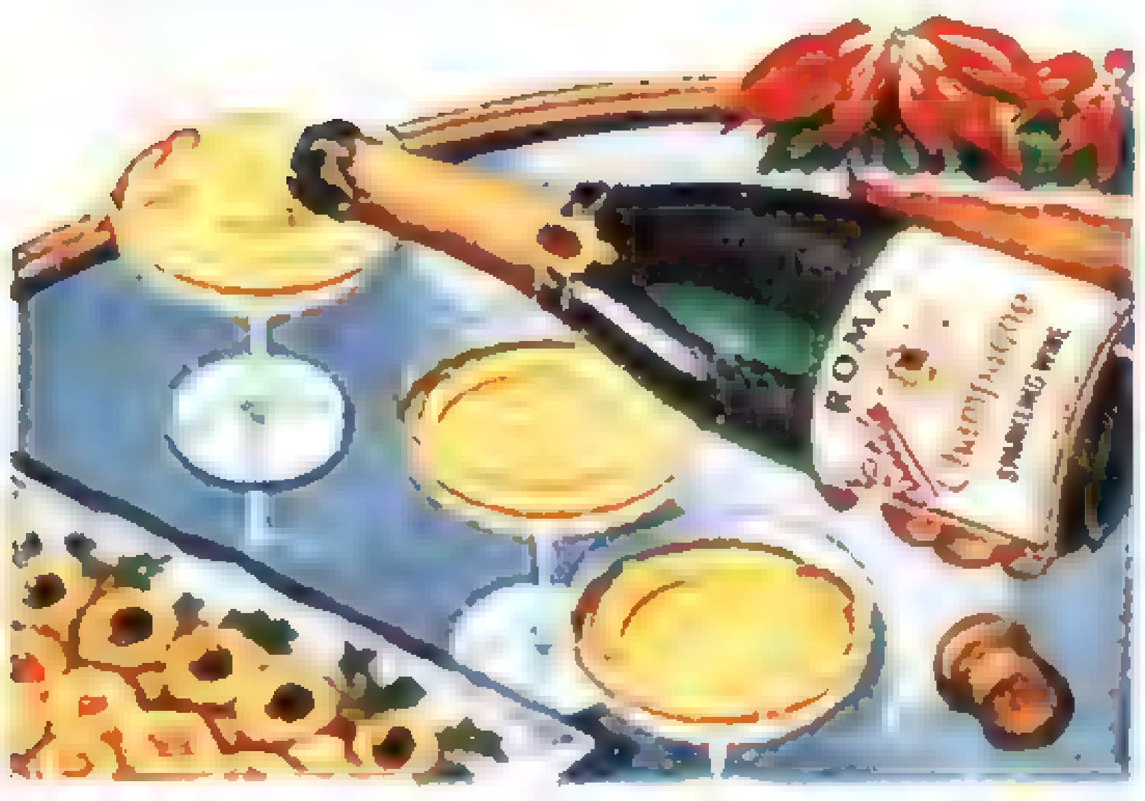

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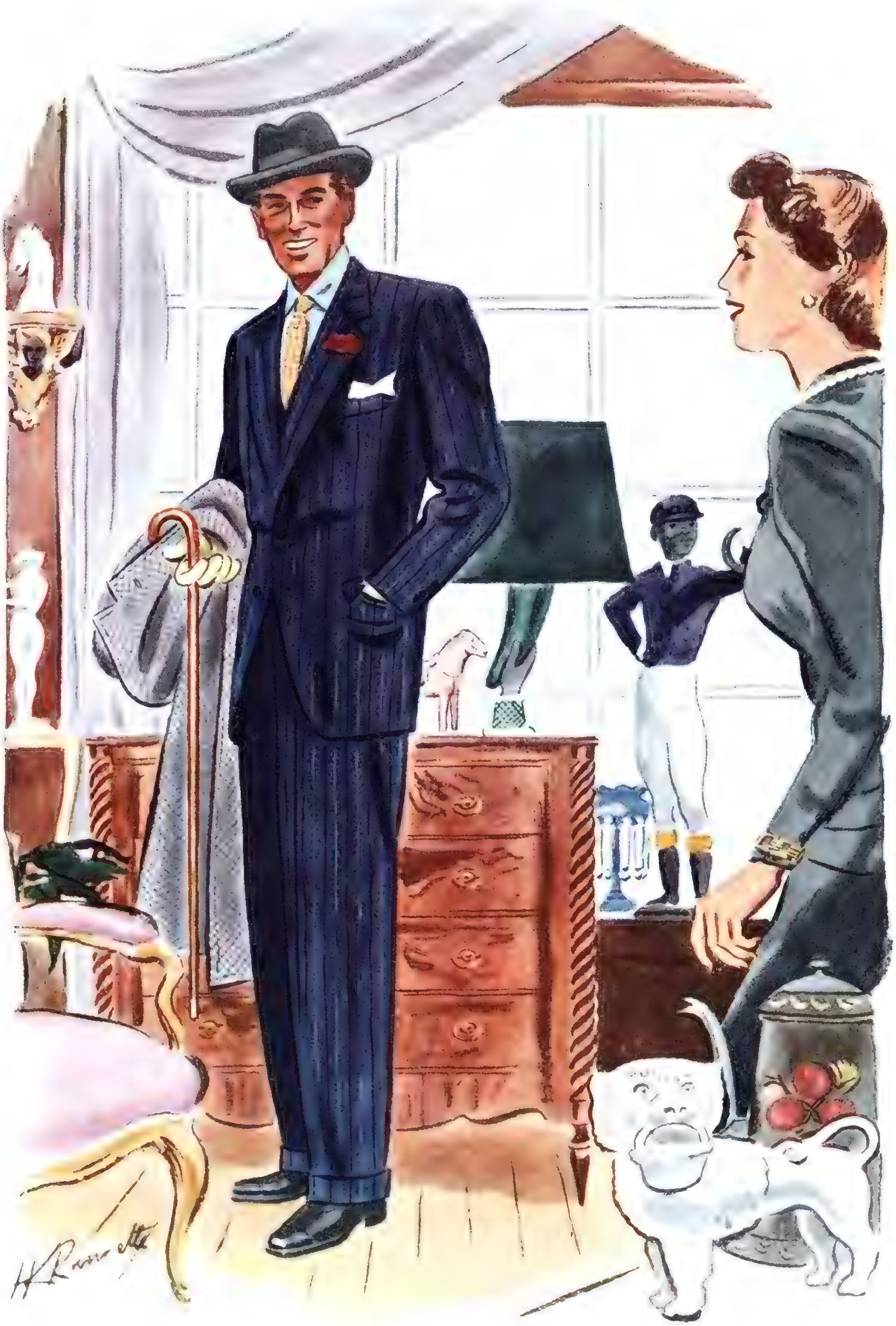

AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

PROPMAN'S HOLIDAY

Drawing by Runnette

Yesterday's fripperies are today's collector's items and in this era of radar and planes such baroque exhibits as doorstops and hitching posts have a peculiar charm. Looking like a Yankee in Queen Victoria's Court, the browser among antiques is obviously 1946. The jacket of his worsted suit is the two-button model of the year; the shoulders, of course, are broad to V-up the general outline. His tie, which gains importance through understatement, is a bar-shape Macclesfield, narrower than the conventional. And if you're wondering in what antique shop he managed to find a silk shirt . . . it isn't silk. The material is that new 1-denier-yarn rayon that looks and feels like silk but is said to take all the laundries give it in stout fashion.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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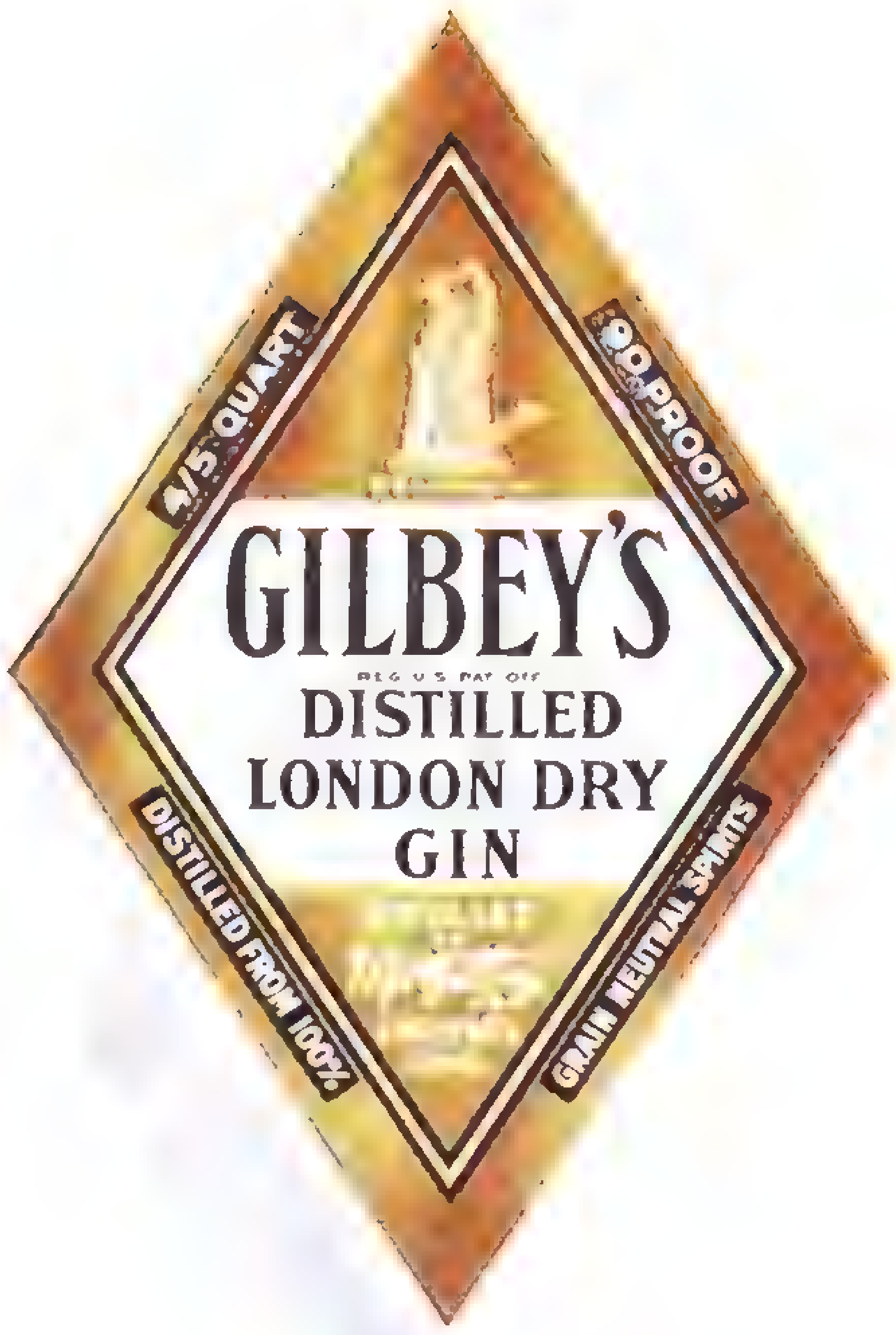
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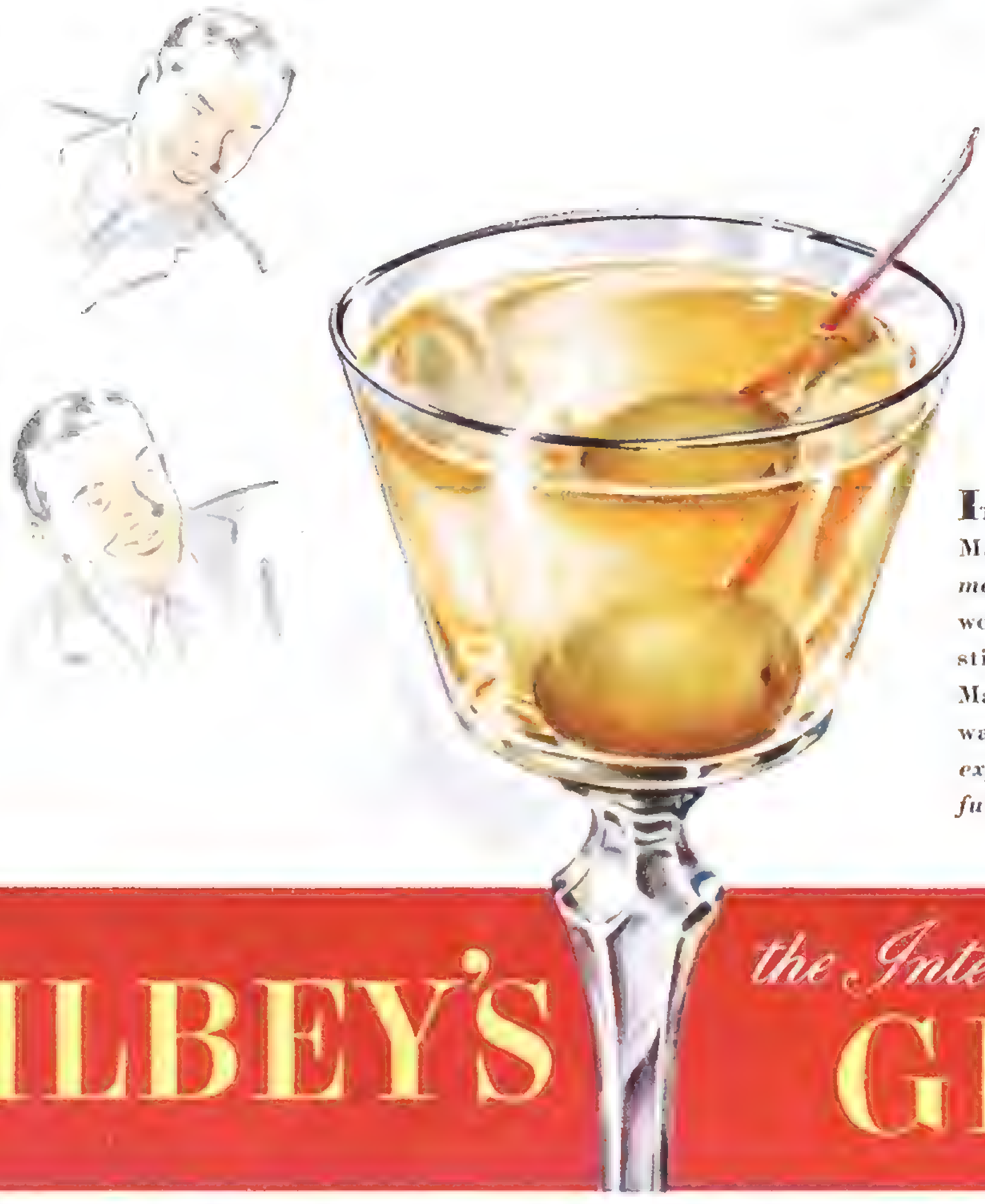

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Auld Acquaintance

Continued from page 104

Four War Bond tournament at Oakmont a year ago August with a 295 total, with a 74 as his final round.

The doctor, who was an ardent golfer, remarked after Armour had missed several putts by the breadth of a few blades of grass: "That man's touch is as delicate as a surgeon's; too bad that with his one eye he can't exactly see the line to the cup."

One thing Armour could see plainly early in the thirties was that the heavy-flanged niblics were going to take from golf, as he had known it, the delicate combination of skill, judgment and strength in making shots out of traps, or approaches from grassy lies. The sharpness of his foresight in that respect was later disclosed in the 1935 Professional Golfers Association championship at Twin Hills Country Club, Oklahoma City. In the finals Johnny Revolta exhibited a command of the flanged niblic that he still has better than anybody else in the game. Playing astonishing recovery shots, Johnny defeated Tommy 5 and 4 for the title.

Armour, never one to complain about what fortune deals, blithely remarked; "You can't say I didn't tell you so in advance. Johnny just cut me to pieces with that bastard club. He plays it like a virtuoso and that's a difficult thing to do with a club almost everyone can use rather well. So hail to the winner and let us have a drink."

The latter is something that Maestro Armour used to be fairly fond of at social intervals, possibly merely to be true to a sporting tradition of Caledonia. But time and tripe have prevailed upon him to withdraw from competitive endeavors in the consumption of spirits. Of late months he has been tossing a dime on the drum and shouting, "Hallelujah, I am saved," when he is asked what he will have.

There are many chronicles of wassail told in which Tommy is the hero. And, since this essay is an effort to do honestly by The Great Armour, it will be admitted that certain earlier chapters of the Silver Scot's saga which relate to sessions with stimulants are one hell of a long way from flights of fancy. However, the practice is not one unique with Armour among all celebrated athletes or artists. His compatriot artist, the late minstrel Bobby Burns, was a braw mon wi' th' bo'le, as the clansmen's vernacular goes.

Tommy's reason for putting his rum revels into the past are characteristically blunt. "I drank for sociability and to relieve boredom, and got results. I found I had begun to drink with too many bores hopelessly immune to education or succor. Then I turned to shocking soft drinks just to punish my thirst for leading me astray."

So the beginning and the end of the Armour story won't be as similar to the biography of Burns as much of the Armour career has paralleled that of lyrical Bobby.

Both Burns and Armour go into the records of their respective arts as defiantly unconventional geniuses.

Armour's parents were in good circumstances and Tommy was formally well schooled until his eighteenth year, when he marched away with a Scots regiment. Bobby, the eldest son of the honest peasant William Burness, got only meager schooling. He got that in interludes between his labors as plowhand on the small farms to which his family moved in futile wanderings to escape poverty. Both artists were greedy readers. And both showed early budding of genius.

In full flower of their genius Burns and Armour were lionized and made merry as pets of the loftiest in their lands. But both of them had too much sincerity and cynicism not to get the score on those exhibitions. In the painful clarity of hangovers they rebuked themselves as parasites on parasites.

Burns, the artist, exiled himself from the upper strata of society, wealth and culture and wrote what many consider his masterpiece, *The Jolly Beggars*. Old alum-puss Carlyle described it as a hymn of "half-drunken snatches of a joyous band of vagabonds, while the grey leaves are floating on the gusts of the wind in the autumn of the year."

Armour, the artist, tore loose to go on exhibition tours with Walter Hagen, Bobby Cruickshank and others. With Tommy, The Hague and Cruicky, those jaunts were odysseys of extravagant frivol. The customers always got two shows a day; one on the golf course and the other as the conventional folk were far in slumber.

In spending many a day and jocund evening with Armour, the only explanations of the fellow I have been able to get are from Burns. Burns wrote his own and Armour's self-analysis in the lines, *To the Reverend John M'Math:*

> *"God knows I'm no the thing I should be,*
> *Nor am I even the thing I could be."*

And Burns also explained why Armour, offered business opportunities involving considerable cash in return for harnessing himself to an office during regulation hours, or to a microphone, waved those bids aside. Burns wrote, in his *Epistle to a Young Friend*, of "the glorious privilege of being independent." Armour has sacrificed that privilege very seldom. But age has been catching up with him. Now he is getting to be almost one of those curious people you can set your watch by. It's hard for Tommy to do this, and he has his lapses. But he's trying. The old Armour did not survive

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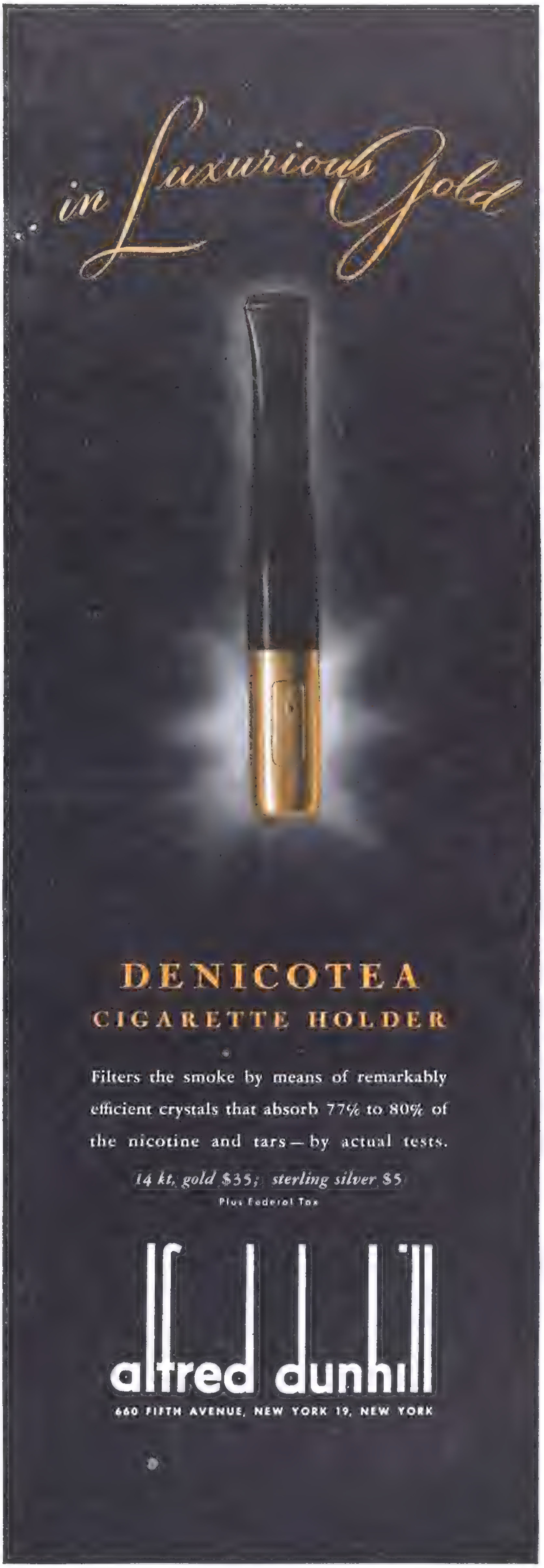

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MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Auld Acquaintance

Continued from page 155

the early months of World War II. The Armour of these days is a different man. Before Pearl Harbor and for months after, Tommy ran his legs limp and wrote and telephoned himself weary trying to get back into combat. No luck. Into the heart that had fought with valor through one war there was barbed the devastating truth that there was no place on battlefronts of the Atomic War for a one-eyed, silver-haired gladiator at fifty.

To Armour, combat service meant a chance to justify his life. He's a more profound and conscientious fellow than he seems to be. As a chair-borne soldier or in service to the safe rear Armour wouldn't fit. Sadly he accepted the inevitable; that he belonged to the Gilded Age that was dead.

He played indifferently in a few of the earlier wartime tournaments and acidly commented on the complaints incidental to golf competition. He sneered at the bellyachers: "If you weren't bombed out on the course, you've got nothing to kick about." Tartly he asked, when the United States Golf Association was criticized for canceling its championships for the duration: "How can there be a golf championship when the champions are away fighting?"

Such an attitude did not particularly endear Armour except to his own fighting sort of men. But that was a matter over which his free spirit had no control.

The second war hurt Armour more than the first one. The second war destroyed the gay and carefree Armour of yesteryear. The first war partially blinded him and exploded chunks out of his frame. But his sheer stubborn will brought him up from a military hospital bed to practice golf to keep his mind off the Army doctor's sorry verdict.

From that point the young man, who'd been but one of the many excellent Scotch amateurs, progressed by thought and diligent practice to win the U. S. Open, the Metropolitan Open, the Professional Golfers Association championships and the French amateur title. He was a member of the British team in the first matches played against the United States at Hoylake in 1921, and a member of the American pro team in the first pro matches against the British at Wentworth in 1926. Golfers, even of his generation, seldom thought of Armour as the unique case of the gentleman amateur who turned pro and became a star as a pro.

Armour has been gossiped about in golf club locker rooms all over this fair land and abroad as a very lazy person because he sat under an umbrella giving golf lessons at ten dollars the half-hour at the swanky Boca Raton Club in Florida.

Well, let's examine the case of those who thought the procedure was funny. Ten dollars for a lesson from the smartest teacher in the game is not too high, but it's serious business as golf instruction charges run.

And the umbrella? Is there anything wrong about the teacher being comfortable so he can be keenly interested in the pupil, instead of worn from doing the caddie's job of putting a practice ball on a peg for the pupil?

It was just good common sense for Armour to fix himself so the psychology of the master and pupil setup was most effective. At any rate, you never heard any complaints from those who paid for the ten-dollar lessons. They were rich people who knew values.

Although about eight of any ten professional authorities in golf instruction will name Armour as the world's foremost golf instructor, Tommy is not the man to devote himself to impatient people who want to master the secrets of "a science of a lifetime" in thirty minutes. He has no interest in working for people who won't work on their golf.

He knows the baffling simplicity of the game. A woman came to him when he was professional at Chicago's Medinah Country Club and insisted on an hour-long lesson. "My dear lady, I don't know that much golf," he told her.

Tommy maintains that during more than twenty-five years of earnest and persistent study of golf he has located only five fundamentals that are common to the swings of all stars.

(1) They all are firm with the left hand. That's how they control the club.

(2) They all slow up at the top of the swing. That's how they govern their timing.

(3) They all keep their weight well forward. That's how they are able to hit down to the ball.

(4) They all hit with their hands. That's how they get controlled power.

(5) They all hit from the inside out. That's how they can apply clubhead force most effectively for distance and control.

That's all there is to it. However, Tommy, after forty years of golf, admits that he's had but very few rounds during which those five simple things were done perfectly on every shot.

Life is a much more complex proposition than golf with its mere five fundamentals. Nevertheless, Tommy has played and will continue to play par or better on the sporting soldier of fortune's course. There's a lot of mileage still ahead of The Great Armour, although his days and nights of scintillating stardom are history. You can look at Armour's record and summarize it with the lines his counterpart, the bard Burns, wrote of that merry Alloway cotter:

> *"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,*
> *"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."* ⧺

Continued from page 104

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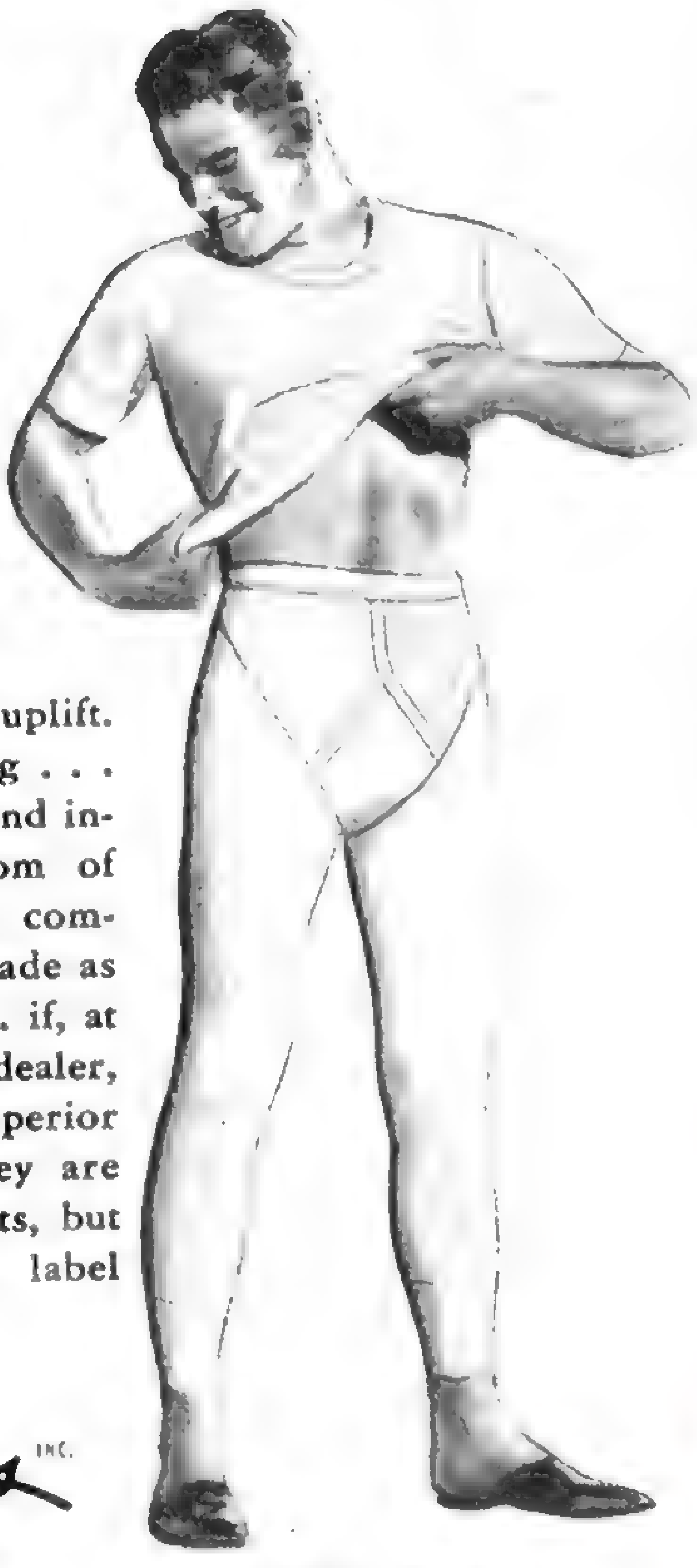

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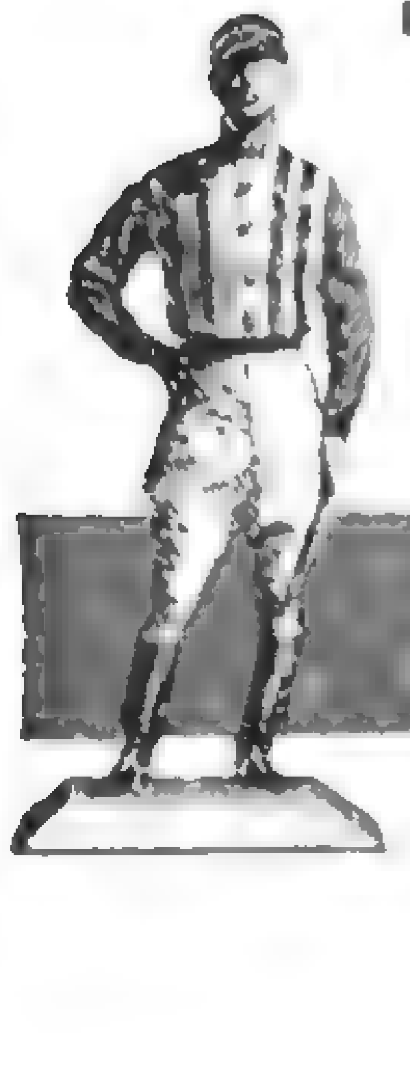

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The Something In a Colored Man

Continued from page 120

"Wut's de hurry?" she asked, trying to grab hold of him.

"I gotta see a man about a grave," he cracked.

It came back, ate into him, gnawed at him—*go tell the police who done it. . . .* But something held him.

He went out, walked up 42nd Street to Bessie's. The house was full of people, gambling. He stopped at a table of six women. Two of them were showing down their hands. One had the seven of spades, the trey of hearts, the six of clubs, the nine of diamonds, and the queen of spades.

She said, "I got a royal spade flush."

The other one had the five of hearts, the king of clubs, the eight of hearts, the ace of spades, and the jack of diamonds.

"I got you beat," she said. "I got a heart royal."

"How you git that way?" the first woman challenged. "A spade royal is de highest."

"Not in poker it ain't," the other one argued. "A heart is the highest in poker."

The first one looked up and saw Mac. "What's the highest hand in poker?" she asked him. "A spade royal or a heart royal?"

"Before I answers," Mac replied. "Just what is you-all playing."

"Oh, we're playing poker, dealer's choice," the first woman replied. "I just dealt a hand with everything wild but the deuces."

"In a case like that," Mac said. "I better keep quiet. I ain't gettin' messed up with all you women."

"You got more sense than Hal Rivers then," a third woman said.

Everytime he heard the name, it put him on the go. He turned and started out. A crowd of guys at the door blocked his way. Two guys were arguing and the rest ringed them in.

One was saying, "I bet you a hundred dollars I can take ten cards out a coon-can deck and tee-roll it."

"I bet you a hundred you can't," the other one said.

"Put up," the first one said.

"Put yourn up," the second one replied.

"Ifn you gonna bet sho nuff make it a fin."

"You musta been in my pocket, man—"

Everybody laughed. Mac pushed through, opened the door, started out. He heard somebody say, "You niggers reminds me of Hal Rivers, more mouf than money—only y'all ain't dead . . ." kept on down the stairs, down the street, turned back into Central.

A chick coming out the Down Beat gave him a look then drew up sharp and did a double-take. She was a tall Peola with a page-boy bob, light, bright, but not quite white, dressed in a pink draped dress that cost forty bucks. He oughta know, he bought it.

"Lonesome?" he cracked in a signifying voice.

"Not for you, nigger," she spat at him. "When I left you I was through burning coal."

"I didn't mean for me. I meant for your honey-boy, so tall and so sharp and—so dead!"

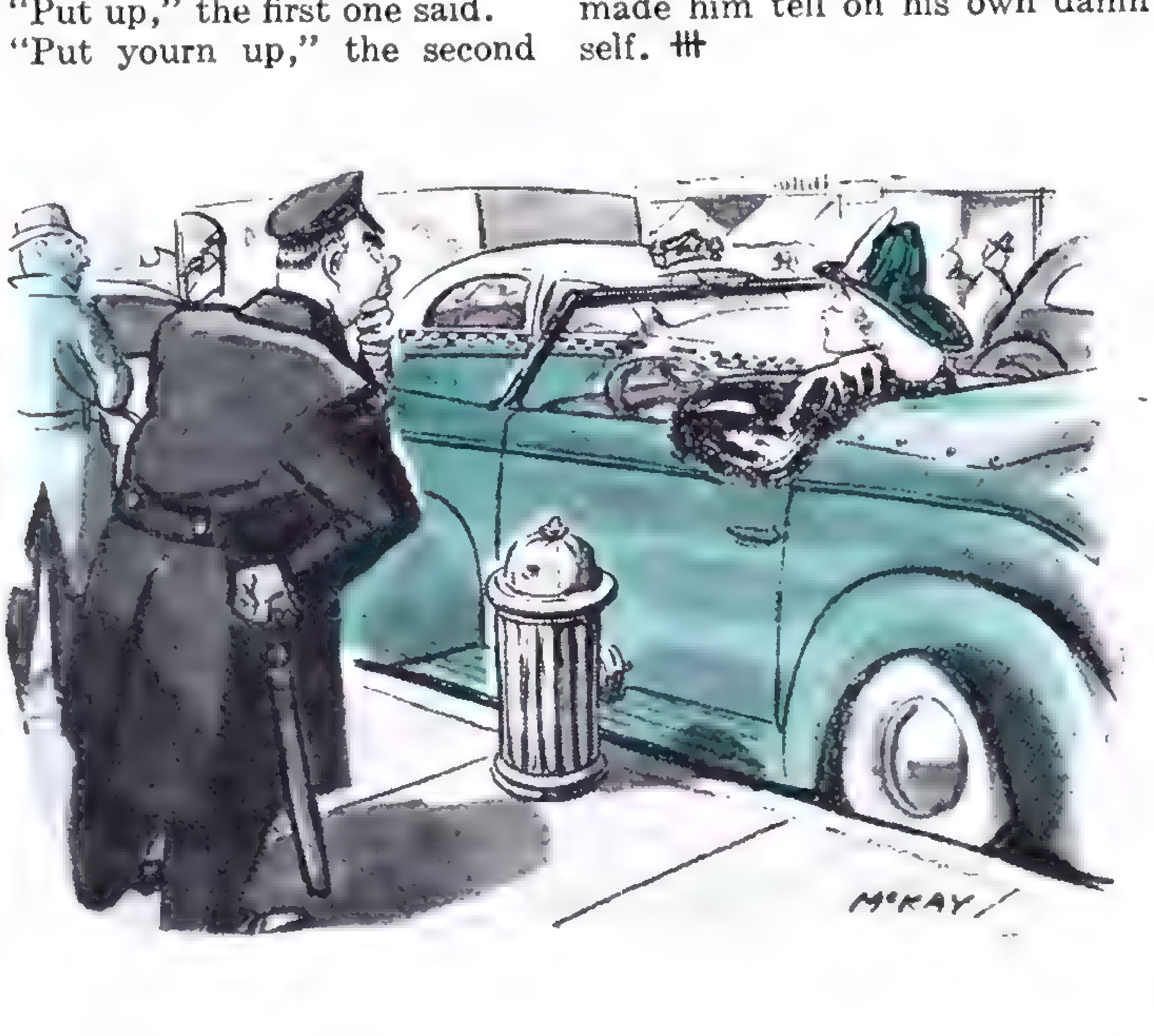
Suddenly she burst out crying. "Honey, don't be so mean."

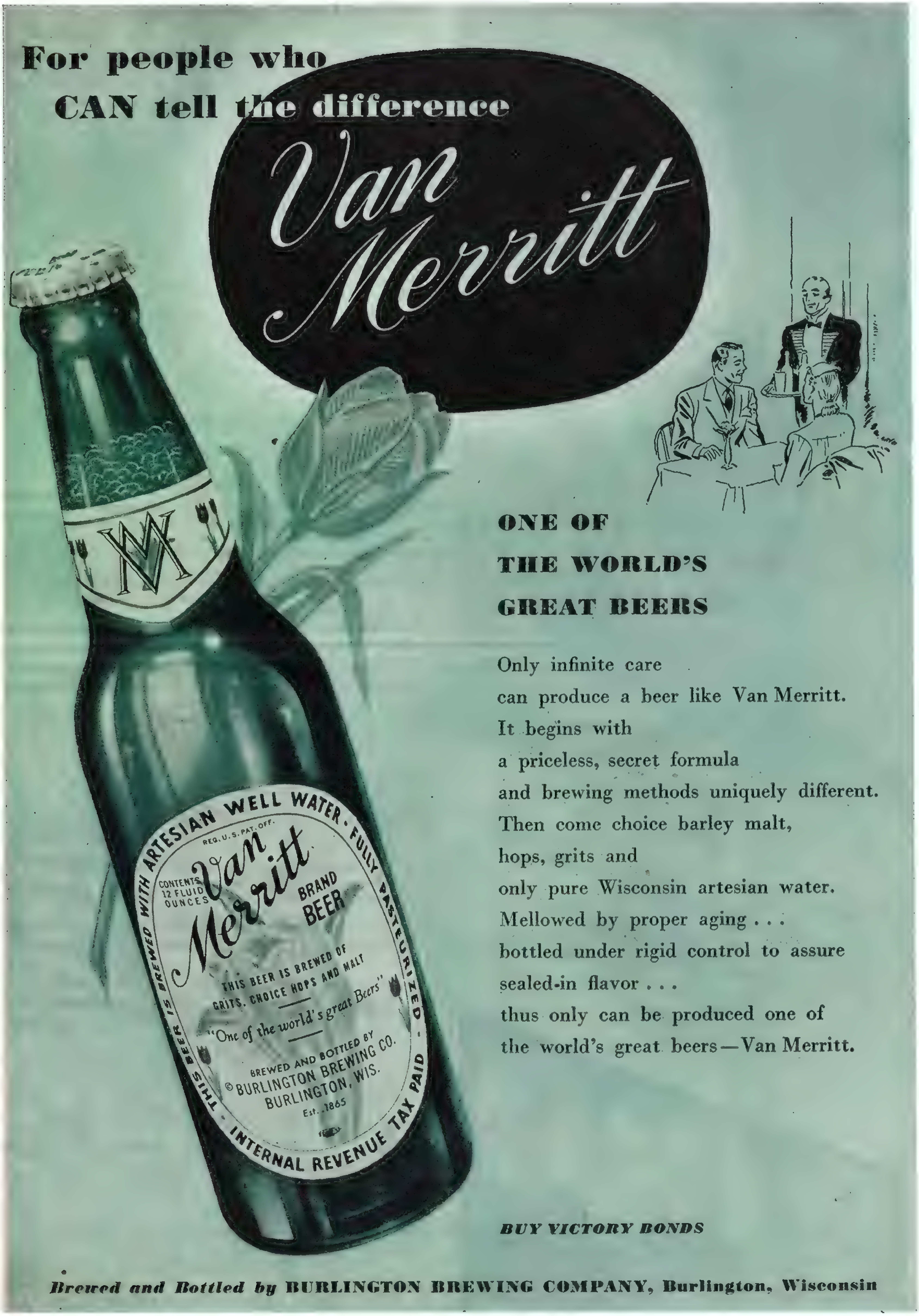
Every time she used to cry, it used to cost him plenty. Now it wasn't gonna cost him one red cent. He knew then that was all he'd been waiting for—to see that chick shed some tears for free. Sweat popped out on his face, underneath his naps, ran down his back and chest like the four rivers. He was ready now—*solid ready.*

He turned quickly, jumped into the black and white cab that had just unloaded, said to the driver, "Take me to the Central Police Station, Jaxon."

There was drama in his swagger as he walked toward the desk, pride in his voice when he said, "I shot Hal Rivers, the bastard." Boasting. He felt big, important, strictly fine, like a man on a tree-top gage.

But days of waiting for the gas up in San Quentin's death row sobered him. There were nights he used to lie and wonder what it was that got in a man that made him tell on his own damn self. #





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The Ten-Cent Ivory Tower

Continued from page 83

writing for the magazine *Weird Tales*, in which most of his paid work was printed. Houdini used Lovecraft's pen for one ghosted story. Yes, pen, for to the last he never learned to work on the typewriter.

For a few years Lovecraft enjoyed making a living of sorts. Most of his life he lived in a five and ten ivory tower, so to speak. In one way and another an income of ten dollars a week was made secure for him. A few dollars came from his mother's estate. Mrs. Clark, his aunt, aided by selling her husband's library after his death. Dr. Clark had left a little money. Thus a writer with few wants was never actually in want. He once rejected a two hundred dollar sale because he would not make revisions.

To explain how Lovecraft's stories first got into print I must explain that there is a distinct difference between a so-called "little magazine"—such as *Story* was, say, or that Left-Bank one in which Ernest Hemingway first appeared—and the publications that Lovecraft knew under the heading of "Amateur Journalism." These last were privately printed and circulated, never meant to be sold. It was a disinterested hobby and so far as I know Lovecraft's is the only possibly famous name to come out of it.

Lovecraft came upon one of these journals, called *The Vagrant*, in 1917, and as he died in 1937, his writing career covers two decades. His first published story, *The Alchemist*, appeared in this amateur journal. He printed several in one he edited, *The Conservative*.

Editor of *The Vagrant* was W. Paul Cook, a robust New England printer and writer who was a healthy influence for his morbid young friend. In 1941 Cook printed a booklet on Lovecraft at the Driftwind Press of North Montpelier, Vermont. Only ninety-three copies were struck off and the type distributed, so it is now a collector's item among the fans.

Lovecraft collector's items also are early copies of *Weird Tales*. Farnsworth Wright, the editor, saw the amateur journals. He wrote to Lovecraft. From then on *Weird Tales* took everything Lovecraft wrote and employed him to revise stories.

Well, the magazine was a pulp, and the fact led to eyebrow raising on the part of some critics when the Lovecraft books appeared. Even though other first-string critics praised them highly. I think, too, that rumors were around in Lovecraft's lifetime that he was a poseur. He walked or worked all night and slept nearly all day. That sounded like an act, something out of Balzac or Poe.

Then too Lovecraft never ceased to write poetry, first in the manner of Samuel Johnson and Pope, later seemingly influenced by Baudelaire and Poe. This, for a worker in the wood-pulp fiction factory, seemed silly to some people, who also resented his insistence that he had been born out of his time and felt most at home in the Eighteenth Century.

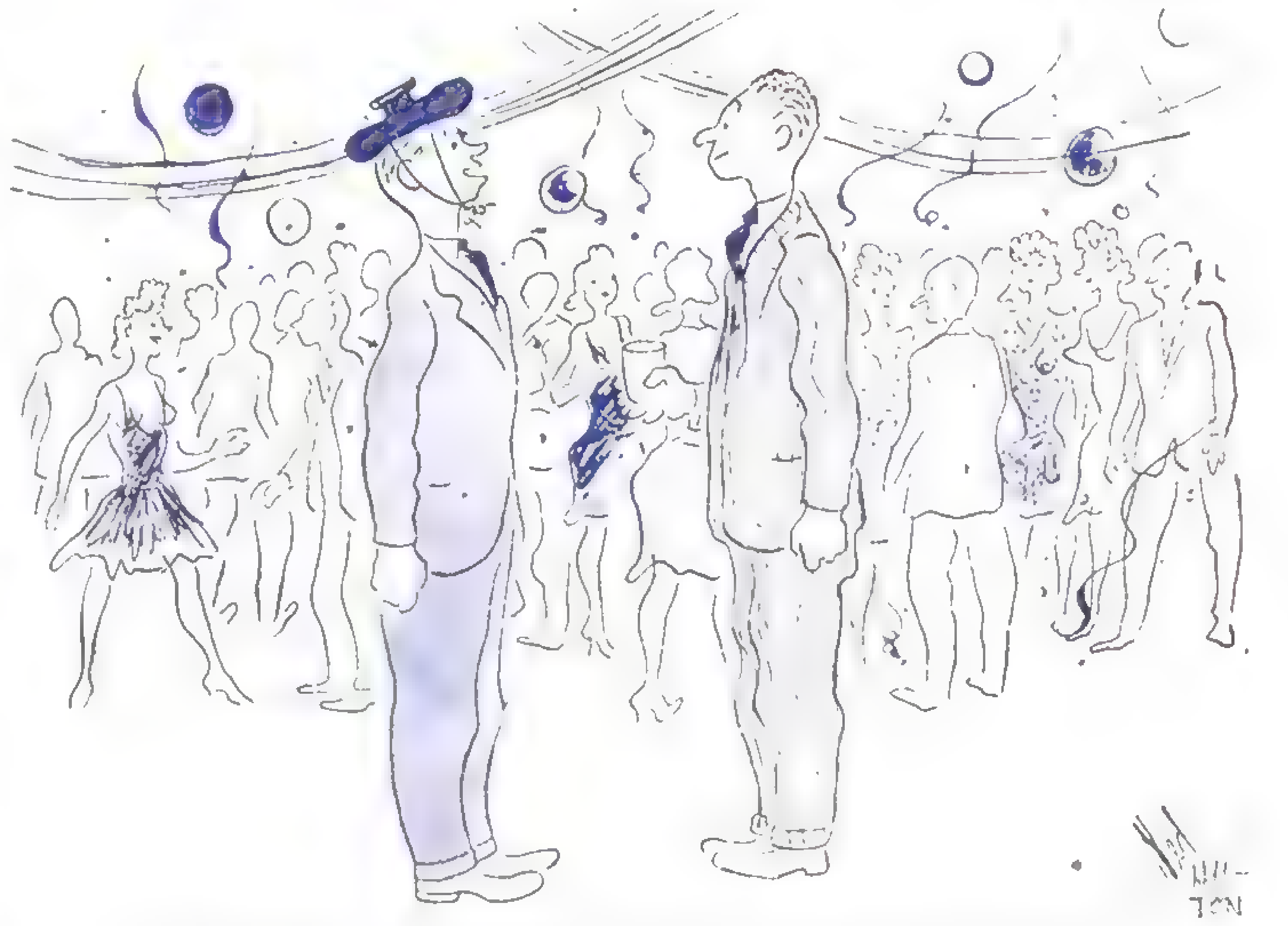
Half a dozen of the stories Lovecraft revised have been printed in his books, with credit to the original writer. Lovecraft's revision was a destructive and creative act. In many cases the characters and plot went out the window until not a phrase of the original script was left.

W. Paul Cook tells me that Lovecraft made three poetry reputations with his rewrite method.

Unlike many Lovecraft enthusiasts, Cook insisted that, though his friend was a genius, one stout volume of stories, and another of letters, will provide his lasting work.

"Lovecraft has been compared to all the great masters of the macabre from Poe to James," says Cook. "Only in spots can be found basis for comparison. A hint here and there of Poe—perhaps. A sign of Dunsany—possibly. Lovecraft identified his own influences as Dunsany, Poe, Arthur Machen, and Algernon Blackwood, rather than to Montague Rhode James. If we mention Machen and Blackwood we have

Continued on page 162



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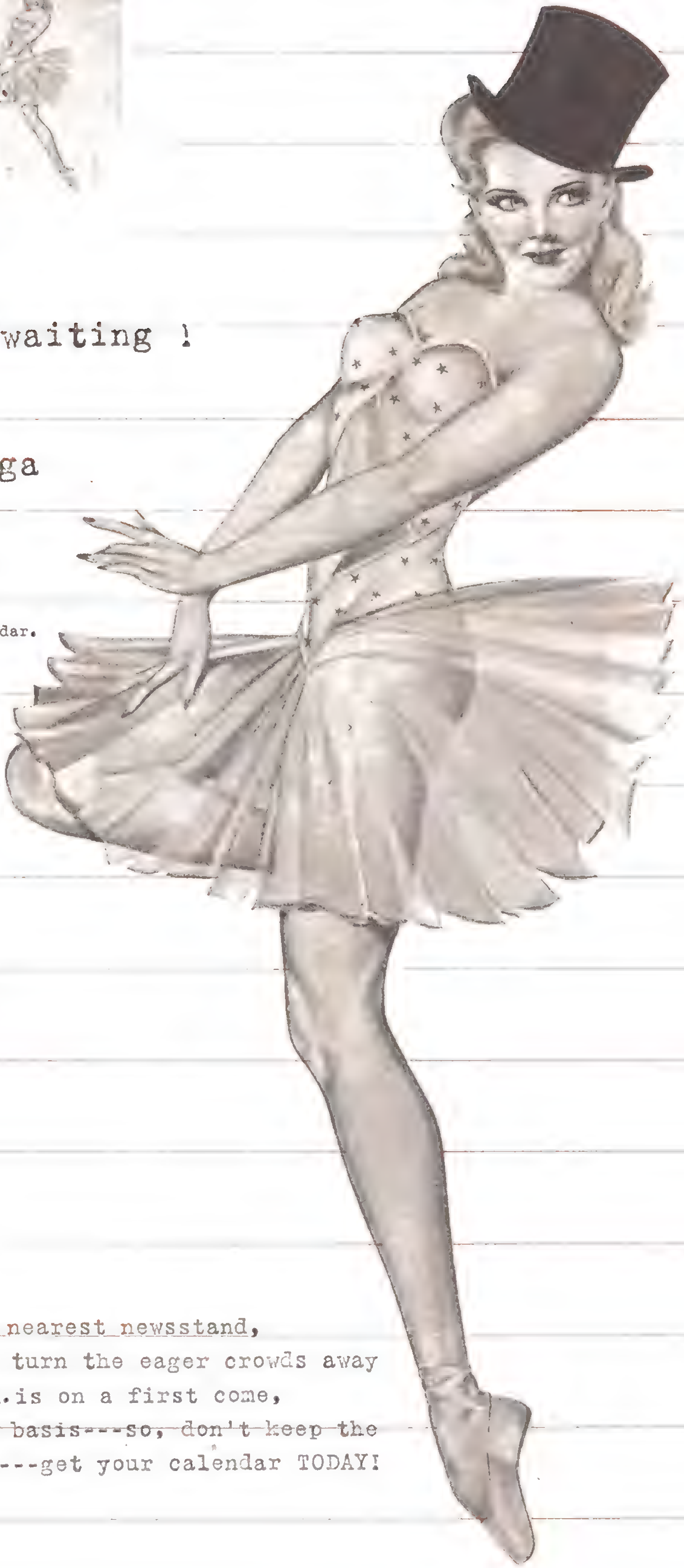

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The Ten-Cent Ivory Tower

Continued from page 160

about exhausted any color he may have unconsciously acquired from others. Since his advent, weird fiction has owed more to Lovecraft than Lovecraft owed to all the body of preceding writers.

"A friend once suggested that he stimulate dreams by means of drugs. Lovecraft exclaimed that if drugs would give him any worse dreams than he experienced without them, he would go mad. His dreams were his own. It is unfair to call him equal to Poe, greater than Poe, or lacking in certain Poe qualities. Better, consider him as standing alone."

That *standing alone*, for our friend, sounds very fair. And to judge him at all one must judge him as a writer, since he never was anything else. He never held any kind of a job, nor had the slightest inclination for any sport.

Was his own incredible personality a part he played? Vincent Starrett has said that Lovecraft, himself, was the greatest character he ever created. There have been poseurs, like Aleck Woollcott, for example, who posed, knew that he posed, and everybody else knew it. But remember he was a celebrity. Lovecraft, if he acted a part, got no public benefit from it. It may be, if the Lovecraft cult holds, that psychologists will work over him as they have worked over Poe.

I remember my last visit to Howard, in Providence. It was a freezing day and I knew he would certainly be indoors. He was in enforced confinement many months of the year, as he believed that cold would be fatal to him.

On this cold day of my visit we could not go out for one of his favorite walks to admire specimens of Georgian architecture or to look at an antique he hoped to buy. We could not make preparations to spend half the coming night in an old graveyard trying to call up spirits of the dead. No, we sat behind drawn blinds talking about Lovecraft's imaginary Arkham region on the New England coast in which he laid stories of its frightful inhabitants, human and inhuman.

His father died when Lovecraft was a child. For years Lovecraft fought, unconsciously, the smothering possessiveness of a mother who manifested many psychological symptoms. For years he was a solitary, reading deeply. Much of his nourishment was supplied by coffee, with the cup half filled with sugar.

Several of Lovecraft's best stories have to do with the union, in a horrible way, of the fish world with that of mankind. The shudders he invoked were partly due to his revulsion, to the point of physical sickness, from even the sight of sea food.

His kindness to people is part of the picture of my friend. But his kindness was peculiar. In an interview he might be stiff and awkward, but in correspondence he could be himself. Other writers warned him in vain that it was fantastically lavish to pour hundreds of thousands of words into letters. Once—it was told me by Cook—he sat motionless all night in a chair in his living room so as not to disturb a kitten that was sleeping in his lap. Self-sacrificing kindness to people at a distance—to a baby animal that could not intrude on his personality, there is matter for thought here.

The family had been prominent in Providence. It was Lovecraft's ambition to buy back the old home and restore the family's position. He was almost in tears when he found a number of his grandfather's books in a bookshop. He bought all he could.

Just through what temperament, without using the word genius, Lovecraft was able to write his stories, keyed to fear and terror and horror, I shall leave for the probing of the experts. Perhaps there is a clue in his story, *The Outsider*. I think that Howard Phillips Lovecraft always thought of himself as an outsider—and he would be astonished to find himself crossing the charmed circle and offering his credentials for what may end by being enduring fame. #

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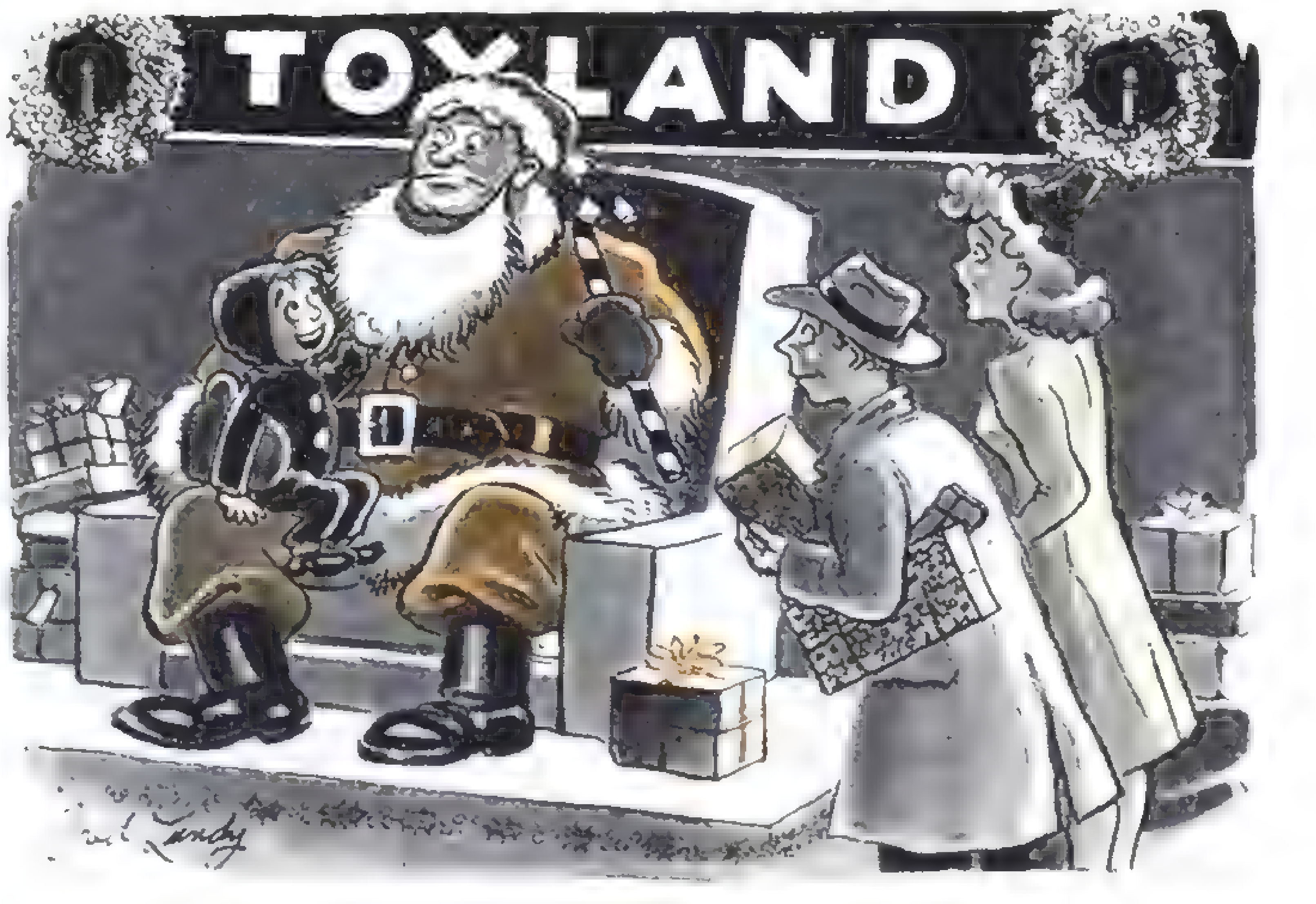
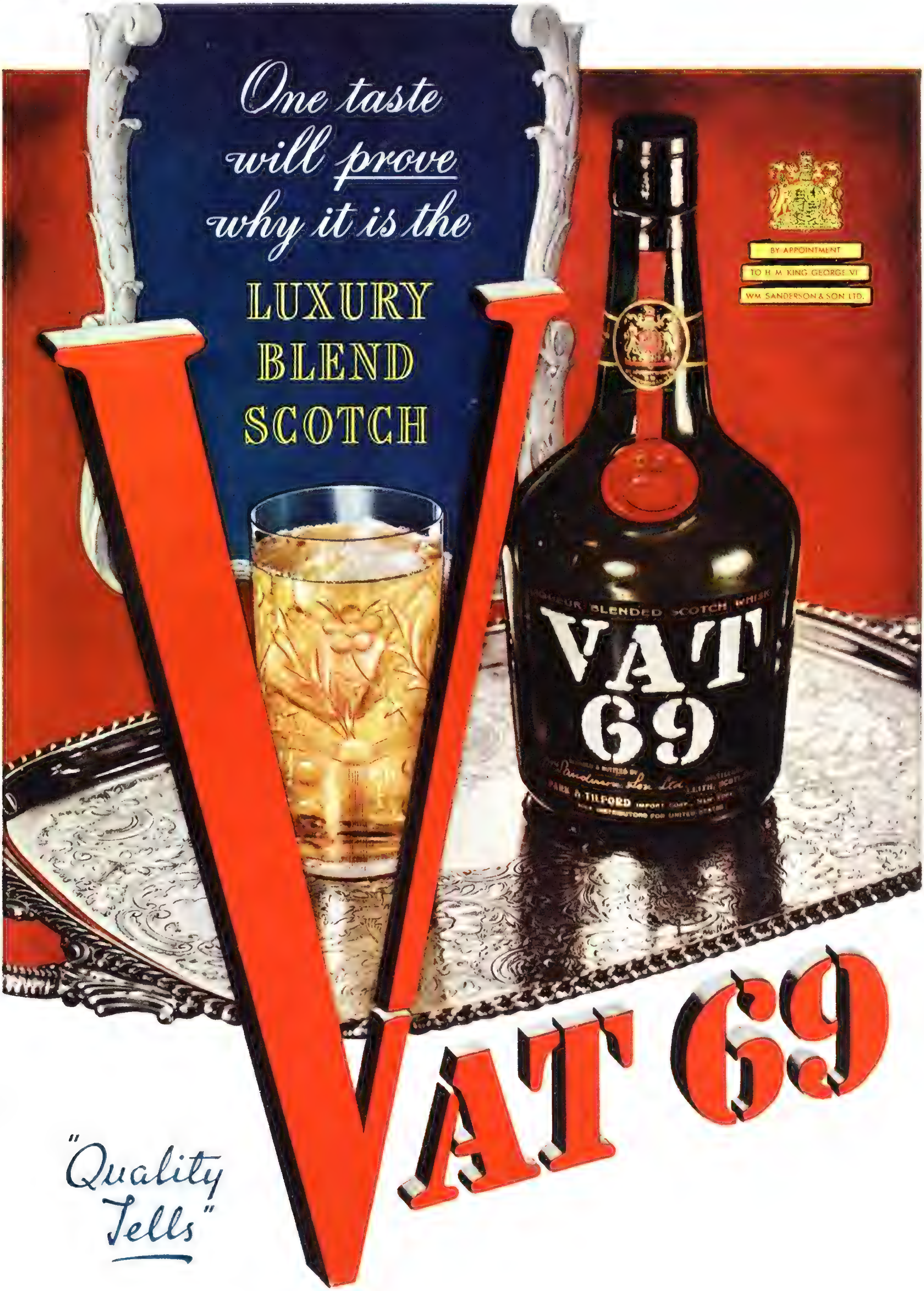


"It's your old first sergeant at Fort Sheridan, Papa!"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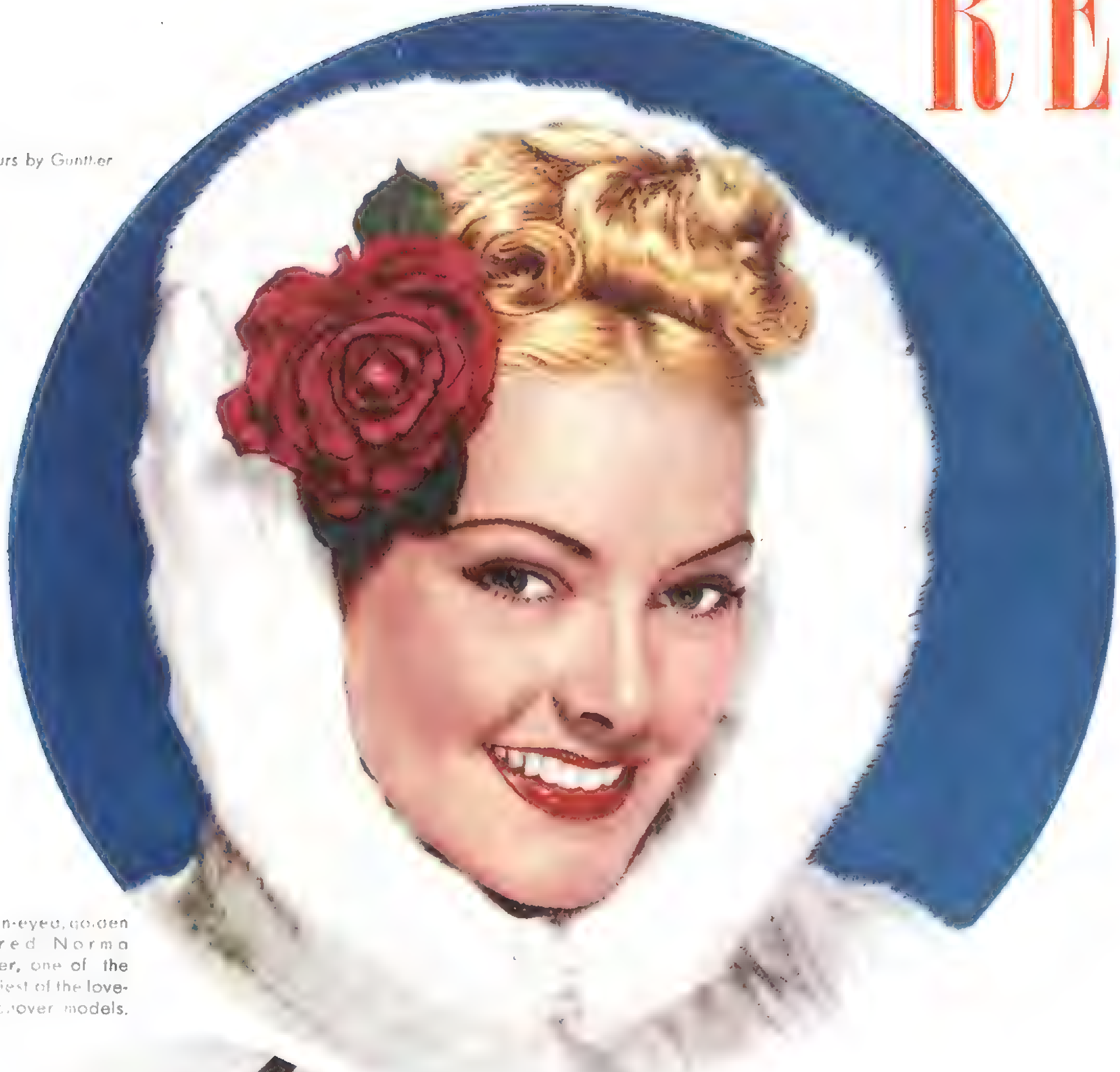

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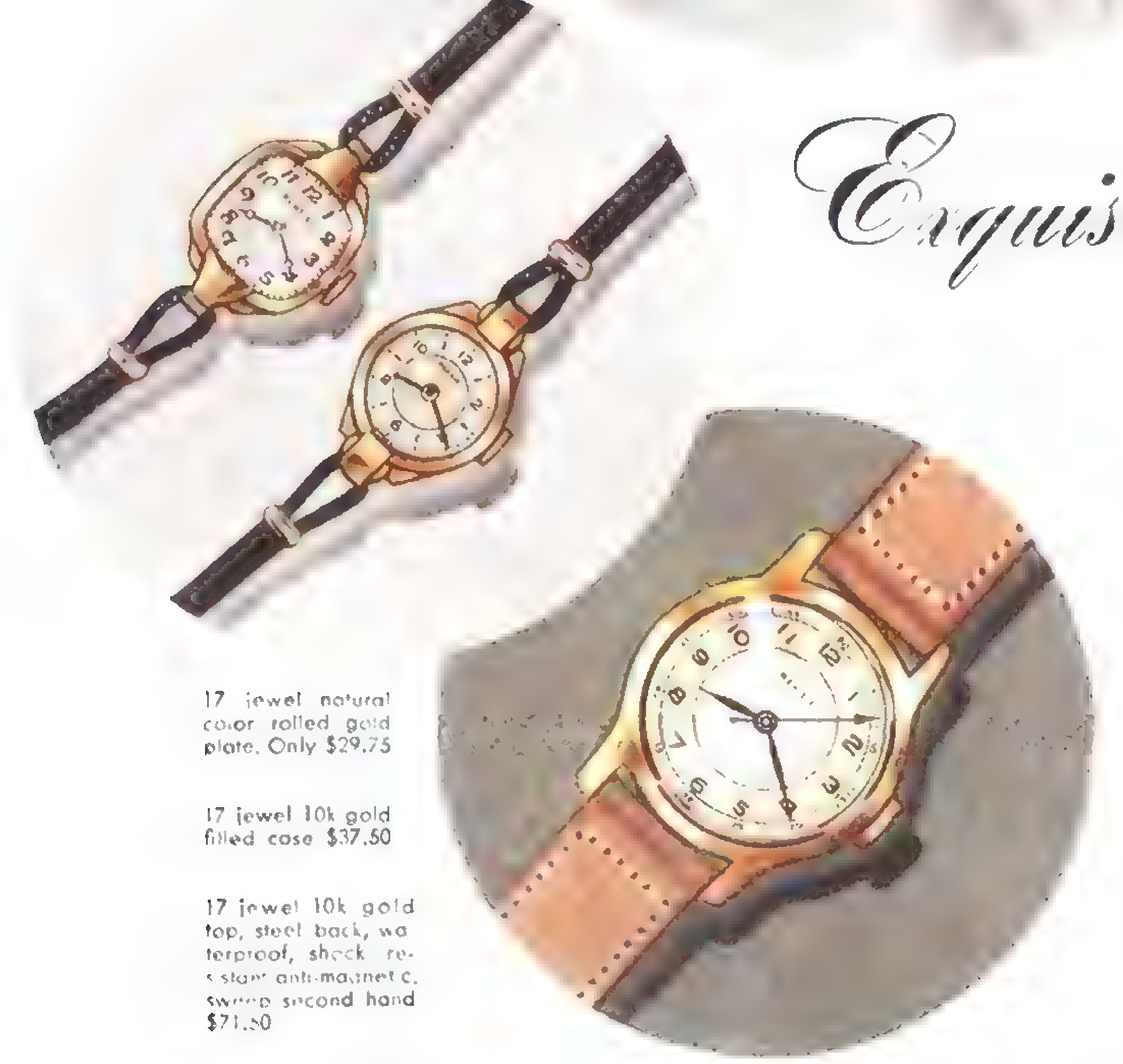

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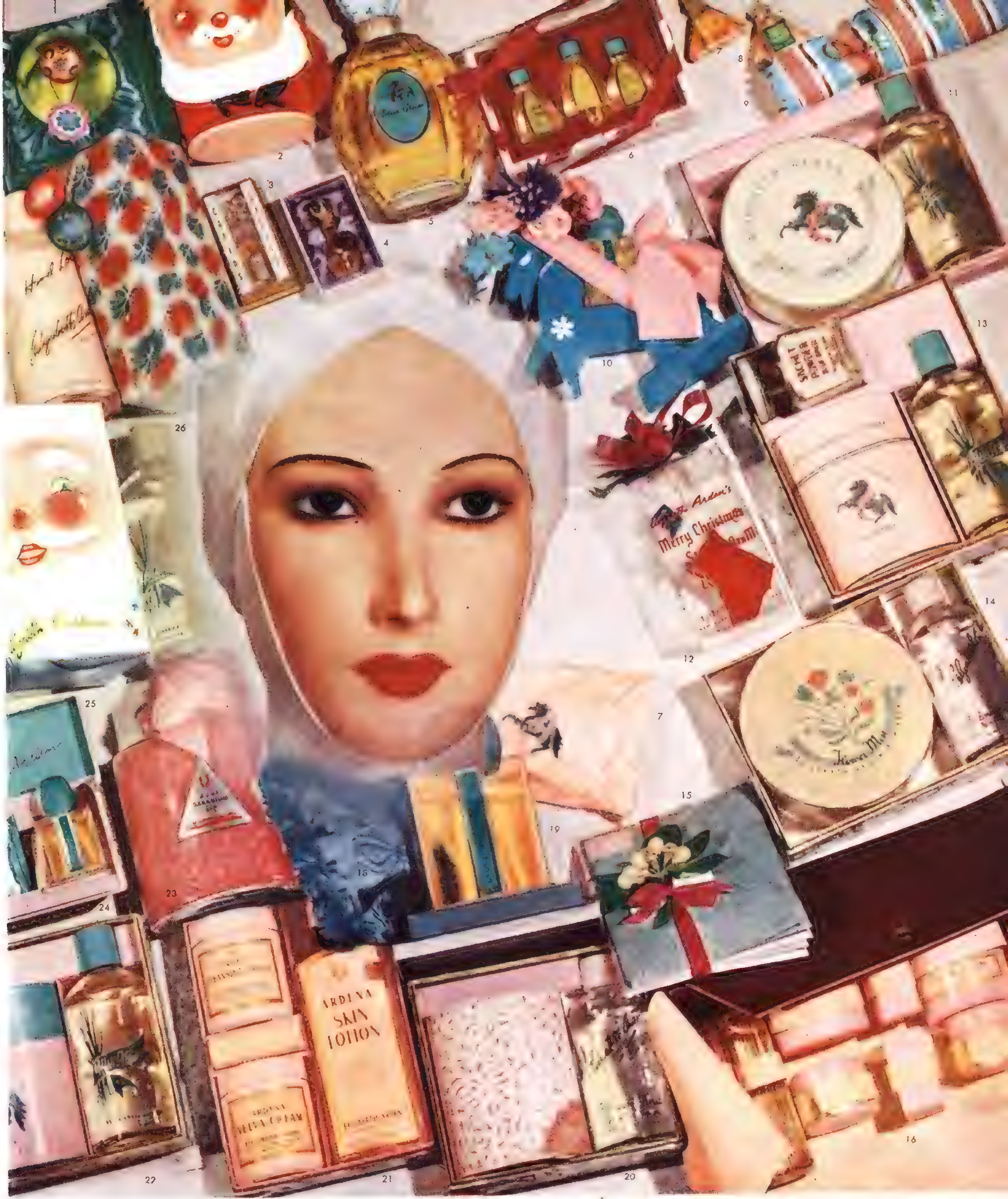

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Here's to Grammar

Continued from page 79

be delightful or charmingly original, or something else equally wonderful. Because of their lack of restraint, sports writers in particular are supposed in some quarters (Mr. Bennet Cerf is one of the proponents of this preposterous heresy) to write better stuff than reporters who cover other matters. This, I suspect, is dangerous teaching.

Mr. Runyon himself has been a sports writer, and a good one, on many occasions; he had a distinctive style, but it was not distinguished by its sloppiness—rather by its unfailing clarity and ease. The father of baseball reporting, the late Charley Dryden, was a writer of vast originality, but he kept a weather eye on his grammar. The late William B. Hanna, who used to write with authority on sports, especially baseball, for the New York *Tribune*, and later the *Herald Tribune*, was a strict grammarian. He never felt that grammar prevented him from being forceful, or from coining a new and apt phrase.

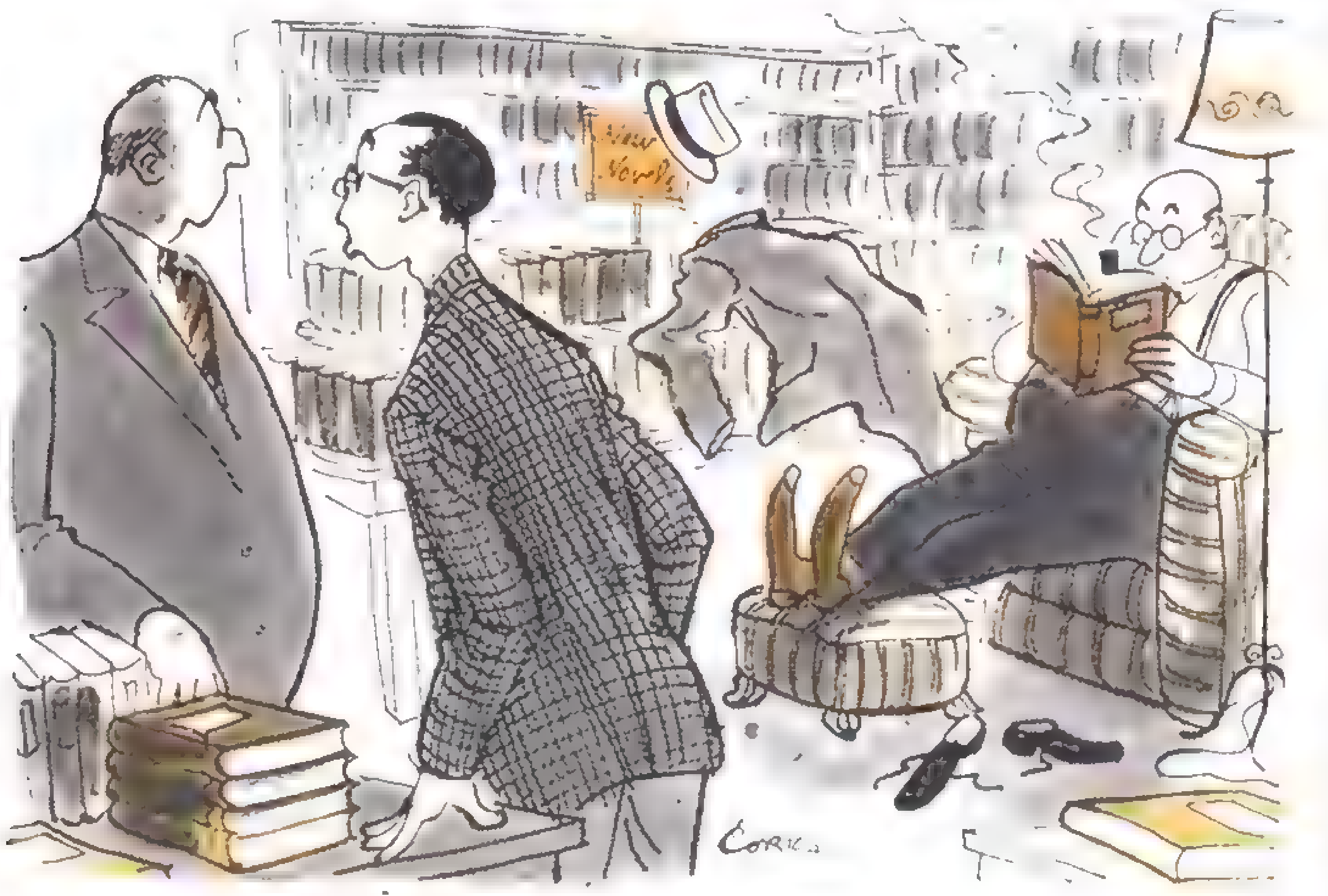
Much is made of the fact that the late Ring Lardner used to write about sports, and that today his stuff is regarded as authentic literature. This fact has led to the ludicrous corollary that much sports writing today is "literature." Lardner wrote of unlettered baseball players; therefore, says the new school, ignorance is wonderful. Actually Lardner had the highest respect for grammar; he studied English usage constantly. One of the last letters I ever received from him was a bitter protest against the growing practice among sports writers of using such sentences as "Waner hit a home run to drive in three runs in the ninth and precipitate a near-fight at the plate." Waner did no such thing. He hit a home run. His motive in hitting it may or may not have been to drive in three runs (more likely he was merely taking a cut at the ball and hoping for the best); certainly he did not hit the home run to precipitate a near-fight at the plate. I have tried to carry on Lardner's fight against this misuse of "to" but all the great news services and most of the newspapers have ignored me, just as a few novelists continue to ignore F.P.A.'s anti-hissing injunctions. Too bad. But I am not giving up.

Lardner was great because he knew language and because he could reproduce not only the talk but the actual mental processes of traveling salesmen, barbers and baseball players with astonishing fidelity. The man himself was a purist of the first water. His favorite author was Dostoievski. Laugh that off, you poseurs who proclaim that the tawdry stuff on most sports pages has something to do with "literature."

One of the tragedies of present-day journalism is that reporters spend more time worrying about old age security and overtime pay than they do about the tools of their trade. I would be willing to make a modest wager that not ten per cent of the members of the staff of any large American newspaper has read that best of all books on writing—the late Prof. H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage.* Saying that a newspaperman may ignore grammar is like saying that a man should be able to play the piano well because he knows nothing of music or that a carpenter may be all the better for not knowing how to use a hammer. I have even heard fools bring up the name of Henry L. Mencken to bolster their arguments against careful usage. Mencken, who used to be a whale of a newspaperman, actually is one of the most accomplished grammarians among us. He understands something that many lesser men forget—that it is possible to use a vigorous, even slambang style and still stay within the bounds of good English. And that style was formed, not by listening to the reporters in the press box or by practicing wisecracks in a Broadway barroom, but by reading Huxley.

And there was Ambrose Bierce, that bitter and marvelous man.

Continued on page 168



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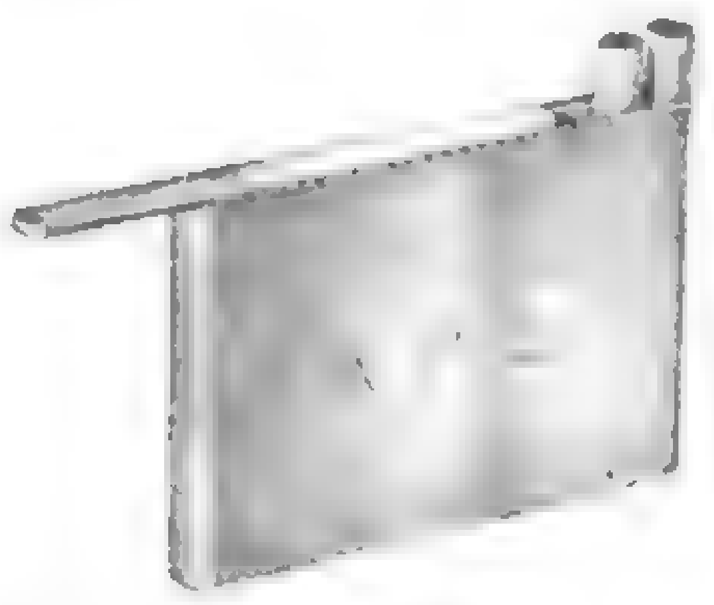

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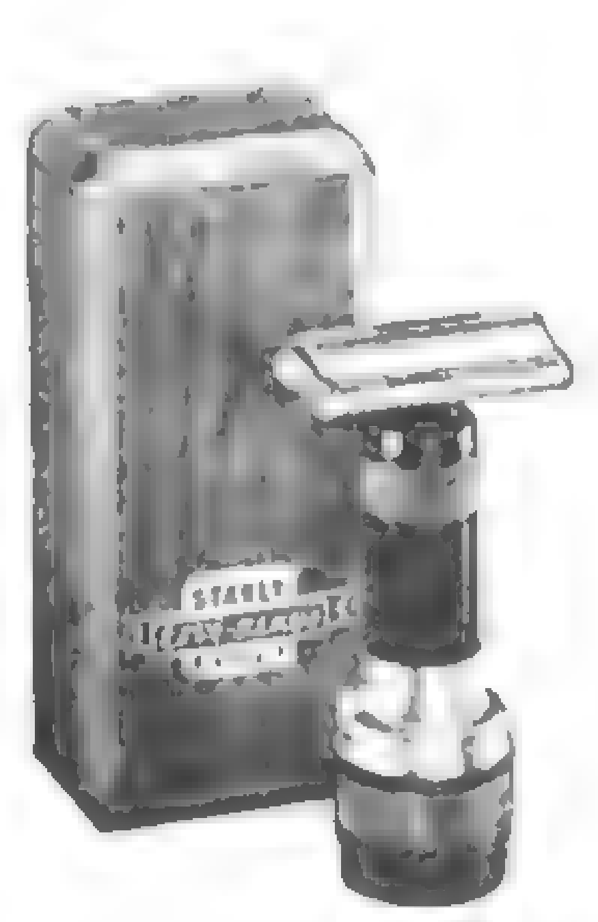

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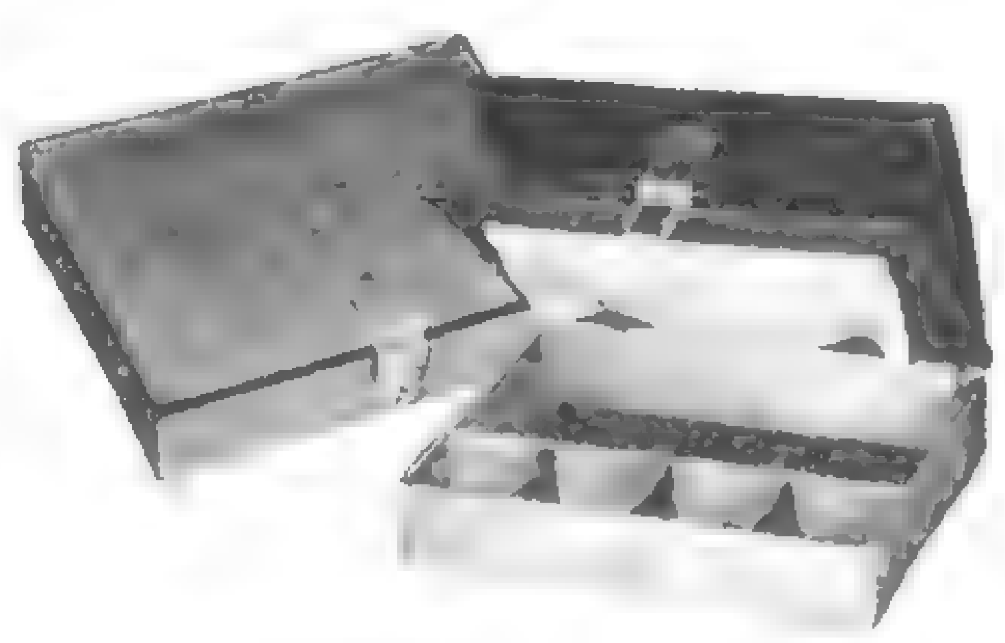

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Here's to Grammar

Continued from page 167

one of the ablest who ever wrote for the presses, who disappeared into Mexico more than thirty years ago. Bierce never found that the use of correct English hampered in any way his imagination, his force, or his originality. His little volume of precepts for writing men, *Write It Right*, is still worth reading, though few of today's newspapermen have taken the trouble to look at it.

It is more than probable that the magazine *Time*, with its artificial, inverted style and its habit of giving people such handles as saber-toothed, cat-eyed, snake-hipped, gravel-voiced, pussle-gutted, feather-footed, and so on, has had a dreadful effect upon American newspaper writing. This style, used very sparingly, and with some sense of taste, can be effective, no doubt, but some newspapers make it even worse than *Time* ever did. In the hands of a bungler the style is horrible, and often all but unreadable.

My own crusade at present (it will revolutionize nothing) is against that appalling non-sequitur which occurs in such a sentence as, "Born on an impoverished plantation in South Carolina, Mr. Smith always wore high-top, buttoned shoes." Or, "More than six feet tall, Mr. Jones was famous for his quick wit as an after-dinner speaker." It is astonishing how often one runs across sentences cut on that idiotic pattern.

Is calling attention to such stuff cruelty? I think not. Indeed, a little more cruelty—cruelty to the point where they were driven out of the newspaper business—would have been a good thing for journalism, and possibly for the men themselves, if it had been practiced early upon many of the misfits who now disfigure the craft. Let a paper be too kind and patient with a dullard and an incompetent, and it soon may find itself saddled with him for life.

I recall a time when Mr. Runyon himself, to the everlasting credit of his honesty, put an effectual end to an attempt to whitewash further a certain whitened sepulchre who at that time was a sports editor in New York. The boys were discussing this man, and the forgiving trend of their talk was that he was "in many ways not a bad fellow," that "there was a good deal to be said for him," that "he had done many nice things." You know the stuff. Runyon was silent through most of this, and then he said:

"You can talk that way all you please, but in my book he always was, and is today, nothing but a mean old son of a bitch." Mr. Runyon was right. Let us have more of that brand of cruelty.

Publishers, and the big boss editors, are in large measure to blame for poor writing. Some don't know any better; some don't seem to give a hoot. I have known editors who couldn't appreciate anything except a sob story about a dog. Not long ago, I was talking to the editor and publisher (one man) of a large and generally respected Western newspaper. To be polite, I suppose, he asked me for my opinions on his paper. First, I suggested that it be written in better English, and that he raise the pay of all his better reporters and copy readers. I went on from there and, thumbing my way through a copy of his sheet, discussed several matters—matters mostly concerned with common sense and craftsmanship and arrangement—which could be improved easily and at no extra cost to the paper. I perceived that he was paying little attention.

"Let's drive out to the country club and have a drink," he said, rising. Then he said, "You know, we made more money last year than in any other year in the paper's history."

Here was the egregious fathead boss at his worst. I knew him well enough to call him fathead, but I refrained. He had worn me down; sometimes the battlers for the high tradition grow weary. No word from me would have swayed this successful barbarian. Nevertheless, here's to grammar. The fight ain't altogether lost. #

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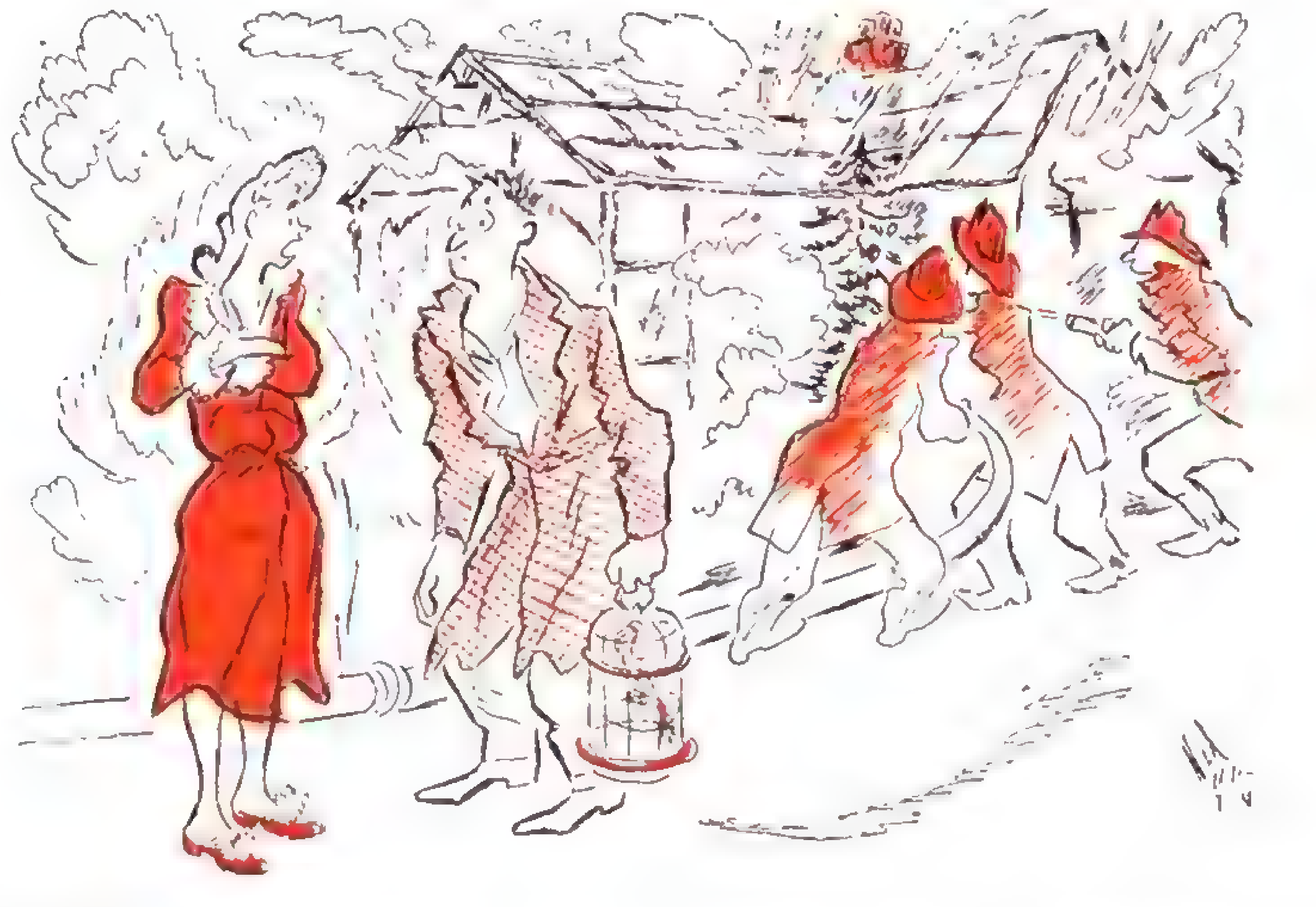

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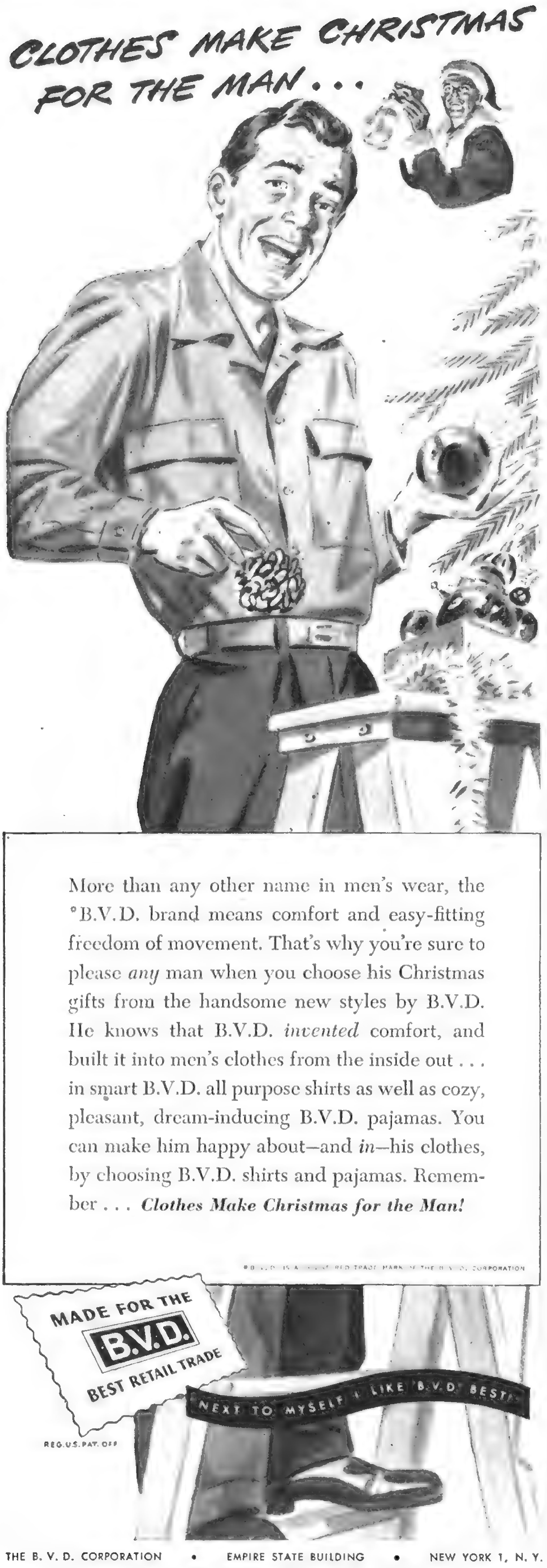
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Opening in Algiers

Continued from page 91

make two hundred francs each?" He added that ours would be a most intriguing task. The place was strictly high class—everything—decorations, food, the *clientele*. There were lots of night spots in Algiers, but there had never been anything like the new place. To make sure that only the right people came in, the prices would be scandalous, and to make doubly sure, every guest had to have an invitation. Monsieur Jerome proceeded to explain what he meant by "the right people." "The *chef de cabinet* of the Governor General will be there, and two Bedouin princes, and the best society only. All you have to do is to play a few *classique* pieces during dinner—Debussy, Ravel, Chopin. Nothing *forte*, nothing vulgar. How about it?"

Before Dimitrij or I could say anything, Maurice announced that we would be delighted to accept. I was about to protest, but Maurice turned to me and there was a strange, boyish glint in his eyes. We shook hands with Monsieur Jerome who made the special bow usually reserved for the de luxe suite people. The financier from Damascus filled our glasses again. Abdullah brought in more pastry and looked crestfallen as he saw us shaking hands with his arch enemy. Monsieur Jerome said, "Abdullah is going to be my chef tomorrow. He'll cook especially for the Bedouin princes. They're not supposed to eat pork and such things and we'll have a special menu for them." He rubbed his hands.

Maurice was very busy the next day talking to a great many people. He didn't join us for the morning concert, and after lunch I saw him on the foredeck with Socrates. We docked late in the afternoon at Algiers and Maurice told us to pick up our instruments. "I'm going to select the music myself," he said. "Everything must be intimate and subdued."

There was the usual confusion at the pier when we went ashore, post card peddlers offering their *risqué* wares, little boys whispering the addresses of certain houses around the Kasbah where we would have more fun than on the Islands of the Blessed, money-changers, rug merchants, people selling silver bracelets, ebony elephants, rachat lokum, and quite expensive little capsules containing a white powder which looked like bathing salt to Dimitrij. There were no taxicabs around, but we got hold of a private car with an Algerian chauffeur who said he knew the new place that was to be opened that night, Maurice having forgotten to take the address of Jerome's club. As we drove off, we saw a group of stewards on the pier. They were loading cases of wine and champagne on a big truck. Poor old Abdullah was dragging a big box with cooking equipment.

The Algerian chauffeur took us to four different places, all recently opened, none of which turned out to be our destination. It was getting dark when we arrived in front of a low, white building, with neon lights spelling the words, Petit Paris.

"Stop," Maurice said. "That's the one." The Algerian looked disappointed. "Doesn't look like much to me," he said. "I'll be hanging around. If you are bored, I'll take you to one of *my* places."

There was a little bar and a dining room which wouldn't seat more than fifty persons. The lights were dim and red, and so were the carpets and the roses on the tables. There was a small dance floor, with a big red serpent painted on the wood. I saw a small platform for the orchestra. The place smelled of paint and newness, and I noticed that the chairs were not all of the same kind. "Probably stolen from all the hotels between Mecca and Medina," Dimitrij said. "There are no hotels between Mecca and Medina," Maurice explained.

Petrarca, the financier, came in from a small room near the entrance, which served as office. He looked almost civilized in a double-breasted tuxedo, and there was a heavy scent of amber around his neck. Monsieur Jerome joined us, coming from the kitchen. He called the waiters and gave them hell because they had put wine glasses on the table of the Bedouins. Didn't they know that Mohammedans are not allowed to drink wine? The waiters, most of them exiled Italians and Frenchmen, looked blank and one man, a fat, little fellow from Sicily, threatened to knife Monsieur Jerome.

We tuned our instruments and set up shop on the platform. Dimitrij launched into a thundering Chopin étude and pronounced that he couldn't play *pianissimo* on that parody of a piano and that two notes were missing from the keyboard. Maurice and I went out into the kitchen. There was a pleasant smell of *rôti* and cinnamon and chicken broth and fried butter. Abdullah was supervising a crew of seven cooks. He had on a white turban and looked important and dignified. He arranged his *patisserie* on big silver plates and said he wasn't through yet with his *vol-au-vent* and how about a piece of *gigot rôti*? We said fine. The *gigot* was wonderful, tender and juicy. After that Maurice took him aside, and for a while they whispered together. Monsieur Jerome came in and broke up the meeting. He said to Maurice, "I'm not paying you for hanging around in the kitchen. The first guests are here, and that Russian sits up there and plays *The Washington Post, fortissimo*."

We went back to the platform where Dimitrij was working the ivories with all his strength, just in time to stop him from playing "*Ej uchnjem.*" We performed

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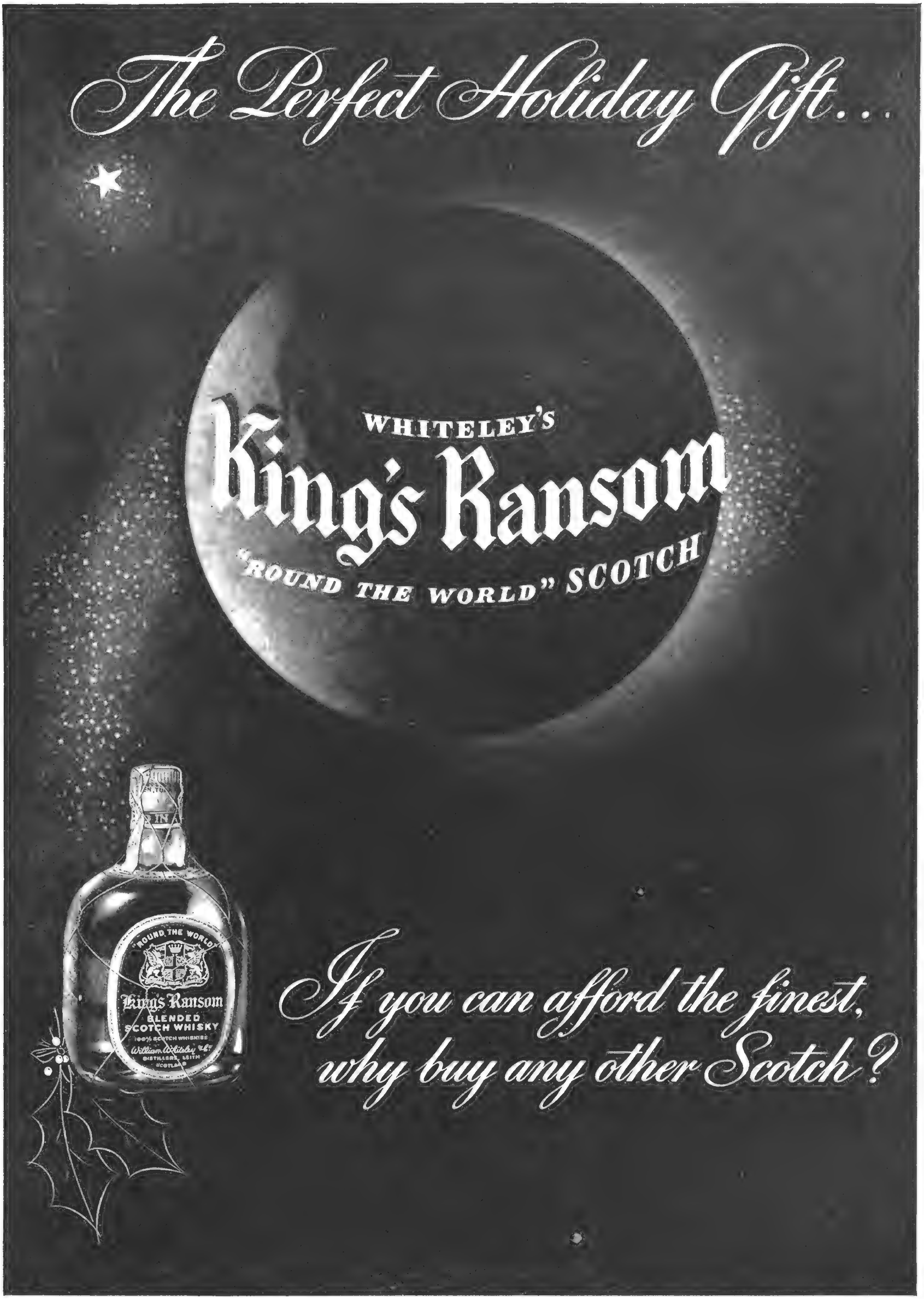
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Opening in Algiers

Continued from page 170

Rubinstein's *Melody* and Debussy's *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin.* More guests came in, handing over their invitation cards to Petrarca. Monsieur Jerome led the people to their tables, bowing in his best *Porthos* style, helping the ladies with their coats, discussing the wine with the gentlemen. By ten o'clock, all tables were occupied except one large table to the left of our platform, which, Maurice told us, was reserved for the guests of honor.

The Bedouin Sheiks came in a short time later. They were accompanied by the Governor-General's *chef de cabinet*, a sickly, anemic looking man with a high-pitched voice and glassy eyes. The Bedouins were resplendent in their white-and-red silk burnooses. They had long beards and wonderful turbans, and they looked as authentic as the *Fantasia* riders of Oran, where Maurice and I had once played on the Fourteenth of July. There were two French ladies in evening gowns with the Bedouin party. We played the *Marseillaise*, everybody standing at attention, and the first part of *Scheherazade* by Rimsky-Korsakoff, which was as close as we could get to what we thought was Arabian music. The Sheiks waved to us and smiled, and everybody looked pleased. The waiters began to serve the food. It looked like a great success, and Monsieur Jerome was wandering between the tables, happy and satisfied.

There was a commotion at the door, and everybody turned around. Three French sailors came in. At first look I didn't recognize them, but then I saw Socrates, the chief machinist of the *Porthos*. He had on a blue jacket and was shaved, and his red hair was neatly brushed back. The two other men were Monnier, the ship's carpenter, a strong man who was said to be able to lift a piano all by himself; and Lenormand, the coxswain, a former Foreign Legionnaire from Tonkin, with a fine criminal record. They cordially patted Monsieur Jerome on the shoulder and asked for a table. Monsieur Jerome tried to get them out of the place, but Socrates came over to the table of the Bedouins and shook hands with the princes. Petrarca, the financier, came to our platform and said, "I'm going to send for the police. They were not invited." Maurice bent down and said, "I wouldn't do that. The police may find out where the tablecloths came from, and the wine and most of the food."

We went on with the Ravel *Adagio*, but we didn't get far, because Socrates and Lenormand began to sing *Auprès de ma Blonde.* They had no voice at all, but they made up for the lack of euphony by causing a lot of ugly noises. Socrates pulled up a chair from somewhere and sat down between the Sheiks and the *chef de cabinet*, who looked stricken. Lenormand invaded the neighboring table and in best Foreign Legion style invited a blonde lady to sit down on his lap. Socrates removed his coat, because he felt hot, and displayed his hairy chest covered with the tattoos of the steamship lines. I noted that one of the ladies professed vivid interest in the Cunard Line's lion.

Some people began to call for *l'addition*, and a few people got up and left, without bothering to pay the bill. Abdullah marched into the room, carrying a leg of lamb on a silver platter. Monsieur Jerome was supposed to cut the meat on a small table right next to our platform, but his fingers trembled, and he motioned Abdullah to do the cutting. The *chef de cabinet* explained that he had forgotten a rather important appointment and that he was sorry he had to leave at once. We started playing *Hallelujah* by Vincent Youmans, which is a very loud piece of music.

Things happened rather fast afterward. One of the Bedouin Sheiks tasted the meat and didn't seem to like it because he threw his plate on the dance floor. Some ladies uttered sharp, high-pitched cries, and one was jumping on a chair, as though a mouse were running around. Lenormand seized two more plates and threw them in the direction of Monsieur Jerome. Maurice started playing an Arabian ditty, and Socrates jumped up on our platform and demonstrated his version of a genuine belly dance.

Petrarca, the financier from Damascus, cast a fast glance at the scene of bedlam and left the place, perhaps for Damascus. There was no more organized music because Monnier, the strong carpenter, insisted on lifting the piano. He put it down in the middle of the dance floor. I packed my violin, and Dimitrij collected the music sheets. By that time, most customers had fled in horror. Maurice went to a table and drank all the wine they had left there. Somebody said the police were coming. We took our things and left. The last I saw of Monsieur Jerome was his pale, bewildered face.

The car with the Algerian chauffeur was still there, and Abdullah, wearing his cook's outfit, was sitting beside the chauffeur. We jumped in and the car drove off. We stopped at a small café and had some wine.

Maurice drank his glass and stared down, thoughtfully. "I don't think the Bedouin princes liked your food," he said.

Abdullah nodded his head. In the dim light he looked like a character out of *Scheherazade* come to life. "I shouldn't have put cinnamon into the lamb," he said. "They don't like cinnamon, I guess."

"It was a nice opening," Dimitrij said, and began to cry. ‡‡

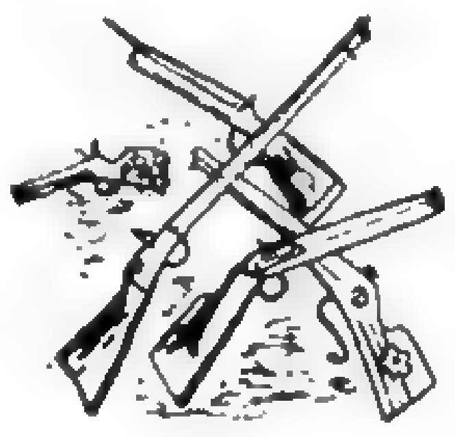
Continued from page 91

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

gunning for Keith Barrette

I am not a tearer-downer, but like accuracy in factual articles. The genius of John Browning is sufficient unto itself, and Keith Barrette tried too hard to make him the demi-god of gunnery. His place is at the top, right enough, but he is not alone on the plastic pinnacle.



Being a semi-pro student and designer of arms, I want to readjust a few misleading points in Barrette's hymn of praise. For a starter, the hammer of the S.S. Winchester drops only when the action is open, and then to permit cleaning the bore from the breech (for one thing). A rifle with a hammer that got in the line of sight would be unshootable anyway. Incidentally, that is one of the strongest actions ever made. A backwoodsman once decided to reload his own cartridges. Somehow he got a can of smokeless shotgun powder, which burns very fast and will wreck almost any rifle. He poured a case full, stuck in a bullet, shoved the load into his S.S. and fired it off the cabin porch. The rifle kicked him sideways, flew through the open door, skidded across the floor and brought up against the wall. The action wasn't even jammed.

Barrette gives a strong impression that Browning invented the Winchester repeating rifle. That singular honor properly belongs to C. Tyler Henry of Windsor, Vt., who brought out his epoch-making .44 Henry about 1861. Its 15 shots could be fired in 10 seconds or 120 shots in 5 minutes, 45 seconds. It was admittedly the deadliest weapon of the not-so-Civil War. When O. F. Winchester reorganized the company, the Henry was changed from rim-fire to center-fire ammunition to become the .44-40 of history and fable. Much later, Browning designed stronger actions for Winchester as more powerful cartridges were developed. They were fine actions and gave splendid service all over the world. However, the only lever-action rifle now made which can handle the modern high-power pointed-bullet loads is the Savage #99 and its strong simple action hasn't been changed since first brought out in the 1880's. Winchester gave up the Browning #95 action some years ago.

The first true machine gun that really worked was a recoil-operated job patented in 1883 by Hiram Maxim, a native of the State of Maine who had no previous experience at gun designing. His second model, 1885, was pounced on by the British, German, Russian and other foreign armies, but regarded coolly by the U. S. Army Board for a while. Then they suddenly woke up, junked out the hand-cranked Gatlings and adopted the "Potato-Digger" Browning as made by Colt—the one with the downward-swinging arm under the muzzle, operated by a jet of gas from the bore. It had its shortcomings and was soon dropped while the Army fiddled around with various foreign and domestic designs until World War I came along. The Germans had worked out a light water-cooled Maxim that raised hell with the Allies. The first answer to it was the light Lewis air-cooled gas-operated machine gun used by the British and Belgians. The Lewis was an American invention turned down by our Army Board for reasons I know but won't tell. Caught with its pants dragging again, our Army Board yelled to Browning for help, and he came up with the heavy water-cooled recoil-operated M-G and the BAR. (Browning Automatic Rifle, which technically is neither a rifle nor a machine-gun. It was a gas-operated job on the principle discovered by an Austrian about 1885.) They were both good guns, but Barrette's statement that the BAR turned the tide of battle in our favor in 1918 is mighty dubious. Very few of either, in a relative sense, saw combat. The bulk of our troops had only the effective but cumbersome French Hotchkiss, heavy M-G and that tinsmith's delight of a "Sho-sho" auto rifle, the weirdest device for scattering bullets around the landscape ever dreamed up. No, the Browning guns didn't get there in time to make much difference. For plane armament the stripped Lewis and aircraft Maxims were standard, the latter on both sides.

When the Germans launched World War II they had abandoned the Maxim for a light, handy, air-cooled recoil-operated M-G of Swiss design. They also issued machine pistols in profusion. (Ask any ETO veteran about the Burp Gun.) Our basic automatic weapons were still the Heavy Browning and the BAR, with the "new" Light Air-Cooled Browning. All standard .30 cal. They were still good, but various experts point out that they were actually 20 years out of date. They have a slow rate of fire and are all too heavy for blitz warfare. A friend of mine who lugged a BAR (and used it, too) in the Italian Campaign said it was a tricky piece to keep in effective order, and I have heard the same from other sources. A deadly weapon, but tricky. To back up these Brownings we had the Thompson sub-machine gun, the .30 Carbine (developed by Winchester), and the excellent Garand. The Marines and special services had the simple, handy Reising sub-machine gun and the Johnson LMG, probably the cleverest and most modern of all light machine guns. Of course the big brute of a .50 Browning was tops, especially for plane armament. The Axis had nothing to equal it.

My intention has not been to give Browning a posthumous black eye. He was a great designer of firearms. It is said that his first drawings of a new gun were so carefully thought out to the last detail that almost no changes had to be made in the pilot models. But he can't crowd Henry, Maxim, Lee, Savage, Elliot, Lewis, Reising, Garand, Johnson and other top-flight gun inventors entirely out of the picture.

Paul St.-Gaudens
R. #2, Windsor, Vt.

P.S.—Did Barrette forget that Browning designed all Colts and some foreign auto pistols? Or is that another article?

P.P.S.—During the last year of the war the Germans and even the lowly Japs came up with some automatic weapons that began to get our small-arms experts worried. They were simpler, lighter, easier to service, cheaper and quicker to make and in some cases just plain better than ours. Let's not rest on Browning's laurels too long.

fair Harvard unsmirched

"The Windsor knot was featured in the January, '43 Esquire, and should get to Harvard any year now."

Inasmuch as Harvard College is the source of American style for men, we feel that it is Esquire which is delinquent in keeping abreast of the styles. The trend that is propagated by your magazine appears to be toward belted-back coats and string-bow ties.

Esquire stylists might well consult our undergraduate body in order that they might know what the well-dressed gentleman is wearing this year.

To use the vernacular of the British "Tommy," we feel that Esquire "has had it."

David R. Kearney, Jr.
A. Wm. Wilbur
George B. Guild
Cambridge, Mass.

If he smokes a pipe-

HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY OF
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NAME_______________

ADDRESS_______________

Arterial Arthur's Round Table

Continued from page 97

of his head, and then he answered, unruffled, "I didn't cash it at the post office. I got the dough from a friend of mine and gave him the check for security."

"Where do you find all these financiers around here?" snapped Schurel angrily.

"For Chris' sake," Arterial retorted, "do you think everyone in the Army is a penny-ante operator like the guys in this barracks? I have plenty of friends with 125 bucks."

"Well, who is this one guy holding your check?"

Arterial turned his head to the side and said softly, "You don't know him. He's over at Camp Phillips."

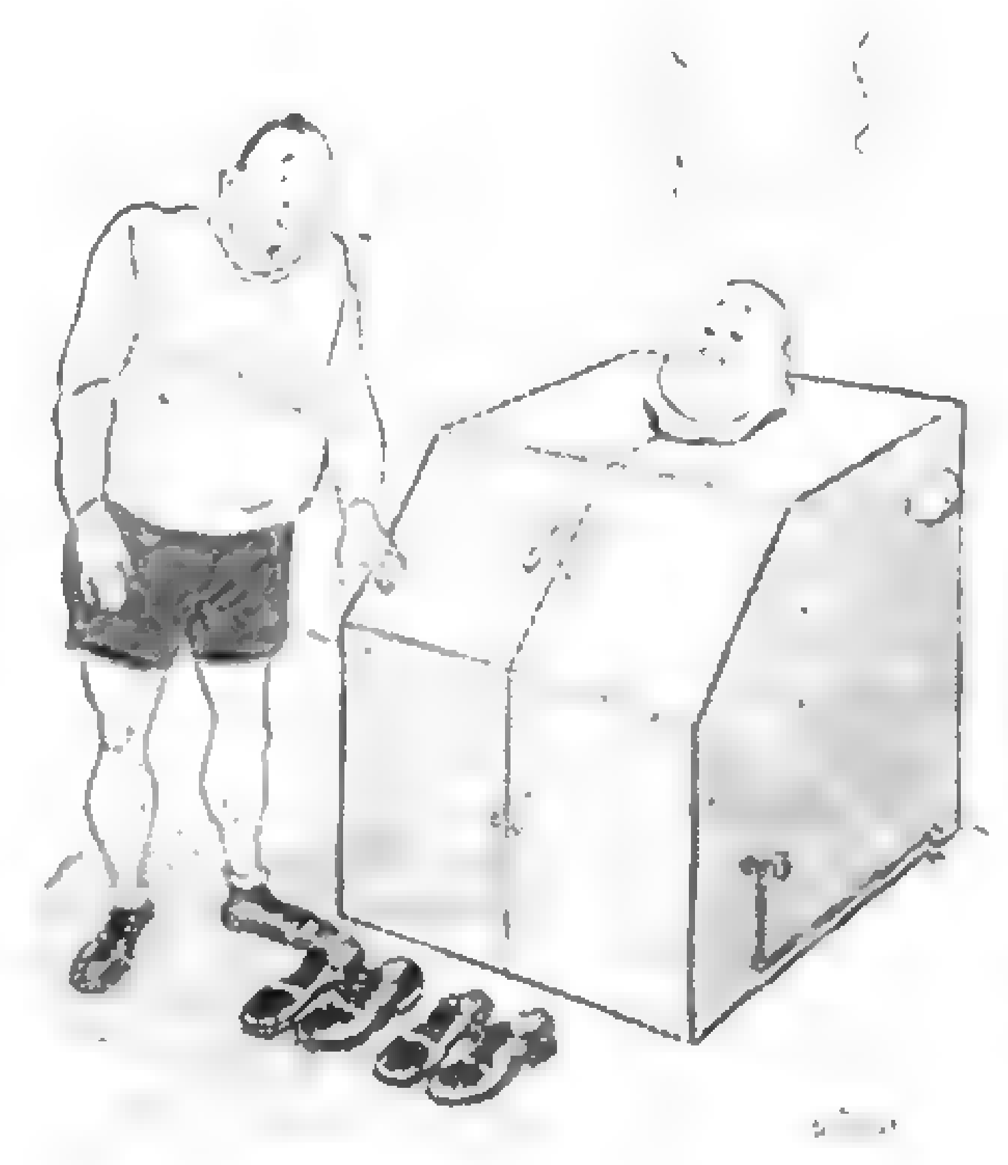
Well Camp Phillips was at Salina, Kansas, and housed about 50,000 men. Nobody continued the questioning. But Big Tex Locksby, the former Hardin-Simmons tackle, stood up and drawled, "Thirsty as Ah wuz, Arterial, Ah believe you. Ah believe every word of your story. But Ah'll guarangoddam-tee you one thing—that money of our'n better turn up payday." On payday, Arterial Arthur returned the money.

* * *

If there is any place in the world where man's gullibility manifests itself the greatest, it is undoubtedly at a race track where indecision, time limitation and a number of other complex factors combine to throw one into a complete state of frustration. It is then that the slightest suggestion, tout or superstition is apt to sway one's financial action, usually adversely.

So knowing Arterial Arthur as I did, I made a particular point each night of adding a meek postscript to my prayer, ". . . and please, Lord, don't ever let me cross paths with Arterial Arthur at a race track."

Since last April, I have been an atheist.



After twelve months of overseas service, the Army grudgingly yields a fifteen-day leave at a designated rest camp. We were sent to Darjeeling, India, high in the Himalayas, very close to Mt. Everest. During the spring and summer, Darjeeling is packed with the more prosperous civilians of India who attempt to escape the fearful monsoon heat of the plains below. There is horse racing twice a week at the Lebong Race Course, the highest race track in the world.

The turf club is an amazing conglomeration of Britishers, Americans, Indians, Anglo-Indians, Nepalese, Bhutias and Central and Southern Europeans. Many of the native women, graceful and attractive, wear brightly-colored, silk saris with fabulously expensive jewelry. The Maharanee of Burdwan was present on this day. She was tall and dark with sharp, striking features, and she looked rather disinterested as she sat in her box, dressed in a pale orange sari, with a diamond ring on her left hand as big as a marble. Her husband, the Maharajah of Burdwan, owns horses—horses that run slower than the others, as I sadly discovered later.

It was shortly before first post that I was absorbing the fascinating sights when I felt concentrated, heavy smoke drift past my right ear and cheek and then dog-leg to the left and filter into my nostrils. It was a cigar, unmistakably so. I turned around in time to catch Arterial Arthur, his chin almost on my shoulder, giving me a second barrage. This time, the smoke caught me flush in the face.

And when he saw me looking around frantically for air, he huddled me into a corner, pointed to Number Two in the program and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "Prince Hazrat is a cinch in the first." And I asked, "Arthur, where did you come up with such information?" And he told me the jockey's brother owned a flower shop in Darjeeling and that he gave him the dope, right from the horse's mouth.

It was a seven-horse race and Prince Hazrat finished a faltering, exhausted sixth and I blew the duke to nine rupees, three tote tickets. After the race, Arterial Arthur came running to me, rolled his cigar to one side of his mouth, pointed his finger toward the finish line and said excitedly, "Did you see him running over horses in the stretch? Three more furlongs and he'd have won it!"

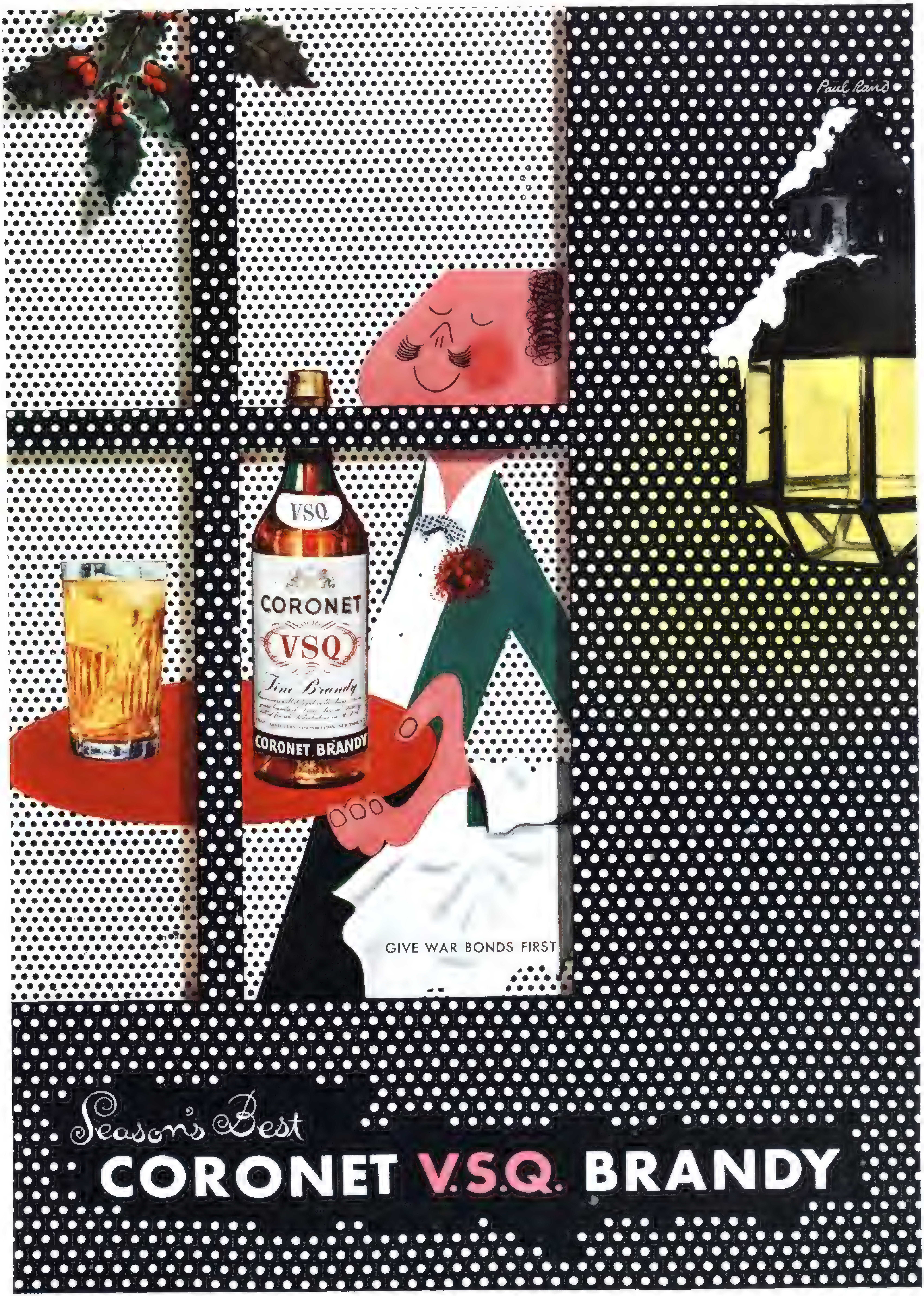
"One more furlong," I answered, "and he'd have been last."

"Two more furlongs," Harry Santell added, "and he would have dropped dead. But I wouldn't want that to happen, unless you were the jockey."

Arterial then reached in his pocket and pulled out his program and six tote tickets, the numbers of which all corresponded to Gold Ring, the favorite, which had just won eased up and had paid eight rupees on a three-rupee ticket.

"Arterial," I said, "what kind of a move is this?"

And he removed the cigar from his mouth and answered with a short, backward brush of his hand, "Can't trust these goddam Indians." ###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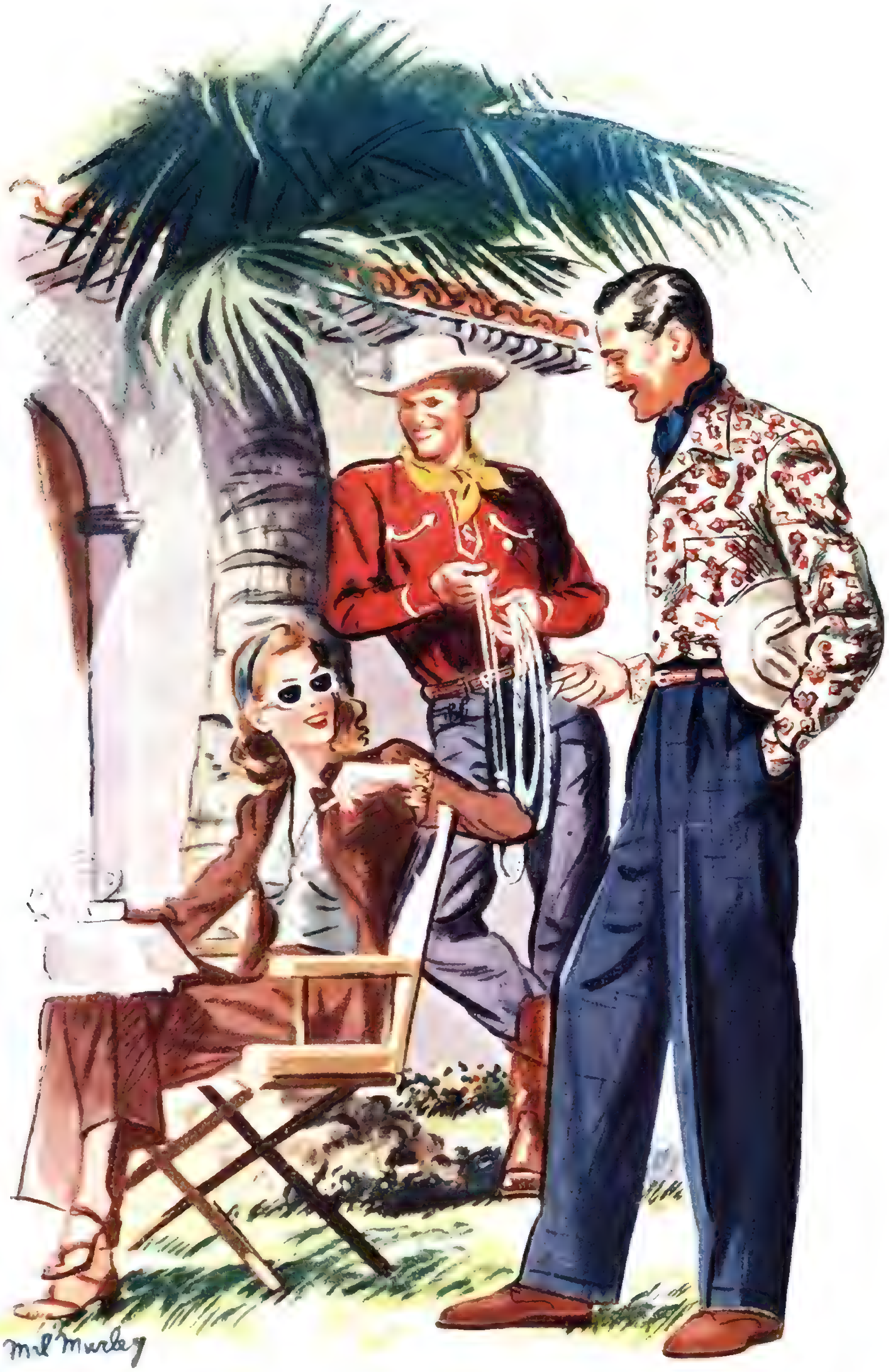

AUTHENTIC FASHIONS

WINTER ROUND-UP

Drawing by Murley

What looks like a meeting of East and West in that lavish oasis, Palm Springs, is just a couple of dudes with a mutual interest. It happens that the guy at right has gone a little less native than the pseudo-puncher; his key-patterned cotton shirt is of Guatemalan inspiration; his slacks are of homegrown flax which comes from our own Northwest; his cloth hat and wedge-heeled bluchers are obviously vacation bent. The bow-legged rancher from Wall Street has gone the whole way and outfitted himself with all the fancy trimmings dear to a cowboy's heart, even including a lariat. He wears a western style gabardine shirt, a wide-brimmed felt hat, blue denim levis and hand-tooled leather belt and boots. Get a horse, bub. . . . one that don't skeer easy.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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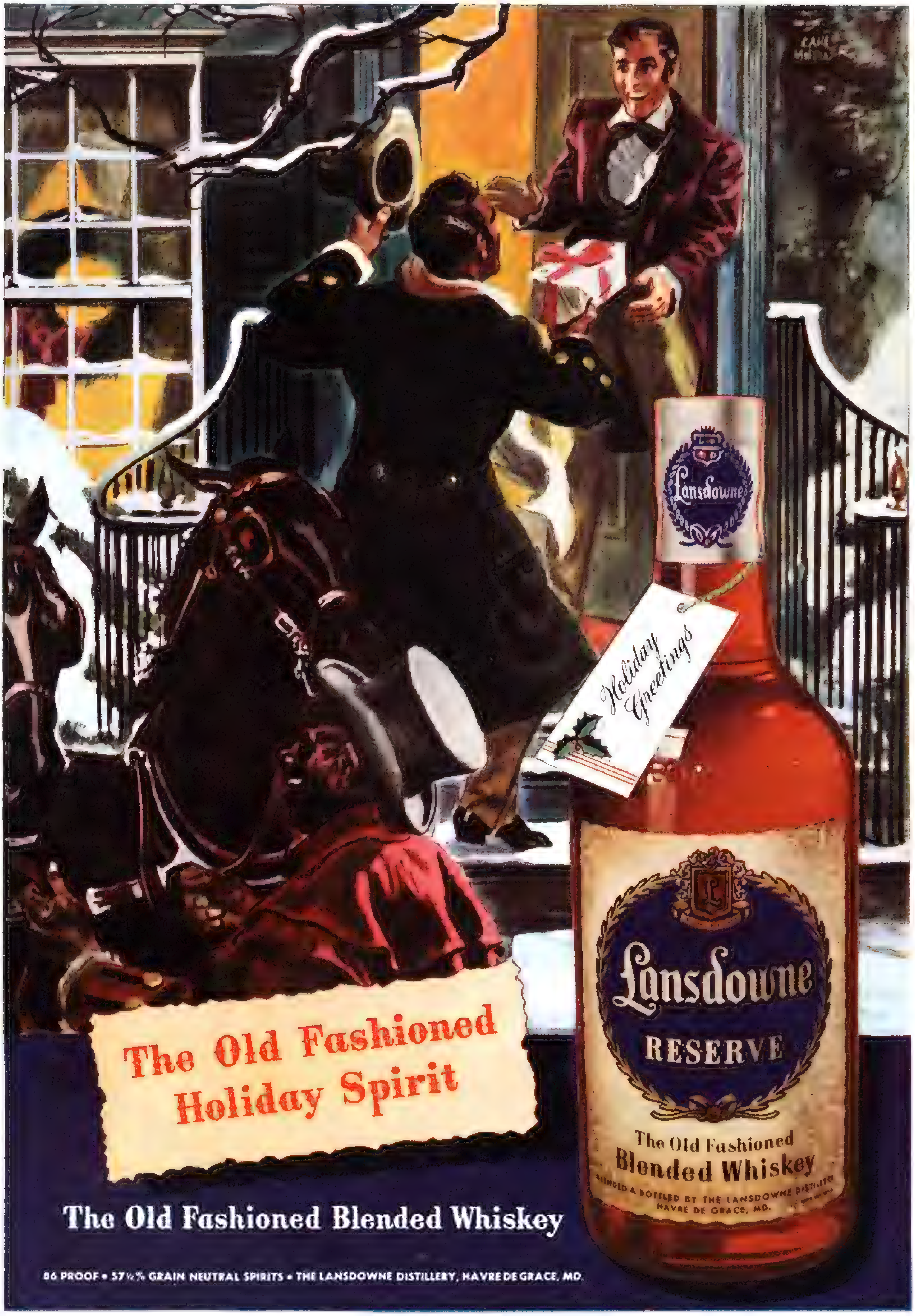

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

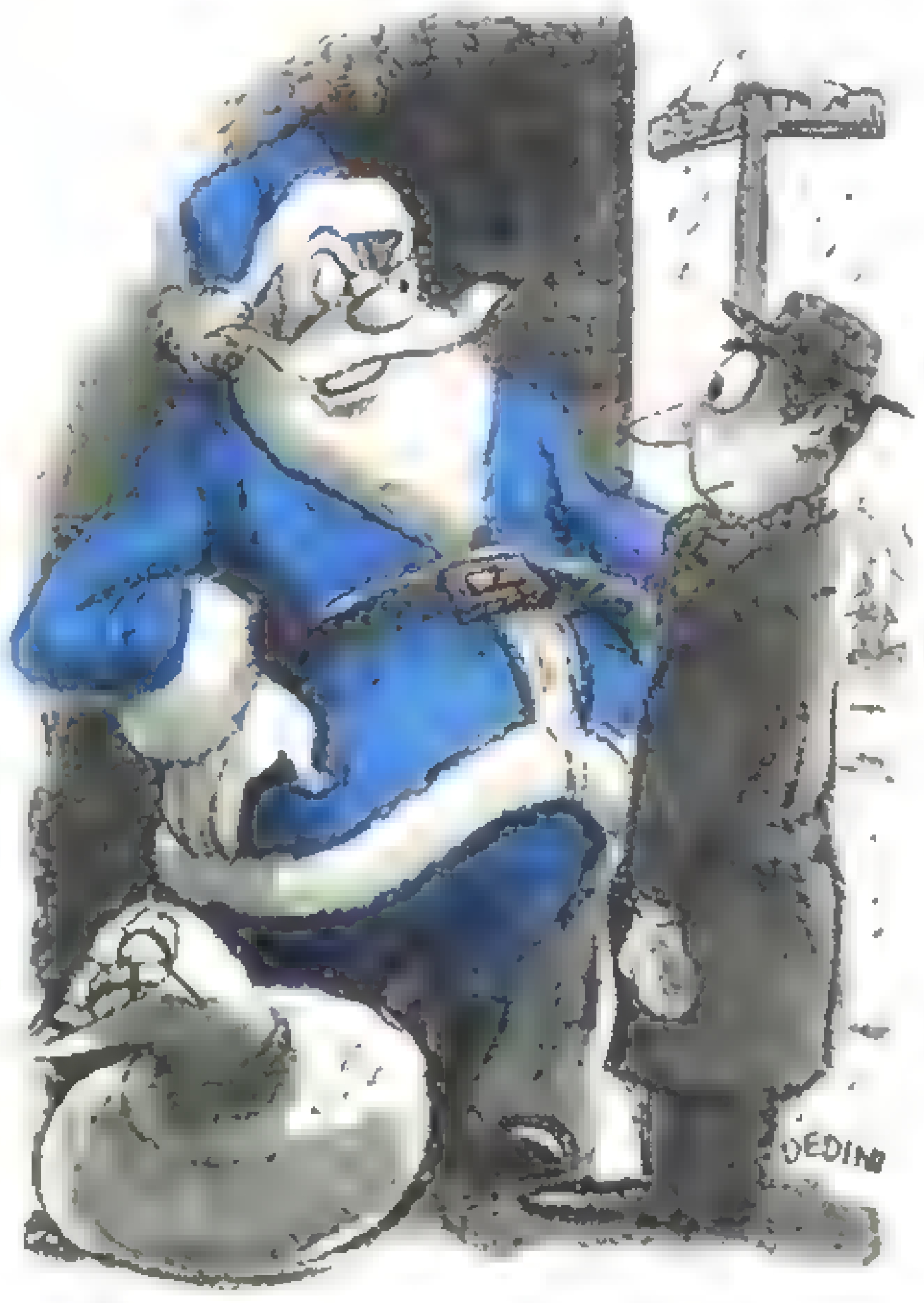
Continued from page 95

Sho-Gun? I leave the attempt at a convincing answer to the reader.

Jump far back over the years and further compare most of the later-day domestic or imported shows to their great advantage with such as *The Arcadians*, *The Casino Girl*, *San Toy*, *The Geisha*, *Florodora*, *The Burgomaster*, George Ade's *The Night of the Fourth*, *The Strollers*, *The Messenger Boy*, *The Liberty Belles*, De Koven's *Maid Marian* and *The Little Duchess*, *Sleeping Beauty and the Beast*, *The Toreador*, *Havana*, *The Wild Rose*, *The Merry Widow*, the Pixley-Luders *King Dodo* the various Victor Herbert shows, *A Chinese Honeymoon*, *The Dollar Princess*, *The Waltz Dream*, and a score more of others.

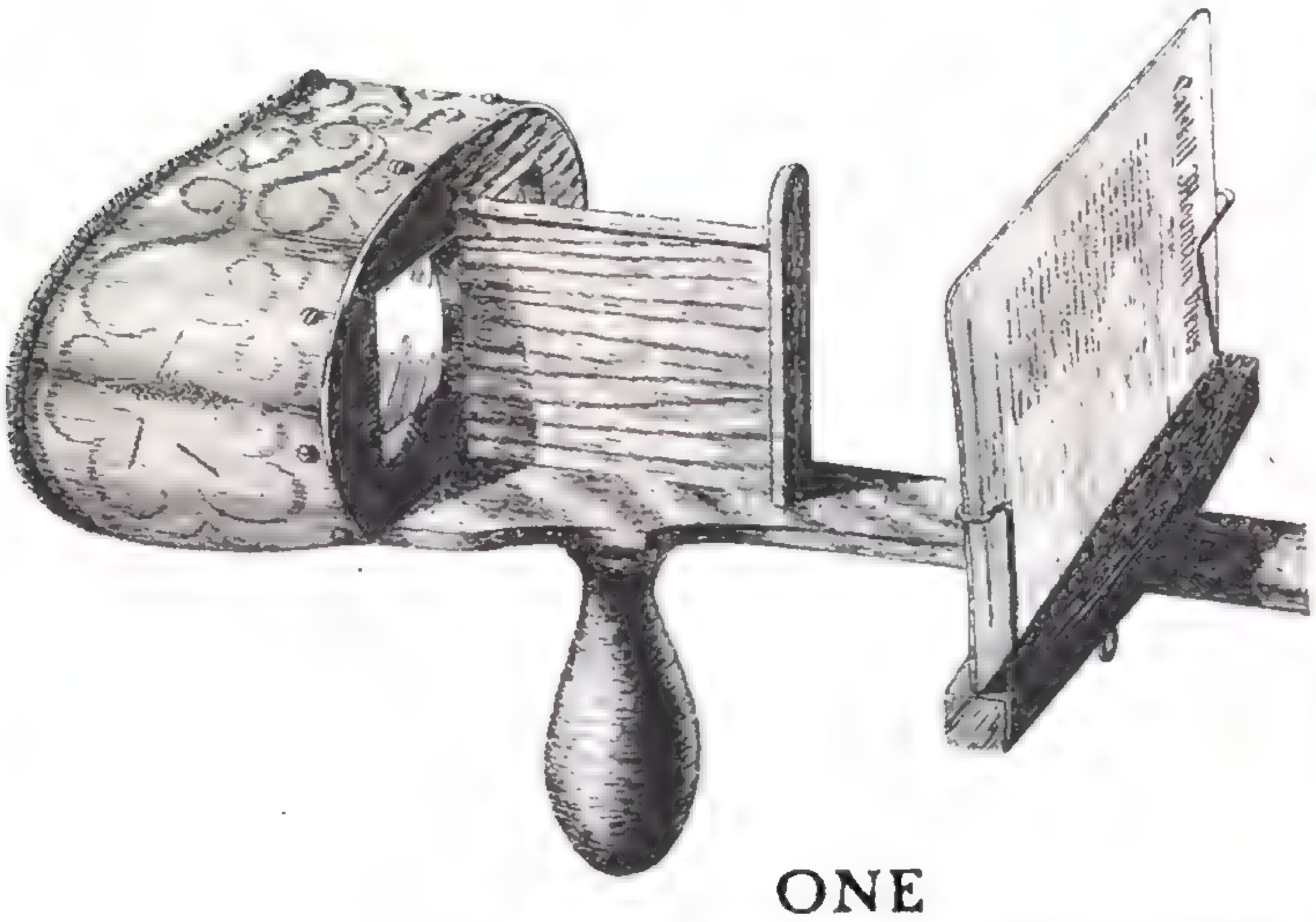
And where on the stage of recent seasons has there been a purely American show superior to such shows of times this side of ancient history as *Show Boat*, *Music in the Air*, and *Porgy and Bess*, which have to be revived to lend quality and bounce to the contemporary musical scene?

Without the slightest suggestion of crying into my beer, I should like to have those critics who celebrate the tremendous progress of our musical stage, tell me if they think that the later Shubert editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies* compare in any respect with Ziegfeld's own. I should also like to have them tell me if there are any new American composers superior to De Koven, Herbert, Kern, Luders, *et al.* And I should further like to have them persuade me that Ade's pure Americana was inferior to Hammerstein's adapted Riggs and Molnar Americana in *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*. And, while they are about it, I should like to have them inform me how the use of the music of such composers as Chopin, Schubert, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, Bizet, Strauss and others



"I just got damn tired of wearing red all the time"

Continued on page 180



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 179

operates toward the higher original estate of our native musical stage.

I do not argue that everything was gold and honey in other days and that nothing is gold and honey in these. Not by a long shot. What I say is simply that this theory of the remarkable advance of our musical stage is what the vulgar, both in and out of Congress, describe as baloney. A *tour de force* like *Carmen Jones*, admirable in every way, may come along and deceive the injudicious, but the general run of shows is not only not any better, but more often considerably poorer than the general run in years now far distant. Settings and costumes may on occasion be prettier and more tasteful, but they provide the only exceptions. The books, the lyrics and the scores, the performers and even the looks of the girls do not indicate anything to induce envy in graves now cold.

I report at first hand and not guessing from the records. I further report facts undiluted with any sentimentality or anything resembling nostalgia, that arthritis of the mind. You may, if you are still in the tender years, believe me—or may not and impatiently tell me where I can go. You have paid your fifty cents, and it is your privilege to take your choice.

But if it is hell to which you consign me, I ask you, while I am on the way down, to grant my contention at least half an inch by forgetting the better shows past and recent for a few moments, centering your attention on the second- and third-grade instead, and accepting my word for it that *Up in Central Park* isn't one-tenth so humorous as the forty-five-year-old *The Rogers Brothers in Central Park*, that *Star and Garter* of a few seasons ago wasn't any great improvement over *Star and Garter* produced by Frank McKee also forty-five years ago, that *Abyssinia*, produced a few years later in 1906 with Bert Williams heading the cast, was quite as amusing as some of the Abyssinian revues put on more recently, and that *About Town* of that same year had much the same "original" basic idea as the currently venerated *On the Town*.

Our later-day American musical stage, let the optimistic remember, turns up a half-dozen *Mr. Strauss Goes to Bostons*, a half-dozen *Firebrands of Florence*, and a half-dozen other such duds for every show of any real merit. The average was a whole lot better in the remote yesterdays. #

Continued from page 95

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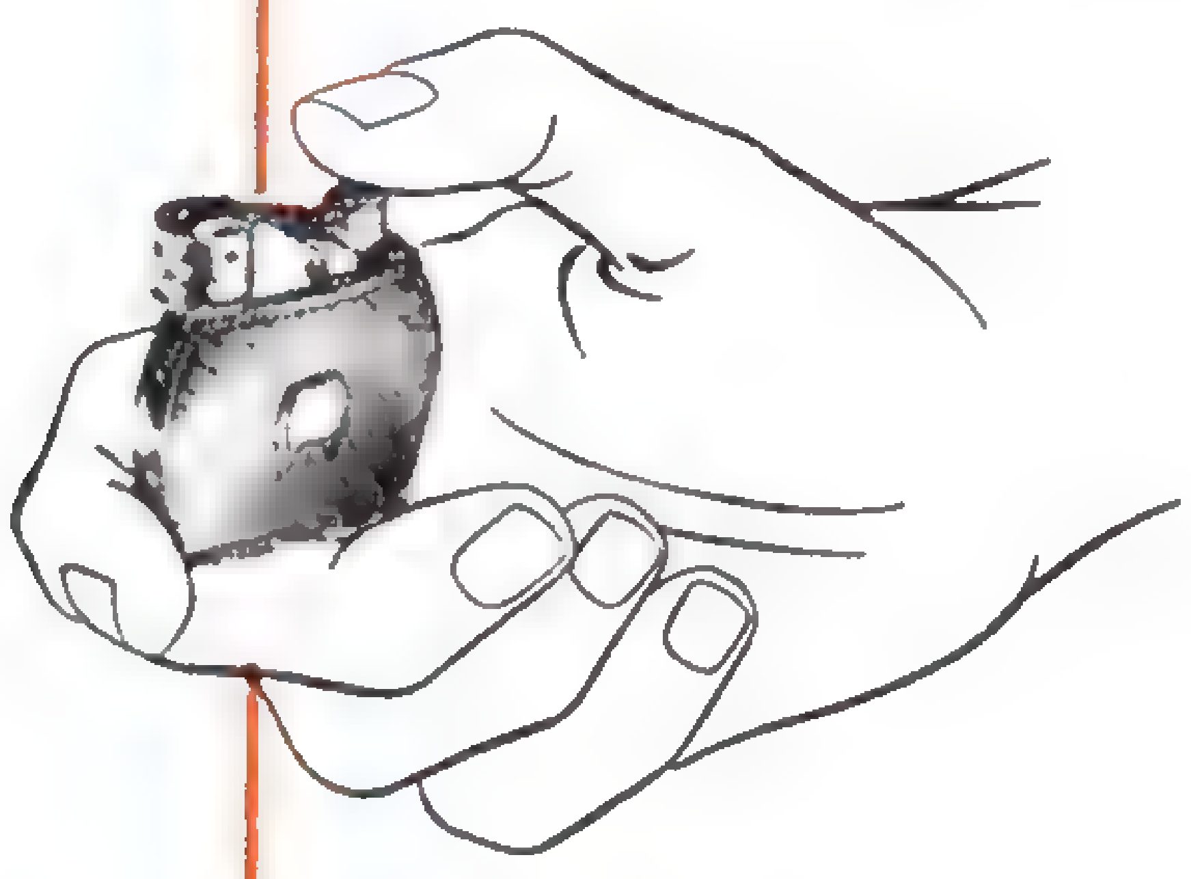

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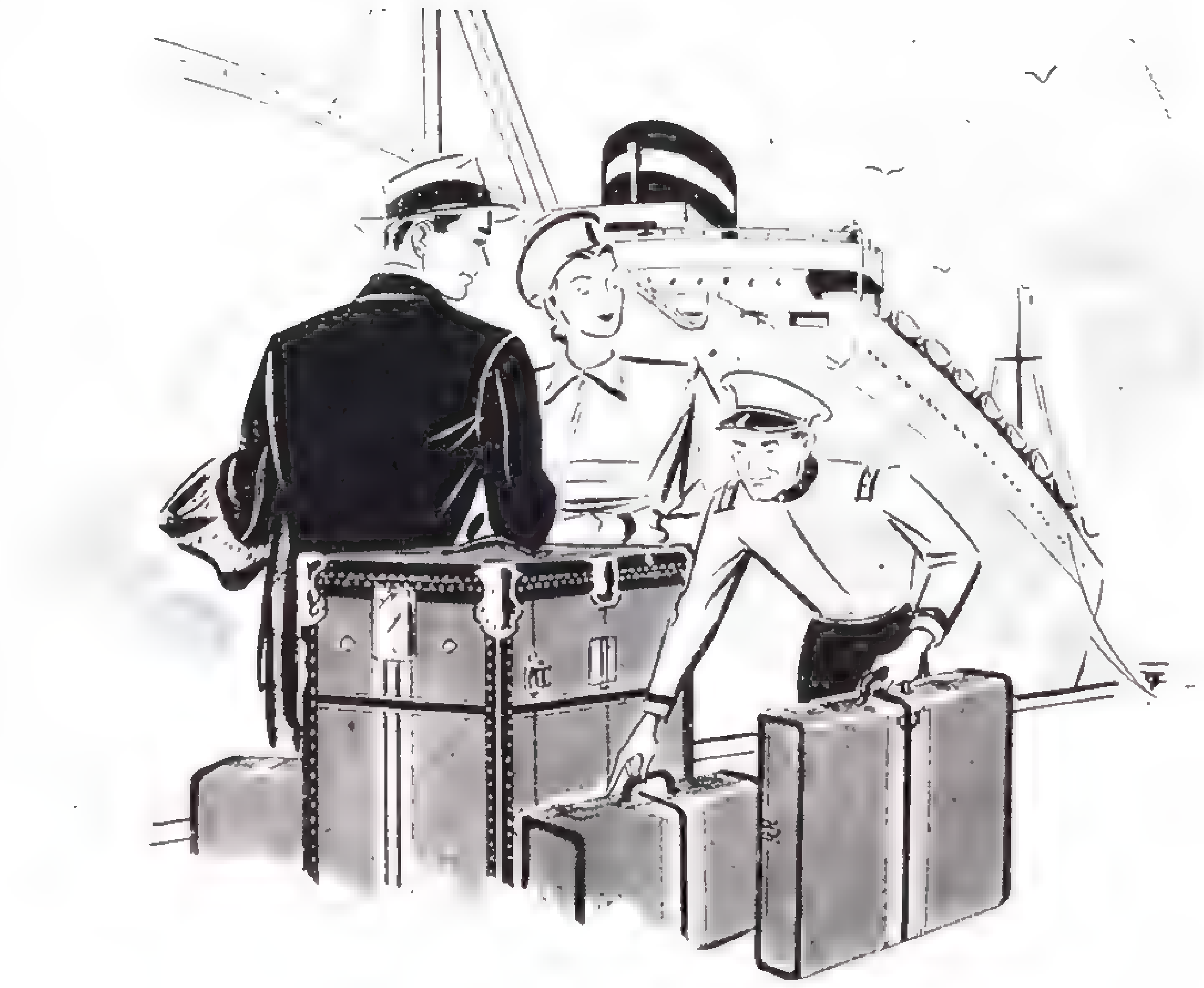

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This Man's World

Continued from page 74

guelito was irked or saddened by Pedro's success, he accepted it philosophically and contented himself with handling Pedro's overflow.

I was away from Cuernavaca for several weeks, and on my return, I came across the plaza to find, to my surprise, that their positions had been reversed. For now it was Miguelito who was handling the bulk of the trade, his Oliver fairly steaming as it clacked out letter after letter, while would-be clients waited in line and Pedro languished, practically neglected and relegated to writing letters for ancient crones or those who did not have the time to wait for the outpourings of Miguelito.

What, I wondered, was this sudden catastrophe that had befallen Pedro? How could one tumble practically overnight from pre-eminence and practically a monopoly in business to playing second fiddle to one who but a few days ago seemed destined eternally to occupy the minor position?

Fascinated, I told of my observation to my Mexican friend, Señor X, and inquired as to whether he had any idea of how this might have come about.

"Aha," he said, "Pedro and Miguelito. Yes indeed. Well may you ask. It is the great tragedy for póor Pedro. All Cuernavaca speaks of it and laughs. It has to do with the letters of love."

"Oho, the letters of love."

"Sí. Know that in all Cuernavaca for years Pedro has been famous for his letters of love. For the letters of business, of the inquiry for the health of the aunt, of the welfare of the son, you may throw the coin—Pedro or Miguelito. But when it concerns itself with the letter of love, the tenderness of the heart, the burning of the desire, it was Pedro who was the master."

"Aha!"

"Sí, amigo. You may well say

Continued on page 182

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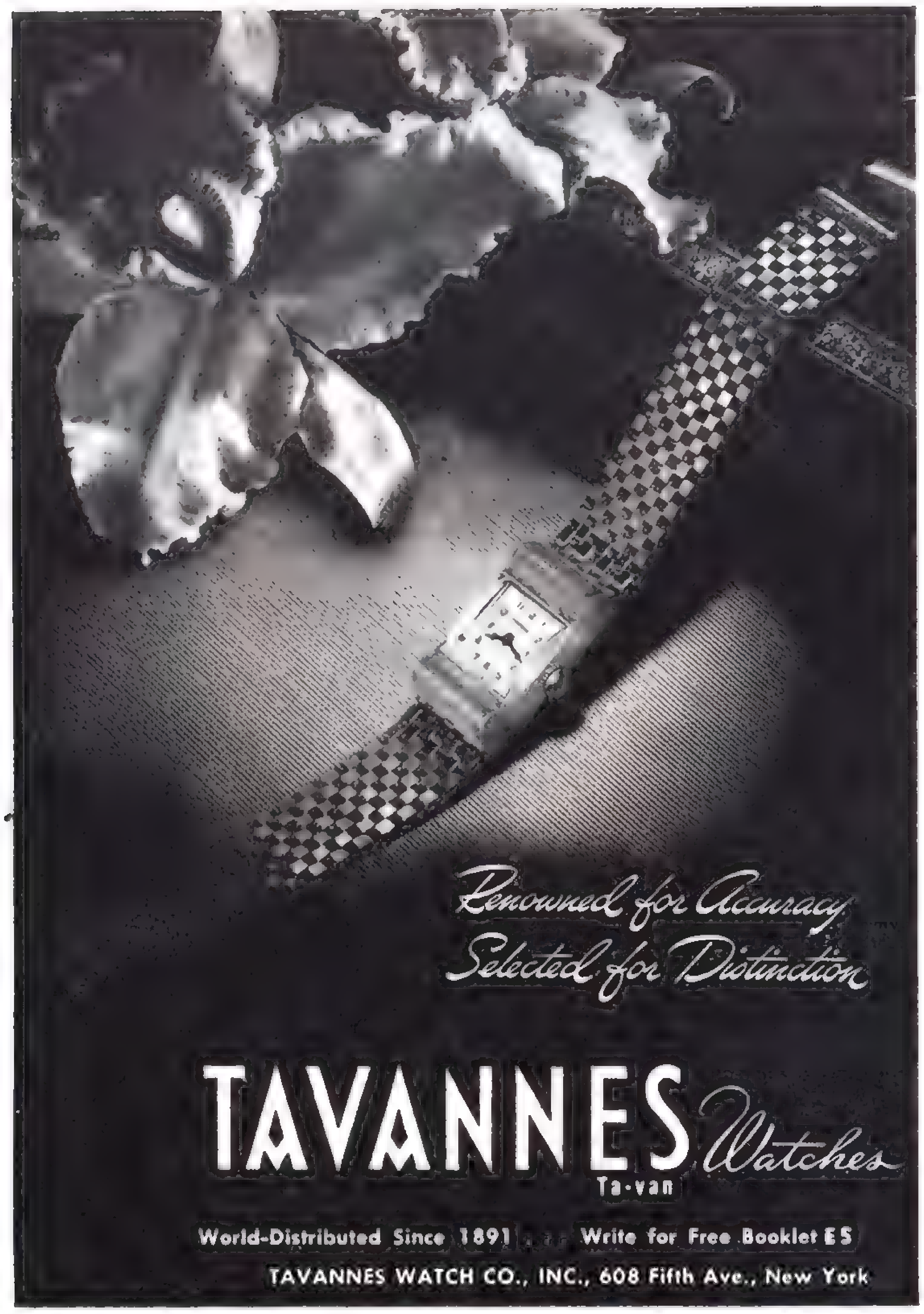

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This Man's World

Continued from page 181

'Aha!' The old stones of the streets of Cuernavaca resound to the noise of many tiny huaraches, the little ones who testify to the felicity of phrase, the fervor and enthusiasm of the words placed by Pedro in his letters of love.

"To the young swain of Cuernavaca it was already as good as the ringing of the cathedral bells for the ceremony when Pedro undertook to write the letter of love to the desired one. He had but to pay the small fee and intimate to Pedro the name of the adored one of his heart and the place of her existence, and Pedro would be prepared to say it all in a hundred rapturous phrases, a thousand words to describe the longing and fervor of the sender, the hopeless nature of his bewitchment, the devotion that seized him in the heart and the passion that enchained him. No señorita could resist the letter of love written by Pedro. You may look in the marriage register of Cuernavaca in the Palace of Cortéz where . . ."

"Yes, I see, but what happened?"

"What happened indeed! Well may you ask. Who could have foreseen such a thing. Pedro himself fell in love."

"*Pedro* fell in love . . ."

"Sí, my friend. When he made the visit to his cousin in Puebla, he met the little Maria and is filled with love for her. When he returns to Cuernavaca it gives him no peace. He realizes he must have her for the wife to him. He will write to her the burning letter of love and say to her what is in his heart."

"Well, did he?"

"Ah, *amigo mío*, well may you ask. Alas. When the moment came to compose his masterpiece of a letter of love on his Olivero, he could not."

"He could not?"

"Sí. That is so. He tried at first to compose it at home on his Olivero. It would not. He tried it again, this time in the plaza where so often with success he had achieved the utmost of ardency and desire for another. The words they would not flow, the sayings of his soul remained estuck in the machine. Is that not sad?"

"Crushing. But what did he do?"

"What did he do? Well may you ask. What could he do but cross to the other side of the walk and say: 'Miguelito, I will pay your fee. Write me a little letter of love to Maria Ramirez who lives at Numero 7, Calle Hildago in the city of Puebla, and say to her that . . . well, acquaint her with the fact that . . . I mean put into words the thing which has come

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over me, namely...say to her...'"

"And did Miguelito . . .?"

"But of course. Pedro has paid the fee, did he not? Is not business business? The letter is written. Soon comes the reply from little Maria. It is 'Yes.' Pedro and Maria were united the last week in the Cathedral . . ."

"Yes, but I don't see why . . ."

"You do not see, my friend? But it is so simple. That Miguelito is no fool, I tell you. He makes the advertisement. He tells the story. To all he makes known as follows: 'All know that the greatest writer of letters of love in Cuernavaca was Pedro. This is so, I, Miguelito say this to you. For years he have written the letters of love for the young and ardent of Cuernavaca. But I, Miguelito Jerez, have written the letter of love for Pedro to enable him to marry Maria Ramirez in the Cathedral last Thursday. Ask him and he will say that this is true.' So of naturalness, the swains of Cuernavaca now wish to have their letters of love written by the one who wrote the letter of love for Pedro. And now Pedro has the wife of his heart, but Miguelito has the business of Pedro, and all Cuernávaca is laughing. Is this not the tragedy?"

I said, "Well may you ask," and thanked him.

I know there is some kind of moral estuck away in this so sad tale, but just what it is I have not yet been able to figure out. Perhaps you can.

Lament for a Lost Century

The other day, I got myself scared into seven fits by a gent on the radio who was expounding on the atomic bomb and its meaning to mankind. Not that I needed to listen to the radio to be scared by that; I can frighten myself quite nicely, thank you, but this chap was doing a good job, crystallizing many of the thoughts I had had upon the subject of the new toy we have dreamed up to wipe ourselves off the face of the earth and return this globe to the amoebae.

Well, later on I was letting my-

Continued on page 184

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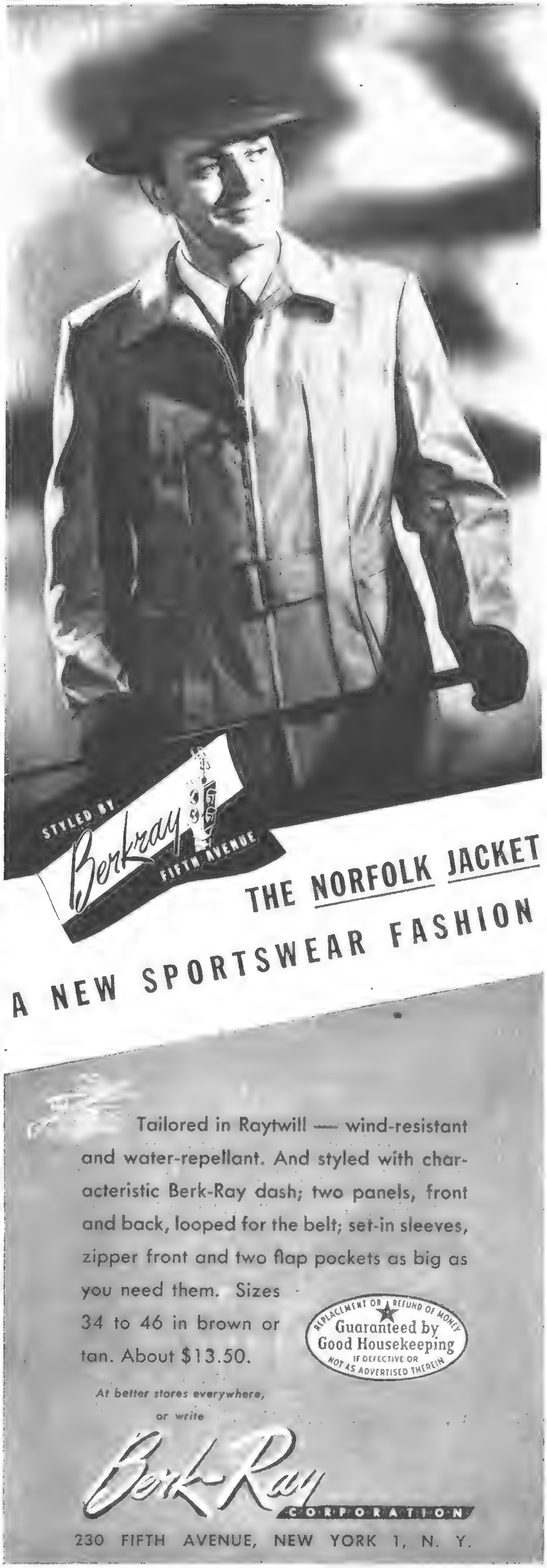

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This Man's World

Continued from page 183

self be put to sleep by that same radio which was playing a recording of the Beethoven *First Symphony*, and in that twilight of approaching drowsiness when the world begins to fade, I felt myself suddenly overcome by a kind of nostalgic longing to escape from today and find myself living in the century of Ludwig Van Beethoven.

Lest you take alarm, I must advise you quickly that this article deals not with music, but with gunpowder and gadgets. The delicacy of the *Scherzo* was merely the medium that transported me back to an age when people were not so damnably efficient and ingenious about killing one another.

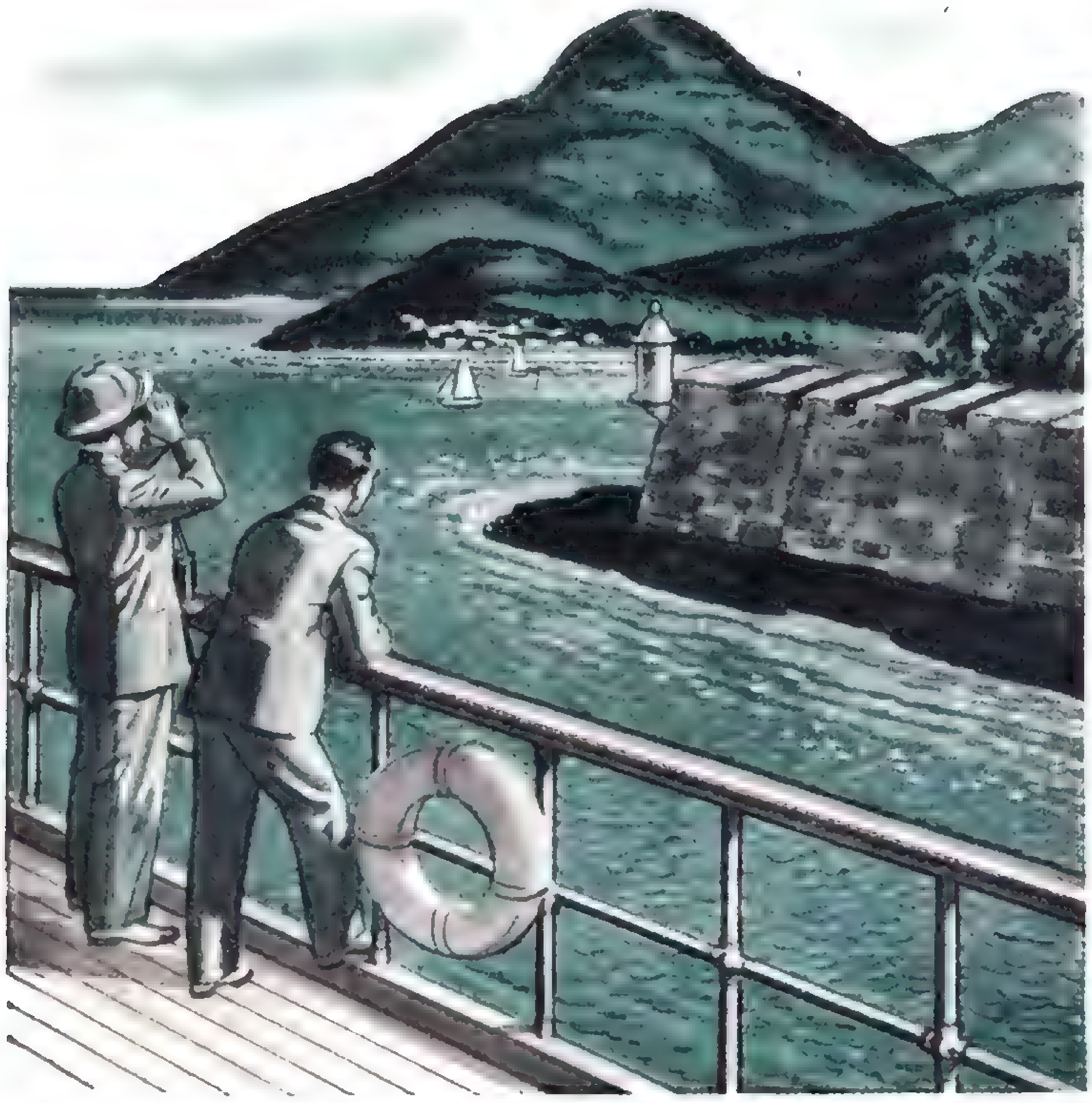
In the year 1800, when Beethoven composed his first symphony, you could be done to death with decency by the sword, the musket or the cannon ball. But the man with the sword had to catch you, and you could always run and live to fight another day. The muskets took an unconscionable time to load, prime and fire, and then, like as not, refused to go off, likewise giving you time to depart for healthier climes, and as for the cannon ball, any .300 hitter with half an eye for a fast-breaking curve could see those things coming and duck away from the plate.

Today we find ourselves exposed to mass assassination at the hands of the college professor and the watchmaker. The former has brought the atomic bomb into being, the latter manufactured a shell during the late unpleasantness which sought out its clients by sight, sound or scent and waited until it saw the whites of their eyes to let go and blow their heads off. Apparently you could set those things to go after a left-handed enemy with a squint, false uppers and addicted to the use of *Fougère Royale*, operating somewhere in the next county, and the gadget would smell him out, chase him up a tree, or take note of a change of address, look him up at the new one, and settle in his pants pocket before combusting.

It was not thus in Beethoven's day, and the longing to be transported back to that era of comparative safety was genuine. True, Napoleon was on the way and he managed to kill an awful lot of people before he succumbed to the inevitable mathematics that war is a losing proposition, but they were all soldiers, and private citizens who did not think that war was either glorious or amusing could go elsewhere and read books or garden until it blew over.

There may have been other drawbacks. Transportation was slow and people took longer to get

Explore the thrilling taste possibilities of this delicious *"mountain rum"*



Try Ron Merito first in the standard rum drinks—daiquiri, rum collins or cuba libre. You'll find them so far *above* standard, you'll be delighted! Then mix yourself a Merito manhattan or old-fashioned. Just taste that extra tang, extra deliciousness! It's the "mountain distilling" that does it—high up in the hills of Puerto Rico where the climate is ideal for producing perfect rum. *Next time ask for Ron Merito!*

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PUERTO RICAN
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Ron
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THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Send for colorful 24-page recipe booklet

For free colorful recipe booklet write National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. E-28, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. • Ron Merito is available in both Gold Label and White Label • 86 Proof

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Famous Rugby billfold de luxe, now dressed in best GENUINE ALLIGATOR. Trimmed in fine Galun calfskin. Handcrafted throughout. $15.00

New Zipp Commando

2-in-one. Large zip bill and check compartment, extra pocket for confidential items. In Imported British Morocco. $7.50

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AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

RUGBY
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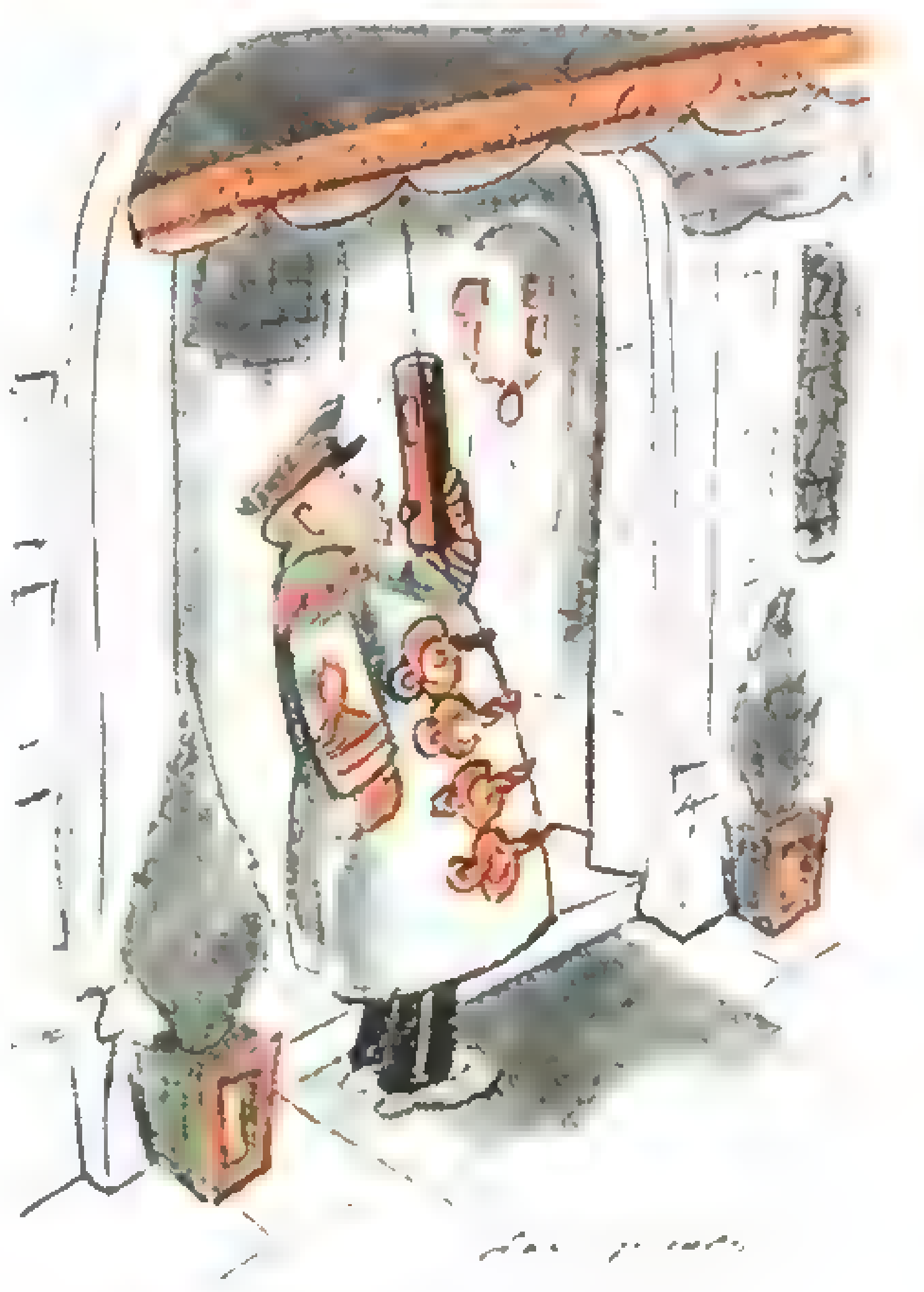
NEW YORK 1

to places, but then they stayed longer when they got there. Many of the gadgets and trumpery that made for modern comfort were not yet thought of, but at the same time one seemed to be a much better insurance risk. For they were not yet blowing people up from beneath the ocean, or raining down horrors from the sky, or slaughtering us from one hundred and fifty miles away. If it was vital to the happiness of someone to shoot you, the party had to bring himself within range where you could get a look at him and make up your mind whether you were going to shoot him back or run for it, while he was stuffing powder, wad and ball into his blunderbuss and salting the pan with loose powder, preparatory to sparking it with the click of flint on steel and exploding the mess in your direction.



"Here comes your wife"

The music played on, and with a kind of ineffable sadness and regret I realized that there was no help and no escape. I was trapped in the Twentieth Century. The atom bomb, and the trans-global rocket had come to stay and there was no longer any place where a man who had a little bit of rabbit in him or even a love of beauty or of life, could go and hide while the would-be conquerors, the megalomaniacs and the military men played their ghastly pranks on one another and mankind.

The joyous and graceful strains of the finale died away and I was left tossing miserably with the echoes not of the music, but of man's last cosmic joke upon himself ringing through my mind. He had finally found the means to wipe out not alone himself, but all records of himself, his hopes and aspirations, his manifestations of momentary Divinity, such as, among other things, the *First Symphony* by Ludwig Van Beethoven.

Sic 'em

Hey, what in La Helle is going on here anyway? It's got so a guy can't open his copy of Es-

Continued on page 186

Back In the Picture
OB 10K
O-B's
Genuine Pre-War Tiger-Eye and Hematite

A Man's Ring . . . massive 10K Gold set with genuine pre-war European Tiger-Eye Cameos or Hematite Intaglios. Supply is limited . . . Ask your local jeweler today.

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DIVISION OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATES, INC.
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BURGESS MEREDITH, *as Ernie Pyle with his ever faithful ZIPPO, in scenes from that most human and real of motion pictures about our fighting boys: "THE STORY OF G. I. JOE" based on Ernie Pyle's book. A Lester Cowan production, Released by United Artists. Watch for it at your neighborhood theatre.*

G. I. JOE'S FAVORITE LIGHTER BACK FOR EVERY JOE'S XMAS

ZIPPO—the windproof companion that has made the world lighter conscious, is now back on dealers' shelves, after four years of service on the firing lines.

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★ AN AWARD OF HIGH RESPECT ★

When you see this button on the coat lapel of a person in civilian clothes, it is the badge of honor of an honorably discharged veteran of the U. S. Armed Forces. He deserves every respect. He may need a job or just a friendly smile—so recognize and honor the man with the button.

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NO BUNCH...
NO BIND...
NO SAG

Handsome Heather Colors . . . Sizes 38 to 46 . . . Scotty Kote and other Scotty Garments at leading stores.

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY
CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

This Man's World

Continued from page 185

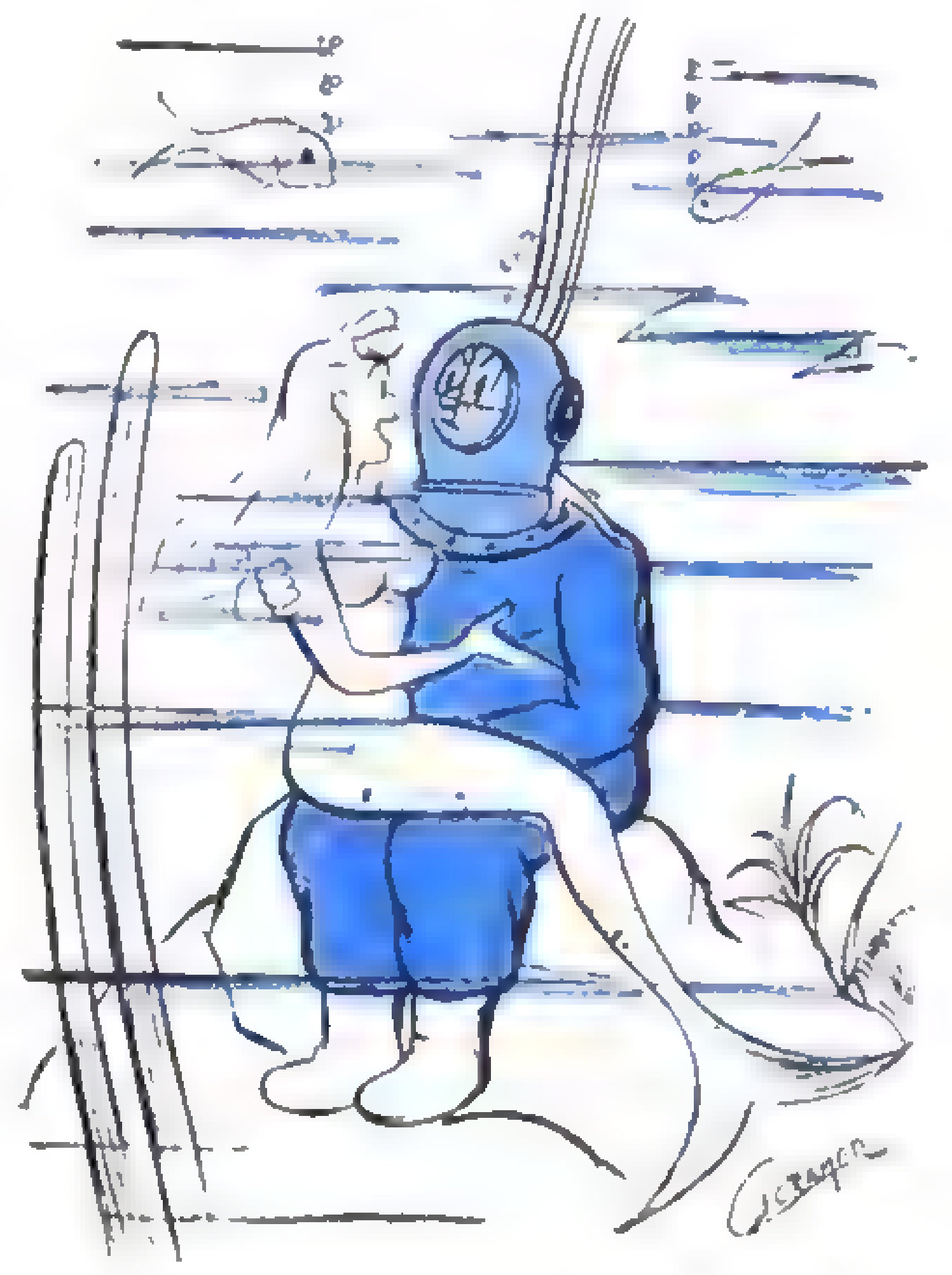
quire without discovering that someone is taking a verbal poke at him.

A little while ago it was George Jean Nathan belting at Gilbert Seldes with a side-swipe at this innocent and good-tempered essayist, and in the recent October issue damned if Seldes wasn't rolling up his sleeves and letting go a couple of swings at me for a piece I wrote last spring about commercials in news broadcasts in wartime. I must say it took Gil a helluva long time to get mad.

I refused to quarrel with Mr. Nathan and I do not think I will bicker with Mr. Seldes either, at least not until the shortage of white paper eases to a considerable extent.

I read with a great deal of care his aptly called piece, *The Case for the Commercial*, which seems to be chiefly about the virtues of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and own myself converted by it.

Just as George Jean Nathan changed me to a Scotch drinker, Gilbert Seldes has made me just *love* radio. His article has convinced me that CBS must have its office space in Heaven, or very close to it, that all CBS executives are equipped with wings and halos and use only cherubim and seraphim for announcers. Wait a minute, which is which? I mean I always get snarled up on cherubim and seraphim. One of 'em is ladies. I think it's the cherubs that are the little boys.



"I haven't a phone, but you can reach me by Atlantic cable"

Anyway, I yield to Gil on the sweet perfumes of sanctity and the Heavenly Light that emanates from CBS. What ho!

Note to Editor:

Look, fella, call off your dogs, willya? When I'm ready for a good juicy row, I'll start my own. ⋕

Continued from page 74

TARS
COMPLETE AFTER-SHAVE TREATMENT
A superior after-shaving lotion which helps to keep the skin smooth and immaculate. After shaving rinse face thoroughly, dry and quickly apply Tars. Following Tars' bracing, pleasantly tingling sensation, your face will acquire a refreshed new feeling of pliancy and smoothness.
SCHERK NEW YORK

TARS

The Complete After Shave Treatment

For sensitive skin—for all those who suffer from shaving irritation — nothing takes the place of TARS—The Complete After-Shave Treatment. TARS goes to work on razor burns and scrapes, gives aid and comfort to smarting faces. Men like its strikingly mannish scent—will welcome TARS for Christmas $1.10* Christmas Set with Talc, $1.60* (*plus tax).

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Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!

Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!

Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!

Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '46... the whole year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!

KINSEY

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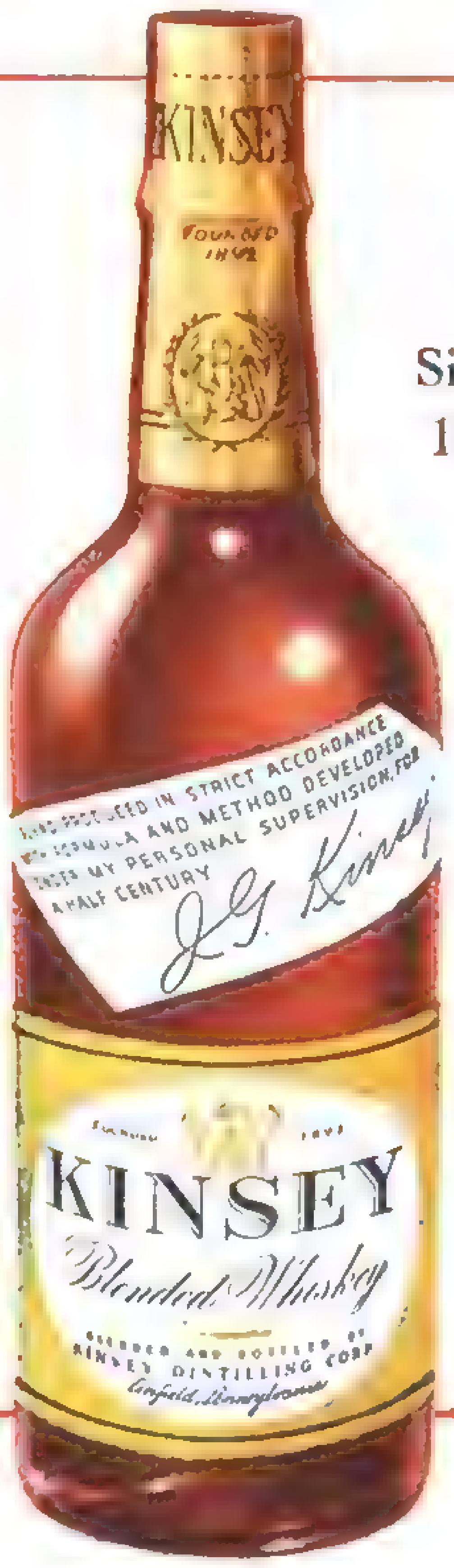
WHISKEY

A BLEND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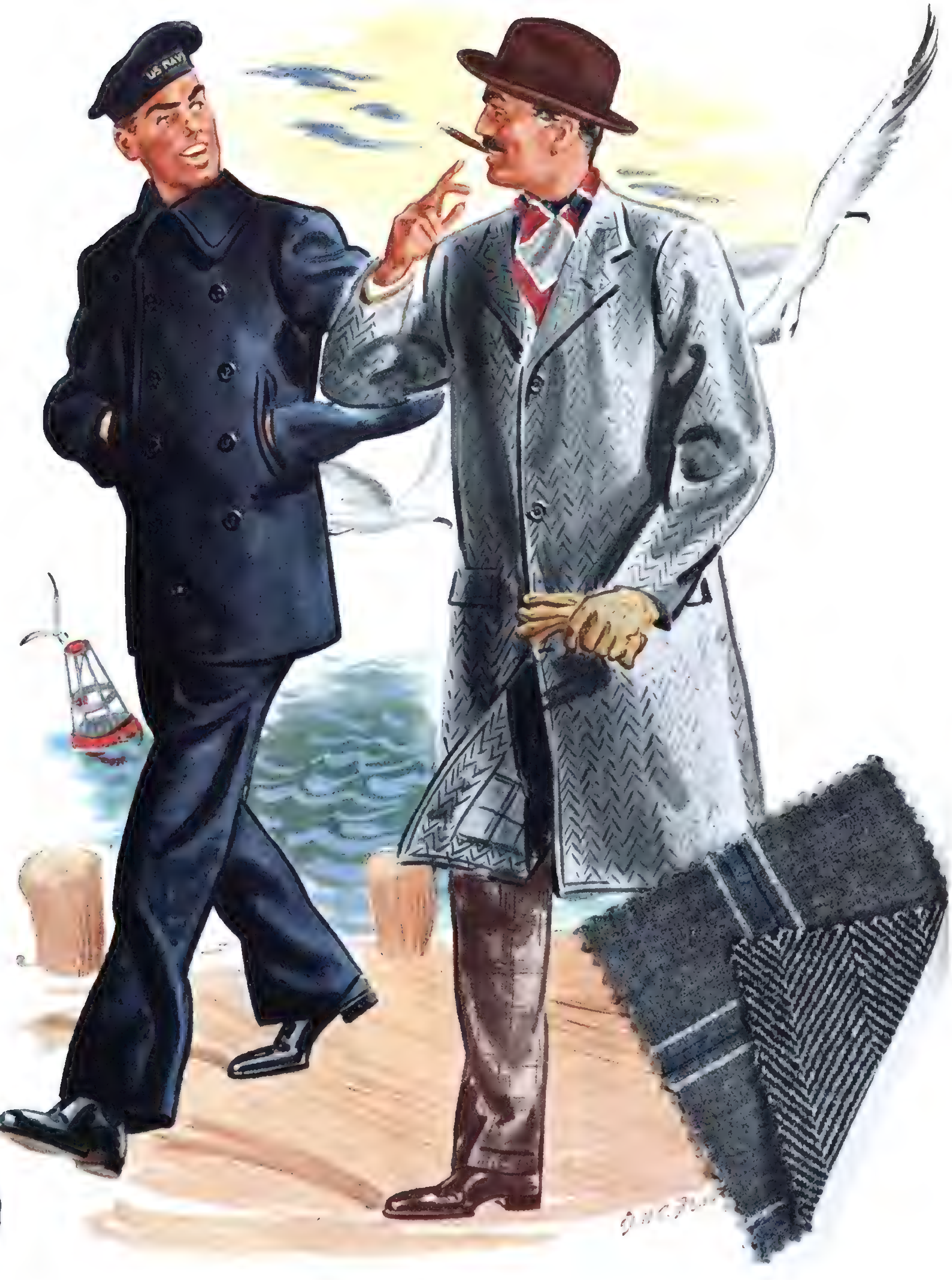


AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

SHOOTING THE BREEZE

Drawing by Fenton

This ship-to-shore pair are dishing the scuttlebutt with no heed to winter winds. The gob is squared away in a Navy regulation rig known as a pea jacket, while his host strides along in a knee length overcoat. The three-button single-breaster gives plenty of warmth without bulk; stripped of non-functionals, it has neither cuffs nor buttons on the sleeves. The worsted herringbone material has an overplaid design on the reverse side, making it, in effect, two fabrics in one. The sample at right shows this double-duty virtue. His handpainted muffler is of parachute silk, released by the Government. He ties it ascot style, and the design is placed so that even a dub can make the square come out in front for the whole wide world to see.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

AS SWANK AS A REGIMENT ON PARADE

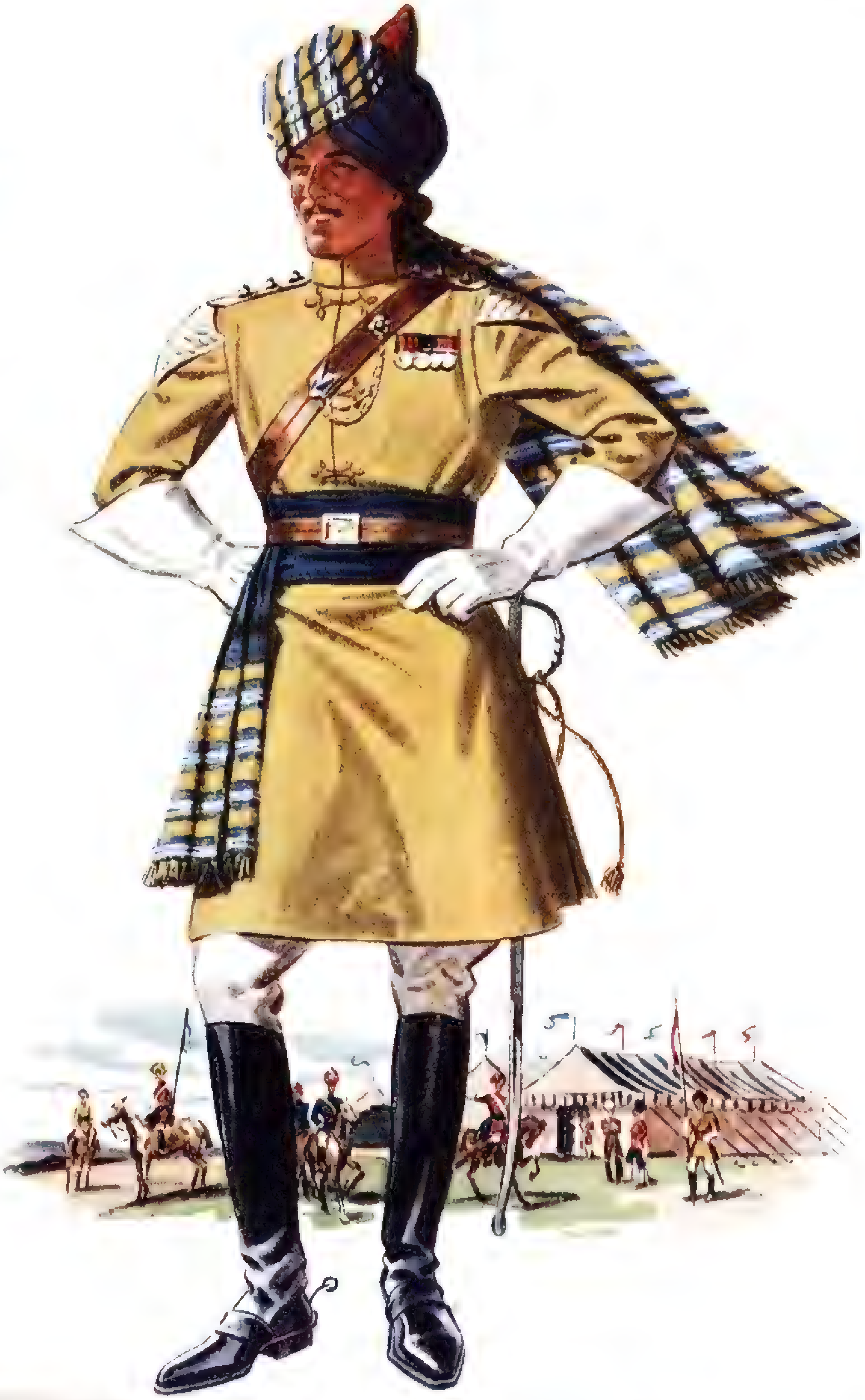
Sutton
Toiletries for Men

• Brisk, buoyant fragrances with masculine appeal — favored by Men who go in for good grooming. Presented in handsome flacons of Bengal Red & Gold and Black & Gold — identified by the swank, distinguished Regimental top-man, traditional symbol of authority and good taste

For better living through better grooming make Sutton Toiletries a daily habit.

After Shave . . Cologne . . Talc
Deodorant . . Lather Shave

Appropriate gifts from Her to Him
Available wherever Toiletries are sold.



SUTTON
FOR MEN
SUTTON AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Sutton SINGLES

After Shave	$1.00
Cologne	$1.00
Deodorant	$1.00
Lather Shave	$1.00
Talc	.75

(plus tax)

Sutton TRIO Sets

No. 506	After Shave, Cologne & Talc	$2.75
No. 507	Lather Shave, After Shave & Talc	$2.75
No. 508	After Shave, Cologne & Deodorant	$3.00

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Sutton DUO Sets

No. 504	After Shave & Talc	$1.75
No. 505	After Shave & Cologne	$2.00
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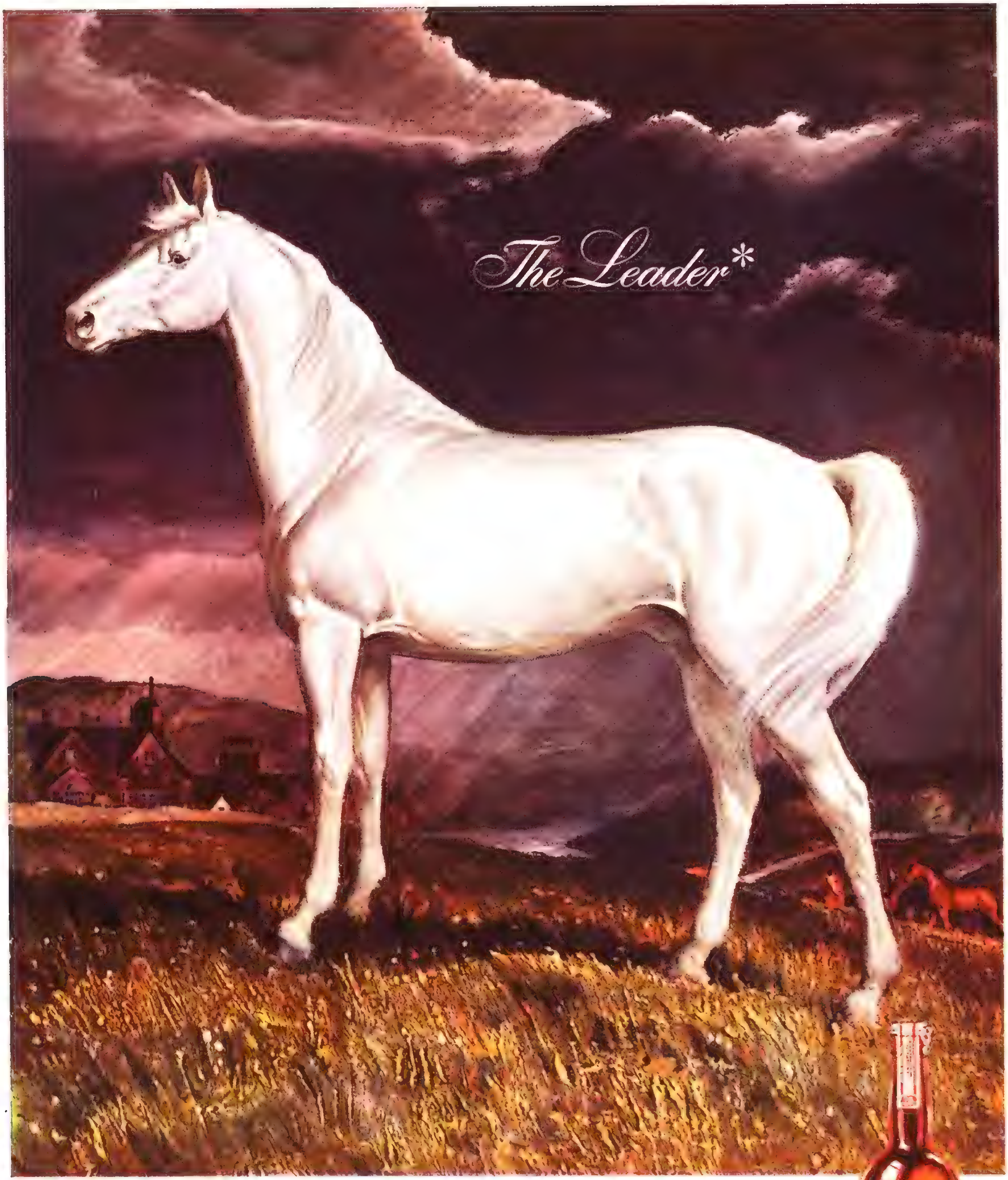
SUTTON SALES, Inc. • Salesrooms, 385 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



The acclaim that White Horse has received the world over is a tribute to the care and skill with which it is made. Its distinctive flavor and smoothness come from the use of the finest whiskies, which are wedded by experts in the blending art...That's why *everybody likes White Horse!*

86.8 Proof. Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., New York, Sole Distributors

* EVERYBODY LIKES
WHITE HORSE
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

ESTABLISHED
1746

VINTNERS CO., INC. N.Y.

Homecoming Hero

Continued from page 77

feelings. If I'm talking too much you say so—and if you want me to get the hell outa here, you . . ."

Bradley looked up at him, steadily now, still biting his lip. Crispin had sense enough to know when a man finally wanted to speak. Quietly he said, "Does it hurt, Bradley?"

Bradley's chest heaved with one great sob. The tears suddenly came in streams. He lifted his hands out from under the blankets and raised them to his eyes, and his small bandaged head kept bobbing ever so slightly. Crispin merely sat there, saying nothing.

Soon the spasm was over. From tears, Bradley progressed to hiccoughs; he wiped the tears from his eyes, and he looked up at Crispin, blinking.

"You wanna tell me now?" Crispin asked. "Or you want me to get the hell out of here?"

The boy snuffled. He was something so very young, so pink in his white bandages, that for a strange moment Crispin was reminded of his own small son back home. The last time he had seen him, that son was eight months old. The resemblance smote Crispin so profoundly that he wasn't quite concentrating when Bradley suddenly said, "I got hit on the head by a coconut."

Crispin seldom laughed, so he never found it hard to control any explosive impulse to laugh. He really wanted to cackle when the boy said what he said, but he held it in; hardly a ripple passed over his long face. It was that, more than anything else, which reassured young Bradley in the bed, because young Bradley decided to keep on talking, right through his snuffling.

"You know that big tree down by the fuel dock, sir? I was standing under it talkin' to Chief Binder, sir, when all of a sudden something hit me. And it was a coconut."

"And the next thing you remember you were here in bed."

"Yes, sir. That's the next thing."

"When this happen?"

"Two days ago, sir."

"How's your head feel?"

Again Crispin saw his own small son in Bradley's small, sharp eyes when the boy said, in a thin voice, "It hurts me."

The boy in the next bed, Dugan, the indigestion case, hoisted himself up and said, "But he's a lucky sunnabitch, Lieutenant, sir."

Crispin turned his best withering eye upon Dugan. "Lucky?"

"Doc says he may hafta send him home. Say's he's got a concussion."

Crispin's eyebrow shot up. He

Continued on page 192

Smartest Thing in Ski Boots
BASS
Bass Ski Boots

A great ski boot would help you to master a great sport! Your smartest choice is Bass Ski Boots—back on the market, though in temporarily limited quantities. Goes without saying, Bass Boots are the best you can buy, worth a little search or wait. Made by the makers of the finest outdoor footwear, they're expertly fashioned from superior leather, fit precisely, add balance (and unparalleled comfort) to every skiier's life. *Yours,* for instance—or your girl's!

G. H. BASS & CO.
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Footnote—Bass Weejuns for after skiing "a-h-h" comfort!

THE GIFT FOR MEN
THAT SAYS:

"Yours alone!"

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MONOGRAM
INITIALED
Grooming Requisites For Men

MONOGRAM comes in single, double and triple sets
$2.00 per suede covered flask, including the initials

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The Rogue Tie-Vertible Shirt

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A "Marvle Fabric"

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THE MIRACLE OF NYLON

Introducing "Marvylon," featherweight fabric, woven of 60% Spun Nylon and 40% Spun Rayon—a rich fabric of extraordinary wearability and washability. Tailored with masterly Hollywood Rogue perfection . . . a modern achievement in both fabric and shirtmaking artistry.

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR 1041 N. HIGHLAND AVE. HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.

Homecoming Hero

Continued from page 191

turned to Bradley. "That a fact? You got a concussion?"

Bradley murmured, "Yes, sir."

"And you got a chance to get home on this here now concussion?"

"Yes, sir. Lt. Hastings, he says he'll put me on the next ship comin' in, goin' to the States. He says he ain't equipped to handle my complications."

"You got a damn silly little ol' concussion and you got a chance to go home on it?" Crispin looked sharply at him. "Boy," he said, "where'd you say that tree was?"

Dugan laughed, but into Bradley's eyes there came again the look of misery. Crispin saw it, sensed it, and he bent down over him. "Whassa matta, boy? Don't you want to go home?"

Bradley said, "No."

Crispin bent down over him again. "You got no folks to speak of back home?"

"I got a mother and father 'n four sisters 'n a kid brother."

"How long since you seen 'em?"

"Eighteen months."

"You don't *want* to see 'em?"

The tears came back into his voice, as well as his eyes. "You think I'm nuts, sir? *Sure* I want to see 'em!"

Crispin straightened up. "Boy," he said, "you better gimme the answer to the riddle right now or I be dog if I catch on. You wanna see yo' folks, but you don' wanna go home?"

Dugan, in the next bed, a kid with a crew haircut like a bathtub brush, was grinning all over. "Go on, Benny," he said. "Tell 'im the rest of it like you told me."

Bradley said, "Shut your dopey puss!" It was hard for him to really flare up because he could not raise his head from the pillow. But his eyes managed to shoot sparks. Then he turned to Crispin and said, "It's not that, sir."

Crispin said, "What is it, boy?"

Little Bradley pulled a hand from under the covers and rubbed a finger across his nose. His eyes were rheumy again, looking at the covers. After a while he looked up at Crispin and said, "I told Dugan, sir, but he thinks I'm screwy."

"Well," Crispin's tone was soft and friendly, "maybe I'll think you're screwy too. Maybe you better not tell me."

"It's like this, sir," Bradley looked up with anguish in his eyes. "Supposin' I go home. I get put in a hospital. My family comes to see me. Hello Mom! Hello Pop! All that stuff . . . kissin' and cryin'! Then what does my mother say to me?"

"I wouldn't know. I've never had the pleasure o' meetin' . . ."

"She says to me," Bradley went

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Chief Executive*

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● A gift you'll give proudly — and she'll welcome warmly! Practical, compact, in fashion-right colors, "Lady Executive" is beautifully styled in fine leathers with convenient change purse, swing windows for cards and the mysterious Secret Pocket for large bills. In various models . . . *$2.50 up*

TO HER . . . FROM HIM
Lady Executive*

HANG-A-PAK*
● Handy, hangable Toilet Kit for any man on the go. Of fine leather, waterproof lined, fitted with all his necessary grooming articles. *$12.50 up*

At your favorite Department Store, Luggage Shop, Haberdasher, Jewelry Store — or write:

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* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

on, with a new fire, a kind of anger in his voice, "she says to me, 'What happened to you, Benny?'"

Crispin said nothing. Quietly, in his own perceptive way, he was beginning to catch on. His eyes began to narrow, and crinkles came into the corners of them. Whenever Crispin anticipated anything he kept his mouth shut.

But Bradley babbled on: "She says to me, 'What happened to my poor little sailor boy?' And my kid brother, he says, 'Tell us how it happened, Benny—was it maybe Jap suicide planes?' And my sisters, they're all askin' questions. And their husbands."

"I begin to comprehend," Crispin said, but Bradley cut him short. "Everybody's askin' me about how I got hurt! And you know what I gotta say to them?"

"You . . ."

"I gotta say, 'Folks—I was hit on the head by a coconut!' "

Dugan had been listening all the time, with the broad grin on his face. Now he punched both hands into his pillow and gave himself up to hysteria. He laughed like a hyena, and threw himself around the bed. "Yow!" he yelled. "Yow-o-o-o!"

Crispin turned to him. "Pipe down," he said, but Dugan did not hear him. Dugan went right on laughing.

"Pipe down!"

When Crispin was angry he could summon up a voice from the canyons of the clamoring dead. It was a voice like a revival preacher on an amplifying system. Dugan heard him this time, and he raised his head from his pillow goggle-eyed, with his hysteria stuck in his throat. He looked at Crispin, and was further subdued by Crispin's look. It was a look of such terrible scorn that Dugan, whose case of indigestion had been improving in the last two or three days, suddenly had to belch.

"And stay that way!" Crispin said, and glared at Dugan until Dugan had to turn his eyes away. Then Crispin turned his head with great dignity on his swivel

Continued on page 194

VITAMIN D - nature's way!

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ULTRAVIOLET
ALPINE LAMP

The human body was intended by nature to absorb a certain quantity of the invisible, energizing rays—known to science as "ultraviolet rays"—supplied by sunshine.

Hanovia scientists have developed a practical, genuine ultraviolet source (the Alpine Lamp) for home use.

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World's largest makers of Ultraviolet Lamps
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RECAPTURE ROMANCE
every night . . .
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You truly give dinner a honeymoon atmosphere when you serve Valliant California Burgundy! It is Burgundy at its finest. Smooth, well-rounded, full-flavored. For Valliant Burgundy boasts a European ancestry. And to protect its choice quality, it is bottled by the winery in California. Sip Valliant Burgundy with food and discover how its pleasant tartness adds new zest to the entire meal.

Also try the Valliant California aperitif and dessert wines: Valliant Dry Sherry, Valliant Sherry, Valliant Port, Valliant Muscatel. Sole distributors for U. S. A., W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N.Y.

GOOD TASTE WITH ANY FOOD

Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

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VINEYARDS
Under Vine Since 1849

"Trousers halways 'ang right with Boston Braces, Sir!"
THEY'RE SNAP-CONTROLLED
BOSTON BRACES

A Product of GEORGE FROST COMPANY

Maker of World-Famous Boston Garters . . . Shirley, Massachusetts
Affiliated with the President Suspender Co. Oldest garter and suspender makers in America

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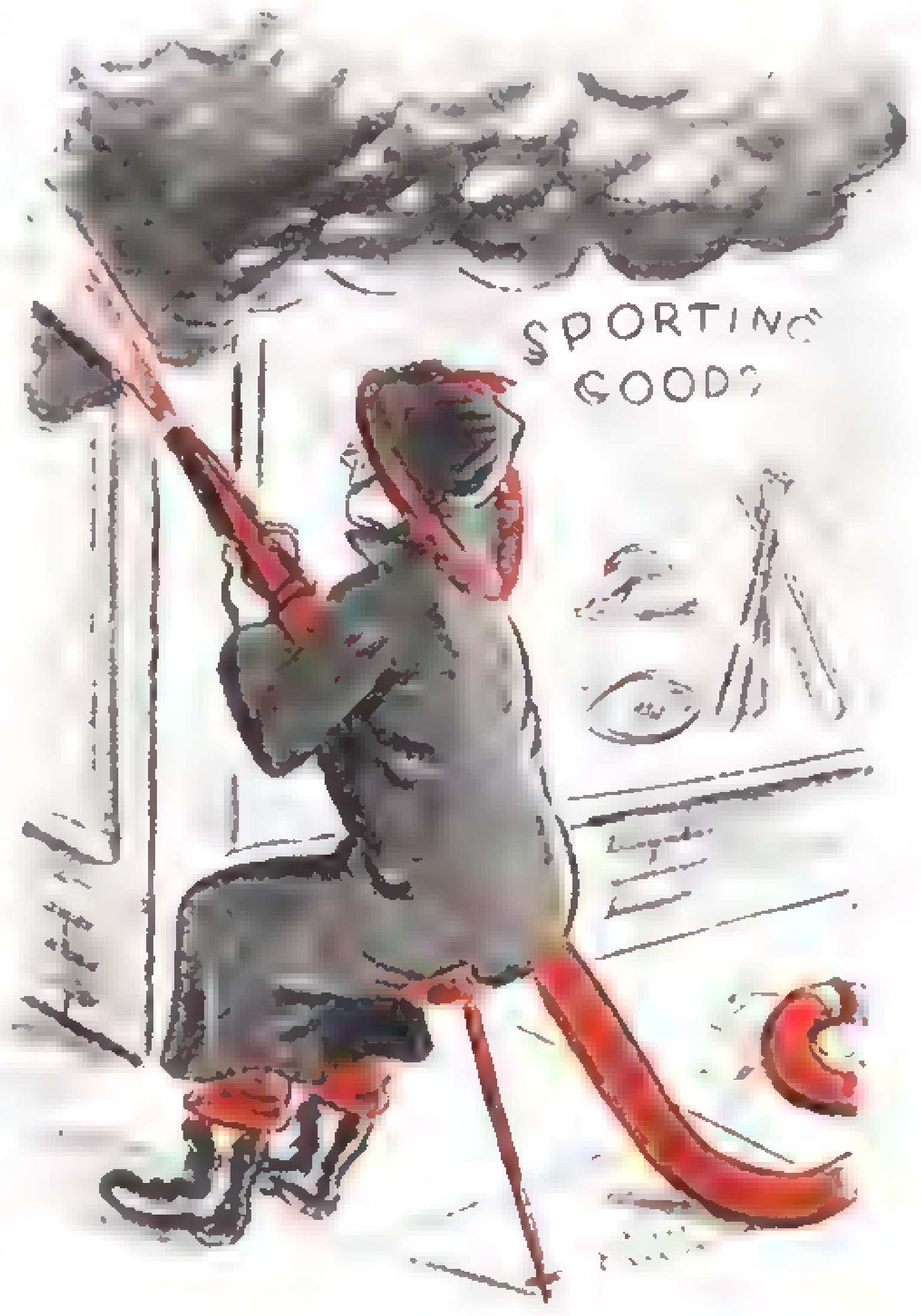
Homecoming Hero

Continued from page 193

neck and gave all his attention once more to Bradley.

"Go on, boy," he said.

"Well, sir," Bradley gulped, "that's the way it is. I been away from home eighteen months—then I come home like all these wounded guys to a hospital, but I ain't wounded. Not at all . . . I never seen a Jap in my life. But I lay in a hospital with all them guys wounded by the lousy Japs—and when they ask me how I got hit, I gotta say, 'I got hit onna head with a coconut . . .' " His voice began to falter.



Crispin threw a preliminary look at the vanquished Dugan, a look full of contempt, as if to tell him to mind his own business. Then he leaned forward, his face was close to Bradley's.

"Well, now," he said softly, "seems to me you're takin' this too hard."

"Sir," said Bradley, and Crispin could sense the tears coming into his voice again, "it ain't the same thing as being one of them battle-scarred veterans."

"Listen," said Crispin, "you got the whole thing exaggerated. You got wounded, boy, just like anybody else was wounded. You're in this man's Navy."

"But it ain't like being at Okinawa or one of them places."

"Just your luck you got sent to this island instead o' to the front. You're doing a job just like anybody else in this war."

"But, sir . . ."

"Seems to me, what's got you upset is nothin' but a word—just 'coconut.' "

Bradley said, "Huh?"

"Let's say you was out on gunnery practice up in the hills. Say you got conked by a twenty millimeter shell, and you got a concussion. Say the Doc sent you home then, back to the States, —*then* would you be so goddam ashamed to say you got hurt?"

Bradley tried to raise his head,

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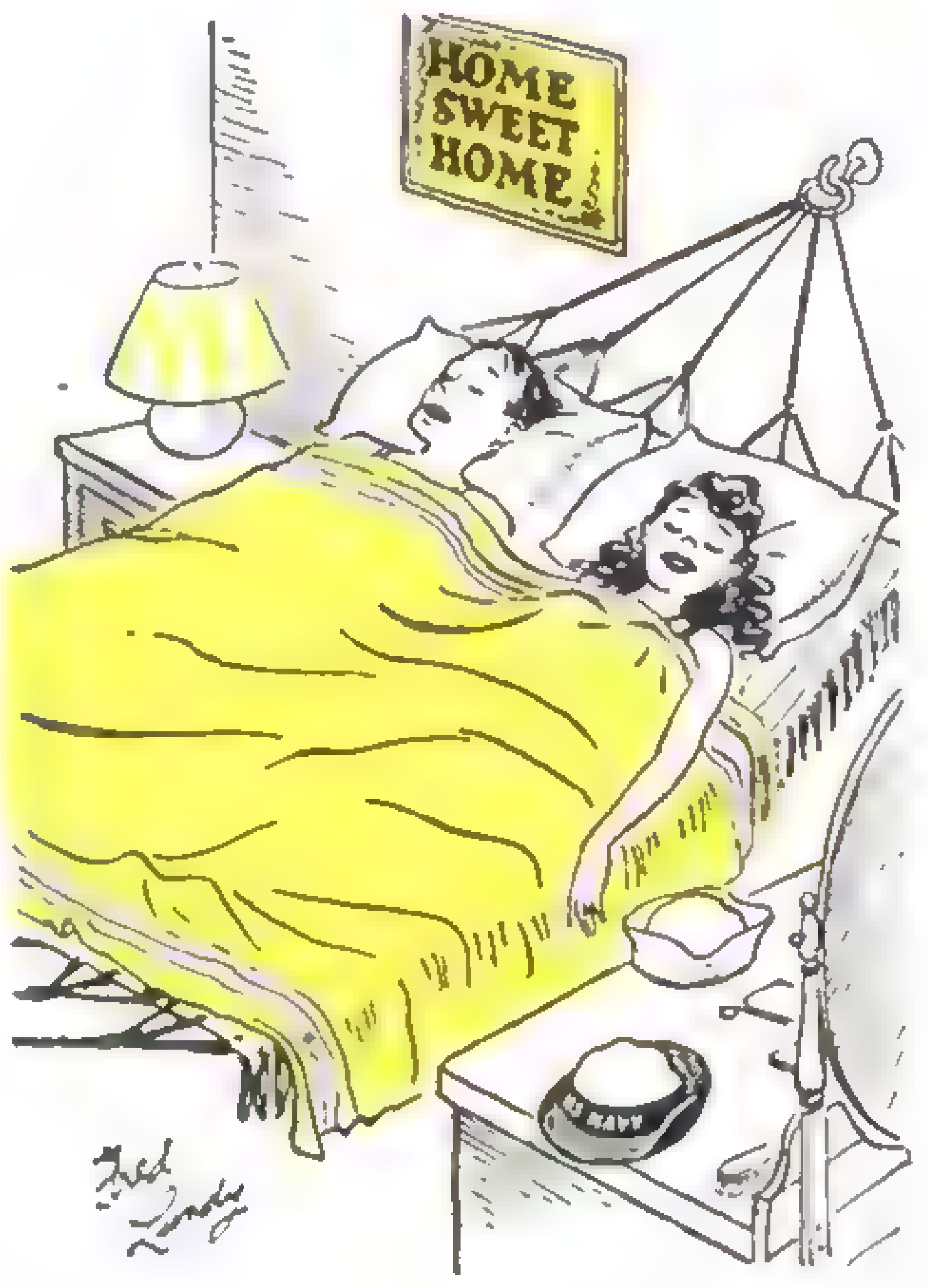
but Crispin pushed him gently down with his fingertips.

Bradley said, "No sir! That's just what! I'd feel damn good to say I been hit by a shell! But when I gotta say I was hit onna head with a *coconut* . . ."

"There! That's what I'm telling you." Crispin's horse face was almost animated, as animated as a horse face can be under the direct influence of divine inspiration. "If you could say 'shell' instead o' 'coconut,' you wouldn't be ashamed. Is that it?"

"Well, just . . ."

"Well, what the hell's the difference? You got a concussion! It make any difference to you, personal, *how* you got concussion? Hurts just the same, don't it?"



Crispin, in a confidential mood, was a most convincing speaker, simply because everybody on the island knew that he rarely grew confidential. It flattered his confidants.

"Tell you what," Crispin said quietly, and yet almost eagerly. "You get home. They ask you how it happened. You say—let's see now . . ."

He put one finger in his ear and started to drill into it absentmindedly. "You tell 'em," he said, after a pause, "you tell 'em, 'I got hit by a shell.'"

Bradley said, "But . . ."

"And it won't be any kind o' lying, see? It'll be strictly the truth boy. Just what was it on the coconut caused the concussion? The shell, boy, the shell!"

Bradley looked up at the gaunt Crispin as though the Messiah had just stepped into the line of his vision. It was a look of unbelieving wonder.

"You think . . ." he began.

"Sure! And if they want any further details, you just refuse to commit yo'self. You just refuse to talk. Know what I mean? Plenty of these homecoming heroes, they just don' like to talk how they got shot up. Those folks back home—they're supposed to respect that kind of thing—not supposed to keep on asking questions when a guy who's been shot up just don'

Continued on page 196

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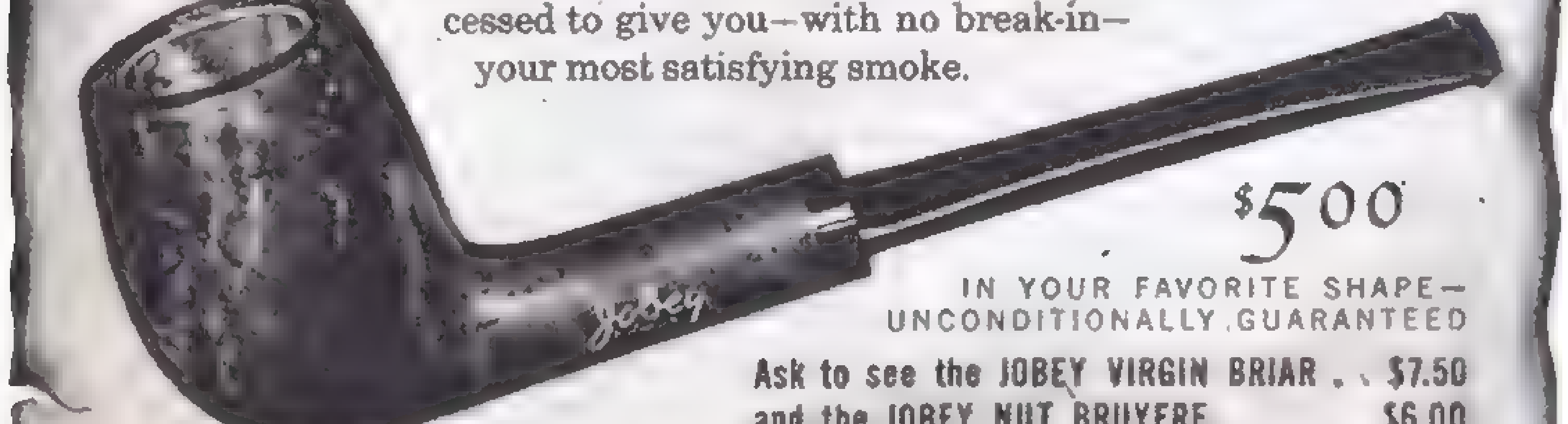

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Homecoming Hero

Continued from page 195

wanna discuss it! You just insist on bein' silent 'n mysterious. Somethin' too godawful to talk about—that sort of thing."

Crispin always knew when the battle was won. Bradley opened his mouth. Crispin silenced him with a wave of his hand. He leaned back. "One thing you fellows all duty bound to realize," he said. "This is war, whether you're on Tongetau or on Iwo Jima. Ain't your fault you got put here. Ain't the other guy's fault he got sent to Iwo Jima. That's the fortunes of war, boy—and you got to understand that. Makes no difference whether you get hurt here or there. You got hurt, that's the point. And you got hurt doin' your duty."

He looked down at Bradley. The boy's face was a study now. There was hope eternal in it.

"Hell, boy," Crispin said. "This is *war*! If there been no war, you'd never gone and got your skull concussioned. You got hurt fightin' a war. That's the way to look at it."

Bradley said, "Maybe . . ."

Crispin said, "Ain't no maybe! That's the way it is."

He unbent his long body and stood up and walked to the door. Without turning his head he said, "I'll be in to see you again, Bradley. Maybe next time, if you're a good boy, I bring you a basket of fruit and a jar o' my best calves-foot jelly." He stopped at the door, but still he did not turn around. "I've got the best calves-foot jelly this season you ever saw. Dugan can't have none. He's got too much gas on his belly." He was through the door now; he let it slam behind him. Still he did not look back.

He stood on the porch of the Dispensary and looked across at the blue waters of the lagoon. Some of the outrigger canoes had been hauled up for the day; they were hoisted up on blocks in the knee-deep water just past the beach. The fish nets were hanging up to dry, and the brilliant sun made patterns on the drops still clinging to them. Between Crispin and the beach there were multitudes of swaying coconut palms. There were, everywhere, all around him, the voices of children. Through the trees he caught flashes of gaily colored sarongs on the brown bodies of the women of Tongetau. Through Crispin's mind there passed a question: *Was* this war? Was it really war?

He flicked his cigarette into a mango tree, as if he could just as easily flick the thought from his mind, and with a grunt he walked down the steps of the Dispensary, two at a time. #

Continued from page 77

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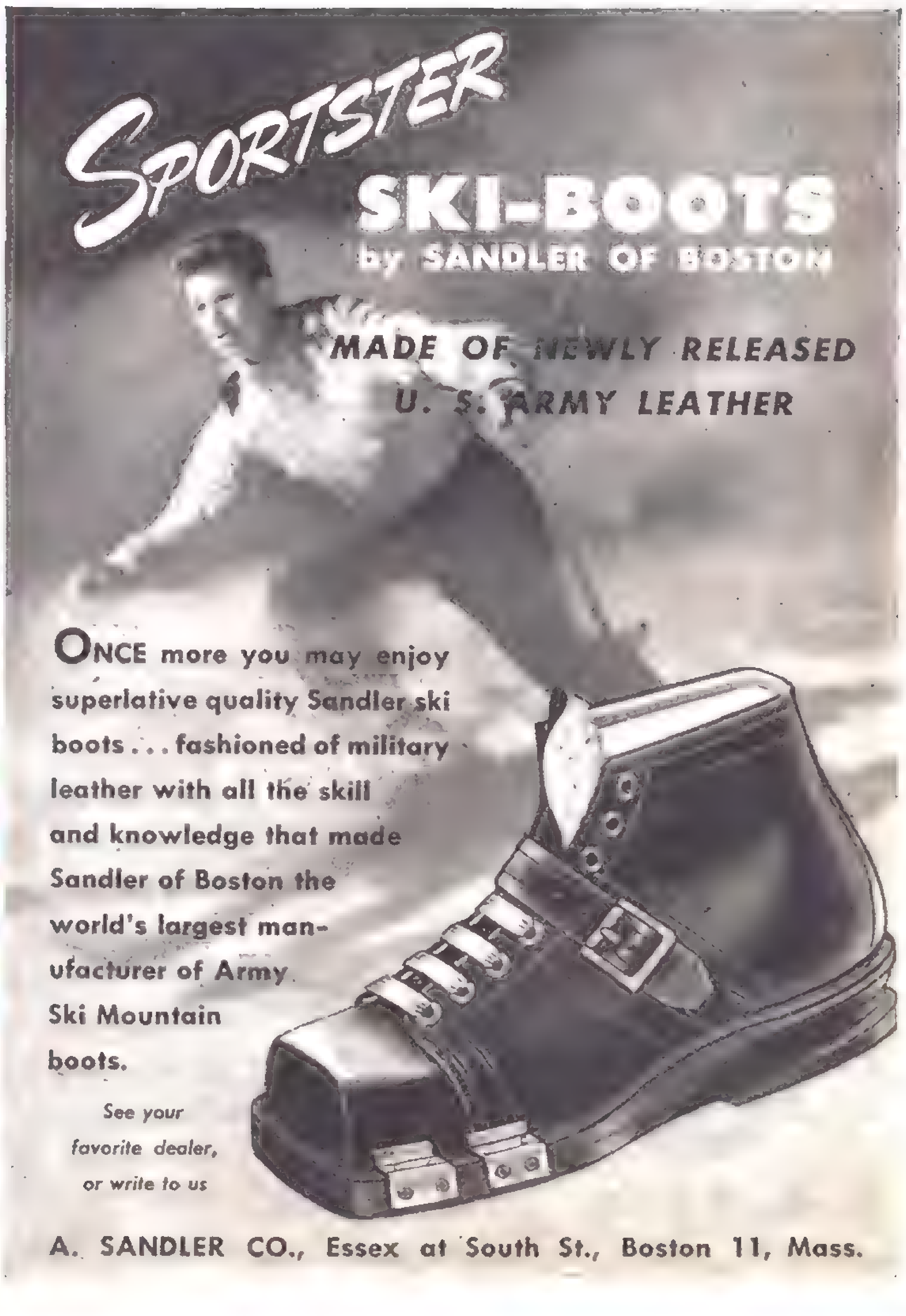
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Three German Masters

Continued from page 50

Never has he said a word against the defamation of his Jewish colleagues. On the contrary, when Bruno Walter was forbidden to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic, it was Richard Strauss who replaced him—thus helping the Nazi authorities who would otherwise have had to cancel the concert or have it performed by a second-rate conductor.

My companion mentioned the Bruno Walter incident, but the master remained unruffled. "Why shouldn't I take over the concert?" he asked with a naïveté which struck me as at once provocative and disarming. "It wouldn't have done my old friend Walter any good if I had refused to replace him. Yet it seems that I've hurt his feelings—I really don't understand this kind of touchiness. When I was with him in Salzburg, some time ago, he didn't even say hello to me. We've known each other for so many years, and now he just cut me, in front of a lot of people! Now if that isn't silly!"

It would have been senseless to explain to him why Bruno Walter resented his action, and why all decent people shared the conductor's justified indignation; he wouldn't have understood. Nor did he understand why my friend and I exchanged bewildered glances as he referred to Baldur von Schirach, former gauleiter of Austria, as an "unusually decent chap." The master was all for Schirach, because that Nazi boss had granted privileges to himself and his tribe.

"My daughter-in-law is Jewish," Herr Strauss remarked. "I daresay that she was the only free Jewess in Greater Germany—thanks to the gauleiter's generous and understanding attitude."

"*Comparatively* free, you should have said, Papa," Frau Strauss Junior corrected him, not without a certain bitterness. "I, too, had to suffer and to bear humiliations;

Continued on page 198

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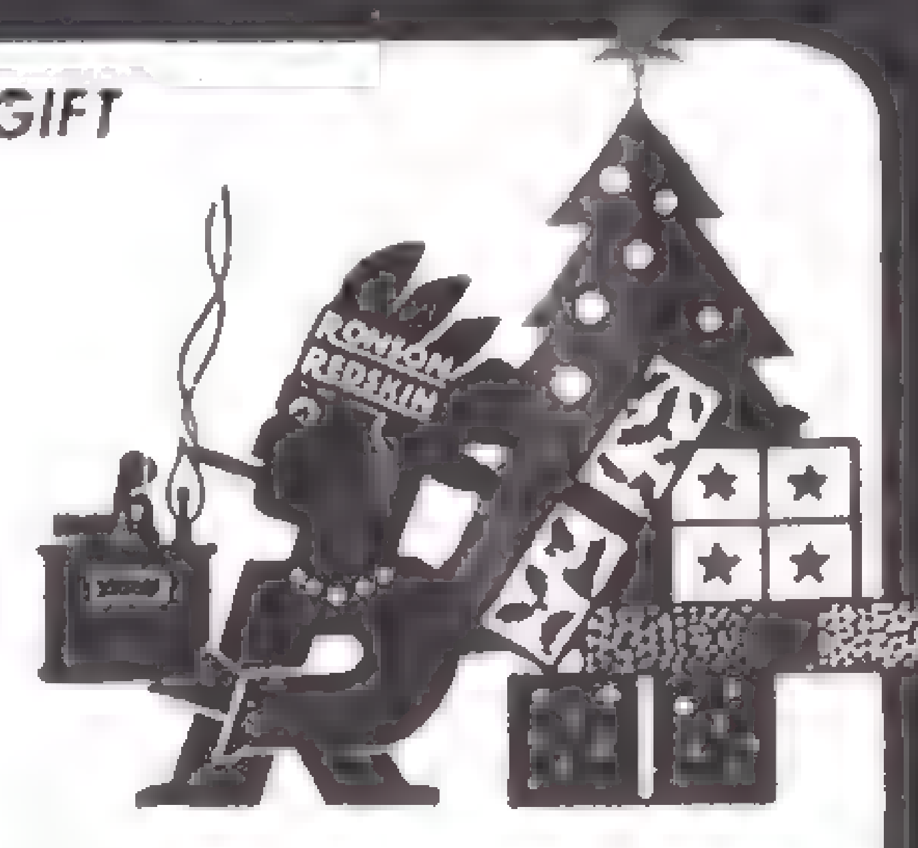

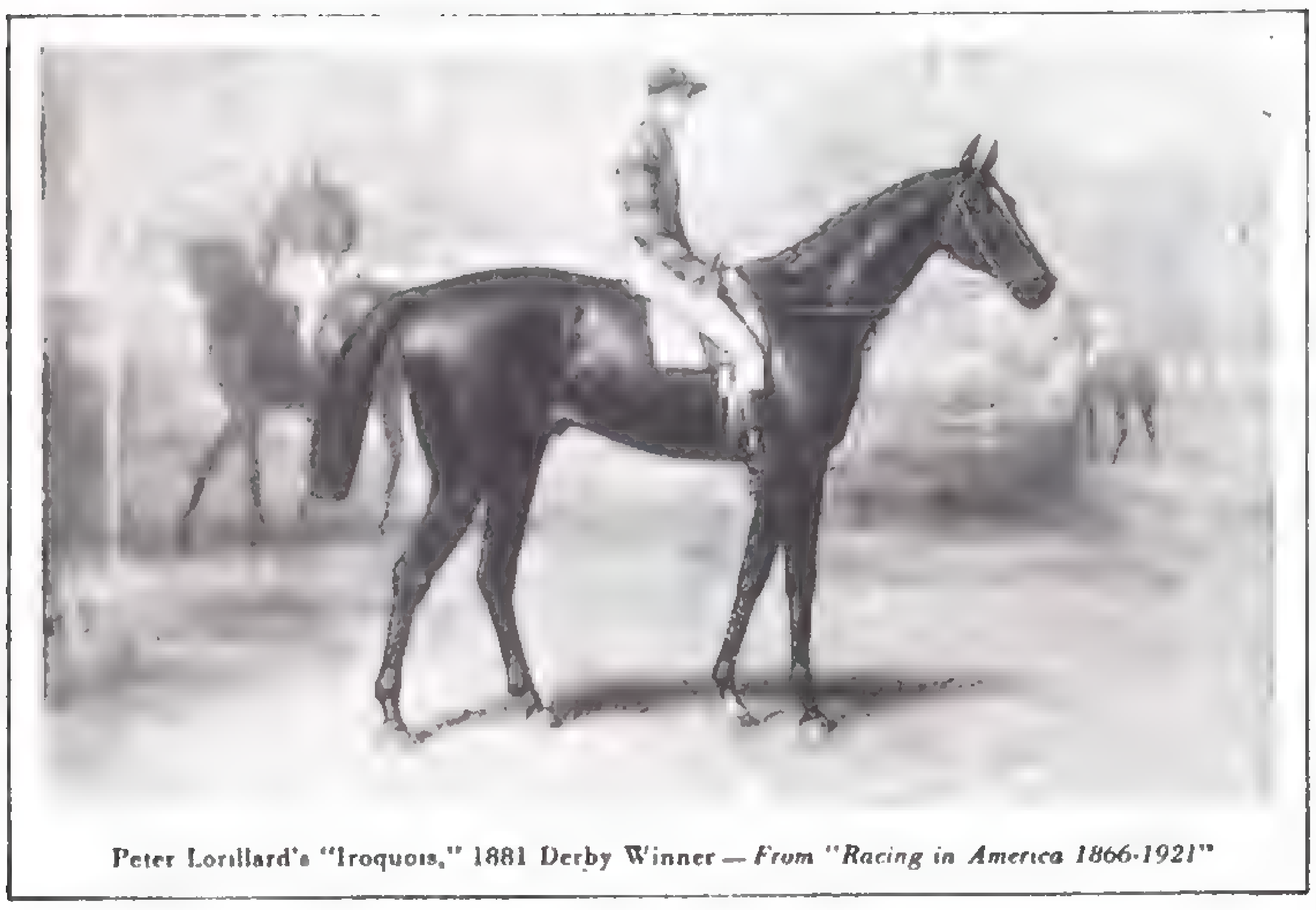

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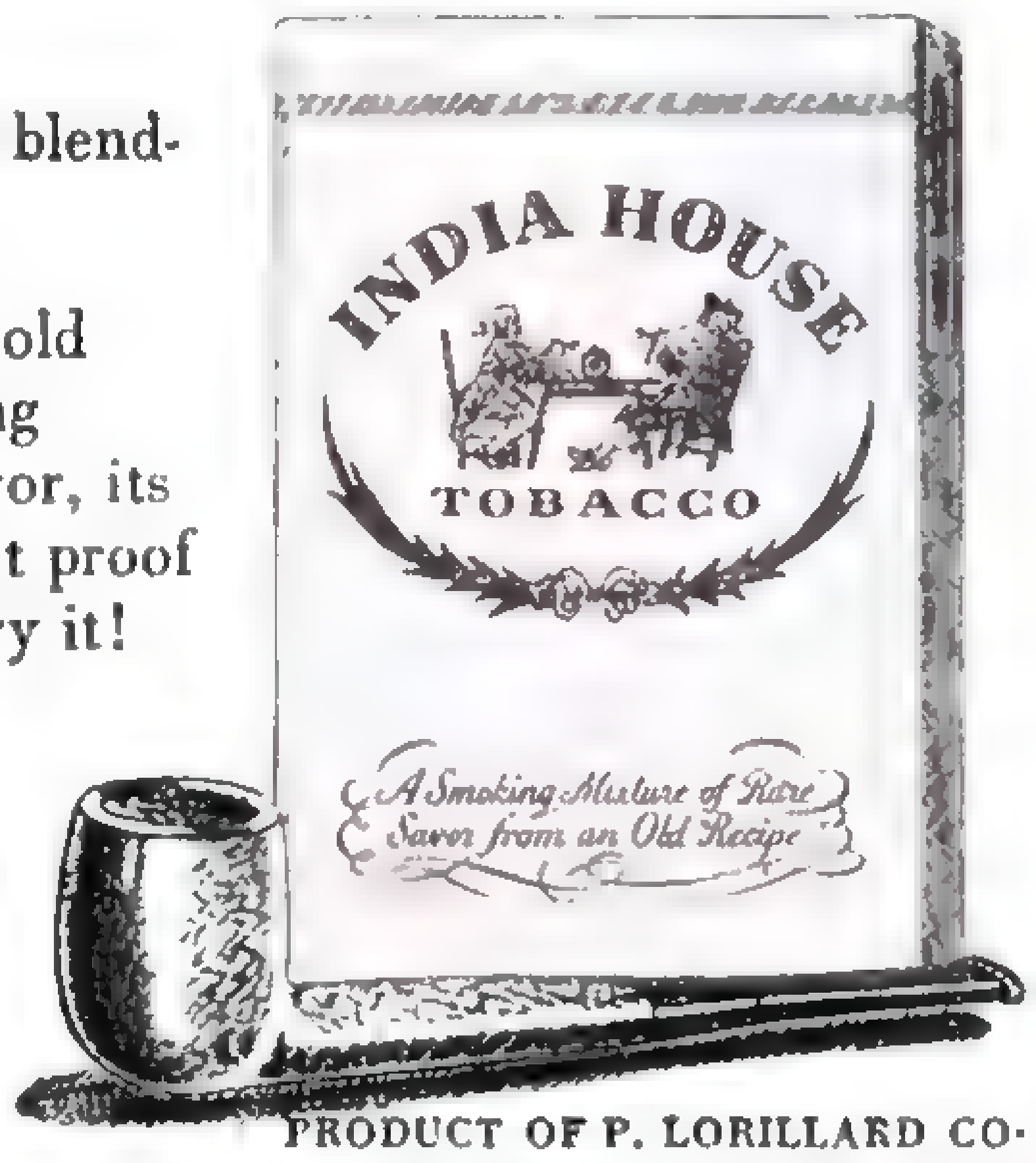
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Three German Masters

Continued from page 197

for instance, after 1938 I was not allowed to do any horseback riding or hunting. . . ."

My word of honor, that's what she said while millions of Jews were hunted like wild animals all over the continent, the "only free Jewess in Greater Germany" worried about her hunting license.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

That was about as much as I could stand. If it hadn't been for the master's age, I might have told him a few nasty things. But I kept quiet—thinking: "He is eighty-one! Besides he has produced some masterpieces. . . ."

Herr Strauss said: "Some of the Party chiefs were indeed pretty good fellows. Take a man like Hans Frank, for instance: a musical connoisseur with exquisite manners and a fine sense of humor. . . ."

Hans Frank—that was the Governor General of Poland—a criminal responsible for atrocities of truly appalling dimensions! . . . I concentrated my thoughts on *Salome* and *Der Rosenkavalier*. "Remember *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel*!" I told myself. "He may be shockingly selfish and cynical, but don't forget that he happens to be a genius. It is true, there is something perplexing and even frightening about a genius without any moral consciousness; yet it would be futile and unsuitable to react to such a weird phenomenon with a rude outburst of indignation."

I got up and asked to be excused. The daughter-in-law suggested that we stay for luncheon. "Not that I have much to offer," she cooed apologetically. "Just a snack."

I said that I wasn't hungry.

As we took our leave, my friend asked the master for an autographed picture. Strauss—only too willing to fulfill this wish—sent his son to pick up two photos. "I presume you, too, would like to have one," he said to me, more debonair than ever.

I answered dryly: "Thank you,

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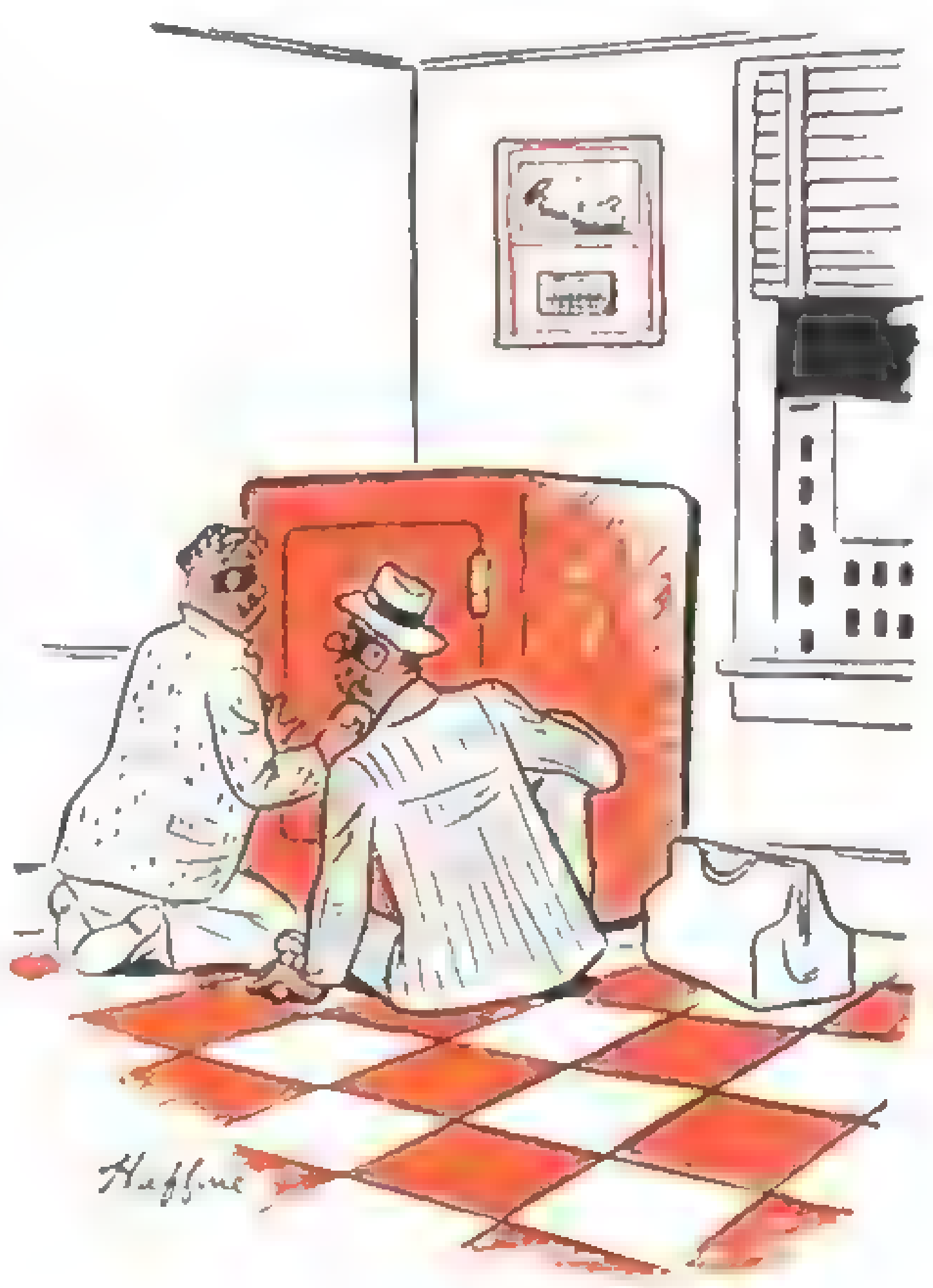
no. I am not a collector."

He glanced at me with casual surprise, then shrugged his shoulders. "An ignorant little reporter who doesn't appreciate the value of my signature," that's probably what he thought.

He didn't understand.

In the case of Jannings, I could hardly hope to get away with my convenient anonymity. Emil used to be a great friend of my family and myself; up to 1933, we saw a lot of him and his clever, attractive wife, formerly known as Gussy Holl, one of Berlin's most sophisticated performers.

But the beginning of the Third Reich marked the the end of our personal contact. Jannings continued to appear in German films and theatrical productions; he flourished under the Nazi regime as he had flourished under the Weimar Republic. To us whose main job and ambition it was to fight Hitlerism, he belonged to the enemy camp. There could be no connection between us.


"Sort of romantic ain't it—us working while the city sleeps"

So when I now entered his home again, after an interval of almost thirteen years, I did so, not as a friend, but in my professional capacity as an observer and interviewer. But I must admit that I didn't quite succeed in keeping up my reserved attitude; the ice of my distrust and disapproval gradually melted away as we remembered.

Somehow I had expected to find the Jannings' changed—visibly polluted, as it were, by the touch of Nazism. But instead, they looked exactly the way they used to—just a little older, of course. Their house—a lovely place on the Lake of St. Wolfgang, near Salzburg—had a cozy, familiar aspect; nothing had been altered since my last week-end visit.

Miss Ruth Jannings, whom I remembered as a half-grown girl, now presented herself as an earnest young lady. As for Emil himself, he appeared more portly and massive than ever, with some new wrinkles added to his large

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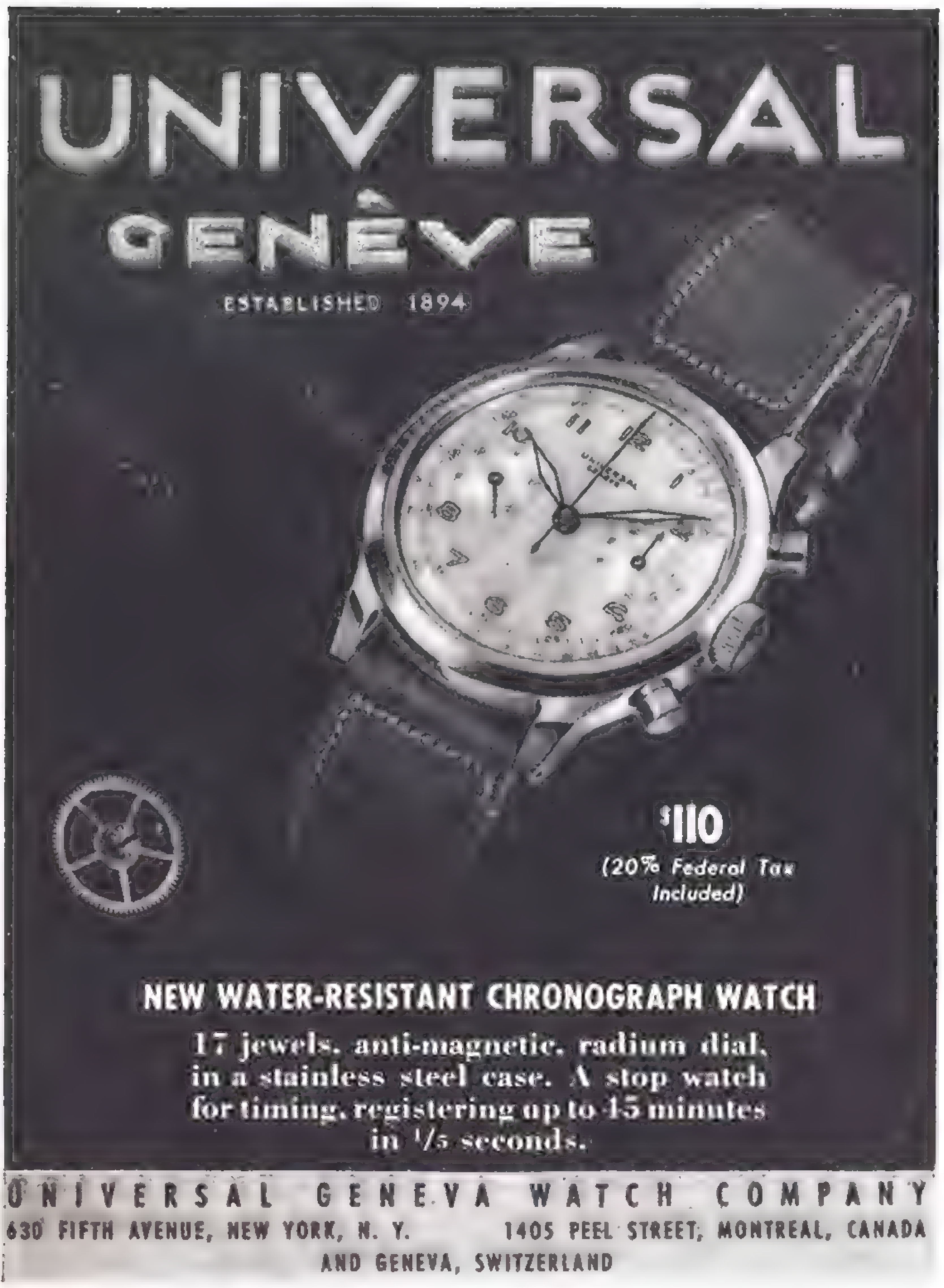
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Three German Masters

Continued from page 199

and expressive physiognomy.

Gussy—well-preserved and indestructibly sparkling—produced an album with photographs. There were snapshots taken in Hollywood, eighteen years ago. That was the time when I first met the Jannings'—the time when he captivated the American public with his performances in films like *The Last Command*, *The Patriot*, and *The Way of All Flesh*. One of the photos showed a Christmas party which I attended at the Jannings' home in 1927. Ernst Lubitsch was there, and Garbo—then a newcomer in Hollywood, at the beginning of her career—and the late Connie Veidt, Gussy Holl's first husband. Veidt's second wife was Jewish—which was one of the reasons why he left Nazi Germany. But I suppose he would have acted the way he did, even if he had been married to a Germanic Valkyrie. He hated Nazism.

So did the Jannings', as they assured me again and again. Yet they prospered under the Hitler regime. "Why didn't you leave Germany?" I asked him. "Most of your friends preferred exile to life under the Nazi yoke. Why did you stay?"

He was embarrassed, apologetic. There were plenty of reasons, he said. To begin with, his home was not in the Reich but in Austria, which seemed as safe a place as could be found anywhere in the world. "Who would have expected the Nazis to annex this country against the will of Mussolini and the western democracies?" Jannings exclaimed, with a somewhat forced naïveté. "There I was—trapped! What could I do? I had to be diplomatic; open resistance would have meant concentration camp.

"My record is clean," he insisted. "I've made as few compromises as possible. The only propaganda film in which I appeared was *Ohm Kruger*—and that I did against my will, under pressure. When Goebbels first offered me the leading role in that anti-British picture, I refused—whereupon he put it as an order. Don't you see that I had absolutely no choice? Goebbels didn't like me anyway and just waited for an occasion to ruin me altogether. I had hurt his morbid vanity when I impersonated a character with a clubfoot in a film based on Heinrich von Kleist's classical comedy, *The Broken Jug*. Of course, the clubfoot was not my invention; the character I played was crippled ever since Kleist created him, more than a century ago. But the touchy Minister for Propaganda suspected that I tried

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to poke fun at him. That was one of the reasons why I've always been in his black books."

There were other circumstances, according to Jannings' report, which made him suspicious to the ruling gang. He was not a Party member, nor was his racial background quite satisfactory: a Jewish grandmother spoiled the purity of the Jannings' scutcheon. Moreover, it was known in official circles that most of his friends were liberal intellectuals—many of them in exile—and that he had never renounced his own liberal views. In short, if it had not been for his nationwide popularity and universal prestige, he might have gotten himself into serious trouble.

COAL BIN
GEO REECAL

"Don't be silly! Of course you're welcome—stay as long as you like!"

That is Emil Jannings' story as he disclosed it to me on the porch of his St. Wolfgang home. Fortunately, it isn't up to me to decide whether his version is quite accurate or not; all I can say is that it sounded fairly convincing to me. Clearly, this talented actor is by no means an anti-Nazi hero; but I am pretty sure that he isn't a Nazi either. If he made compromises, he hardly enjoyed doing so and made just as many as were absolutely necessary for a man who wanted to protect his position and his bank accounts under a totalitarian regime.

* * *

If I found it difficult to keep my grudge against Jannings and to condemn him for his lack of anti-Fascist determination, I was even more disarmed by the smiling guilelessness of our next host, Franz Lehár.

From the Lake of St. Wolfgang it's just a ten-mile drive to Bad Ichl—an old-fashioned spa where the Hungarian "operetta king" has been spending his summers for the past forty-two years. It was not difficult to find his residence; every child in Ischl knows the Franz Lehár Quai where the master's house is situated.

Lehár and his wife look as quaint and old-fashioned as do their surroundings. The composer

Continued on page 202

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Three German Masters

Continued from page 201

of *The Merry Widow* and *The Land of Smiles* might be a character from one of his own musical comedies: a handsome little gentleman of seventy-five—rather agile, if somewhat frail after two years of constant ailment—dapperly dressed in a green Tyrolean costume with a gay pink necktie. While he obviously enjoyed being interviewed, he got rather nervous as soon as I asked any questions that had anything to do with Hitler and Nazism. "No politics, if you please!" he begged. "All I can tell you is that the past few years have been extremely difficult for all of us. Don't let us talk about it! Politics are ugly, and I hate to discuss ugly things."

But wasn't it correct—I insisted, mercilessly—that the Fuehrer adored Lehár's work?

"Yes, yes!" the grey-haired little gentleman cried, alarmingly irritated. "My *Merry Widow* was his favorite operetta! That isn't my fault—or is it?" he asked.

I agreed that he couldn't be blamed for Hitler's predilection. Everybody likes Lehár's music; if it was successful with the master of Berchtesgaden, it was also a hit on Broadway. The composer was right when saying, "After all, I've always been popular in Germany, just as I was in all the other countries. I don't owe anything to the Nazis; I haven't asked them for publicity or protection. I've just continued doing what I've always done—writing music."

Lehár is not only one of the most popular but also one of the most prolific composers of our time. He has produced twenty-eight operettas and two operas. His last work, he told us, is one of his more ambitious achievements—an opera called *Caraboncias* based on a Hungarian libretto. So far, it has only been shown in Budapest, "just before

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Hungary was forced into this terrible war by Hitler," as the composer put it.

He feels emphatically as a Hungarian, although he has spent most of his life in Vienna. But to him, Hungary and Austria seem still to form an inseparable entity. With a kind of obstinate nostalgia he clings to the world which he has so often musically described and glorified—the world of the Hapsburg Empire.

"I want to visit the United States," he told us. "You know, I've never been there. So if I don't go pretty soon, I might die without having seen New York. That would be too bad, for I'm really anxious to find out what's going on in America—what kind of music they're now producing over there, what American girls look like, and other important things. Besides it is my ambition to have at least one of my works staged on Broadway under my own supervision—exactly the way I want it. I suspect that the Americans have never seen a *real* Lehár production, so far; all they know is a kind of streamlined *ersatz*, with too many girls, too much jazz, too much glamor, and not enough atmosphere."

"I asked my girl to jot down a few things she might like for Christmas"

Also, some of Lehár's oldest friends are now in the United States—another reason why he is looking forward to his first overseas journey. There is, for instance, the famous playwright and wit, Ferenc Molnár—once of Budapest (and Europe), now of Manhattan (and the world). "I've always wanted to collaborate with him," Lehár said, "but it somehow never worked out. Now I hope that we'll finally get together. In fact, I expect him to have a play ready for me so that I can start composing as soon as I arrive over there."

Molnár and Lehár—that sounds like a promising team! Their combined talents may produce a masterpiece of wit and melody. And no politics, if you please! Politics are ugly. . . . #

Continued from page 50

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Remembering Combat Cheer

Continued from page 47

get in a mood to sing a Christmas carol. Then there is the Night Before the Fourth, which the Australians help us celebrate. Thus, when they come to Guy Fawkes Day, we must needs turn to and help them celebrate. For these Allied holidays, alcoholic liquids are a prime necessity.

There is one other fermentation which could with some justification be called a Jungle Juice. Devised by some bon vivant with less raw materials and a greater or at least equal thirst, this drink is made simply enough. The green coconut, called a drinking coconut, is pierced in one of the eyes and a couple of spoonfuls of sugar are poured in. The eye is plugged closed, and when the plug is blown out, the toddy is nearly ready in its own individual cup. The taste always reminds me of the soap with which my mother washed out my mouth when I was young. This drink is strictly for emergency in my cellar.

PSYCHIATRIST
Angelo

By the first part of '43 in New Guinea, we were able to offer a reasonably good grade of Jungle Juice to our more or less frequent allies, the PT boats. They of the Navy are reported to be fighting the common enemy, so we offered them that minimum of hospitality. This, we found, came back like the proverbial bread on waters, for these lads returned the hospitality with their own brand of high voltage spirits which, they succinctly replied to our inquiry, was Torpedo Alcohol.

Apparently, nothing but the best alcohol is used in these torpedoes, according to what I gathered. Evidently, they carry spare fuel, for I never exactly saw them tipping up a torpedo to drain the supply for an evening's wassail. In any event, these PT boats were putting up a husky fight then against anything Japanese.

Pointing out to the Medical

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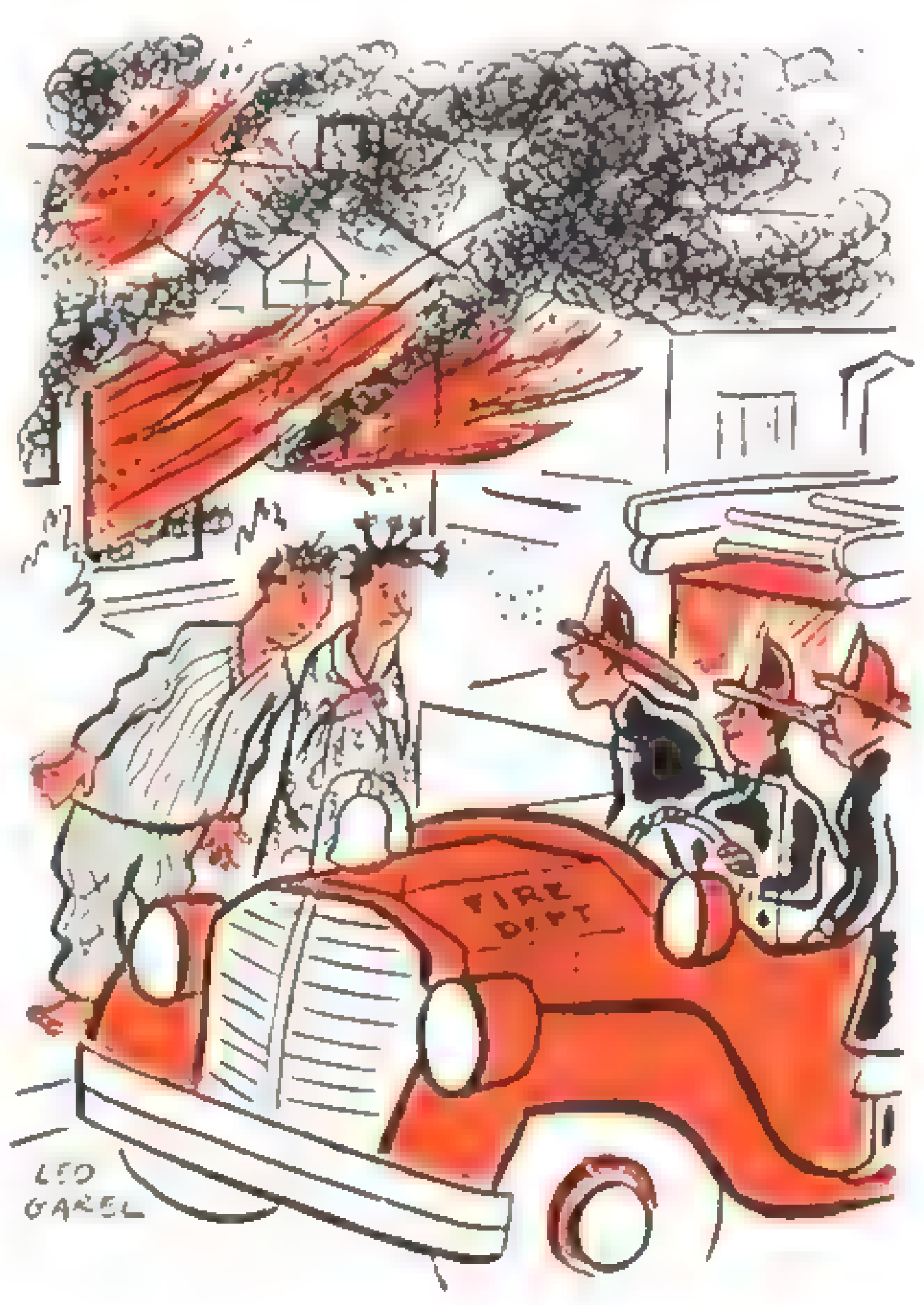
Corps that Army prestige was being held in jeopardy was sometimes good for an occasional tap on their supply of G.I. Alcohol. This is USP, which from my soda jerking experience, means that you can drink it. It is strictly a powerhouse drink, being some 190 proof.



"Is this 597 Elm Street?"

A few of the Lotharios got their supply of this G.I. Alcohol by the sissy method of coaxing it away from a nurse. I was never successful in that method. At this time, I was the skipper of a ship which was working on the New Guinea coast, evacuating wounded from the beachheads until the airstrips were established and the patients could be flown out of the combat area. Needless to say, we consumed the entire supply of medicinal alcohol in the tiny dispensary we had aboard and, equally needless to say, the medical units refused to renew it. We finally prevailed upon a good-natured medic who was acting as Medical Officer on board at the time, to go ashore in Wakde, in Dutch New Guinea, to try to secure a quantity for us.

"The skipper," he told the medics at the dispensary, "needs some alcohol to make up some tincture of iodine."

"Yes, sir," they said, and straightway began mixing up some iodine for him.

"Oh, the skipper wants the alcohol to make tincture of gentian violet. I forgot," he finished lamely.

"Yes, sir," they chorused, and shifted over to making the gentian violet.

"Oh, hell!" the ship's doctor said desperately. "The skipper wants a drink."

"Righto, sir," they replied, "why did you not say that in the first place?" And grinning, they gave him a five-gallon tin of it.

In due time, this went the way of all liquids so highly volatile. My ship's officers, distressed at this lack of alcohol, came forth with the suggestion that we offer our ship for a particularly difficult salvage job on a sister ship in the Vitiaz Straits. I wondered what

Continued on page 206

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Remembering Combat Cheer

Continued from page 205

benevolent cancer of ambition had goaded them to these heights, when I found out that the cargo was nearly all medicinal alcohol. One attempt by a salvage tug had failed, because of high seas. Who were we to try where a vessel fitted for the job had failed? The Medical Supply Officer said as much when I offered our ship's services.

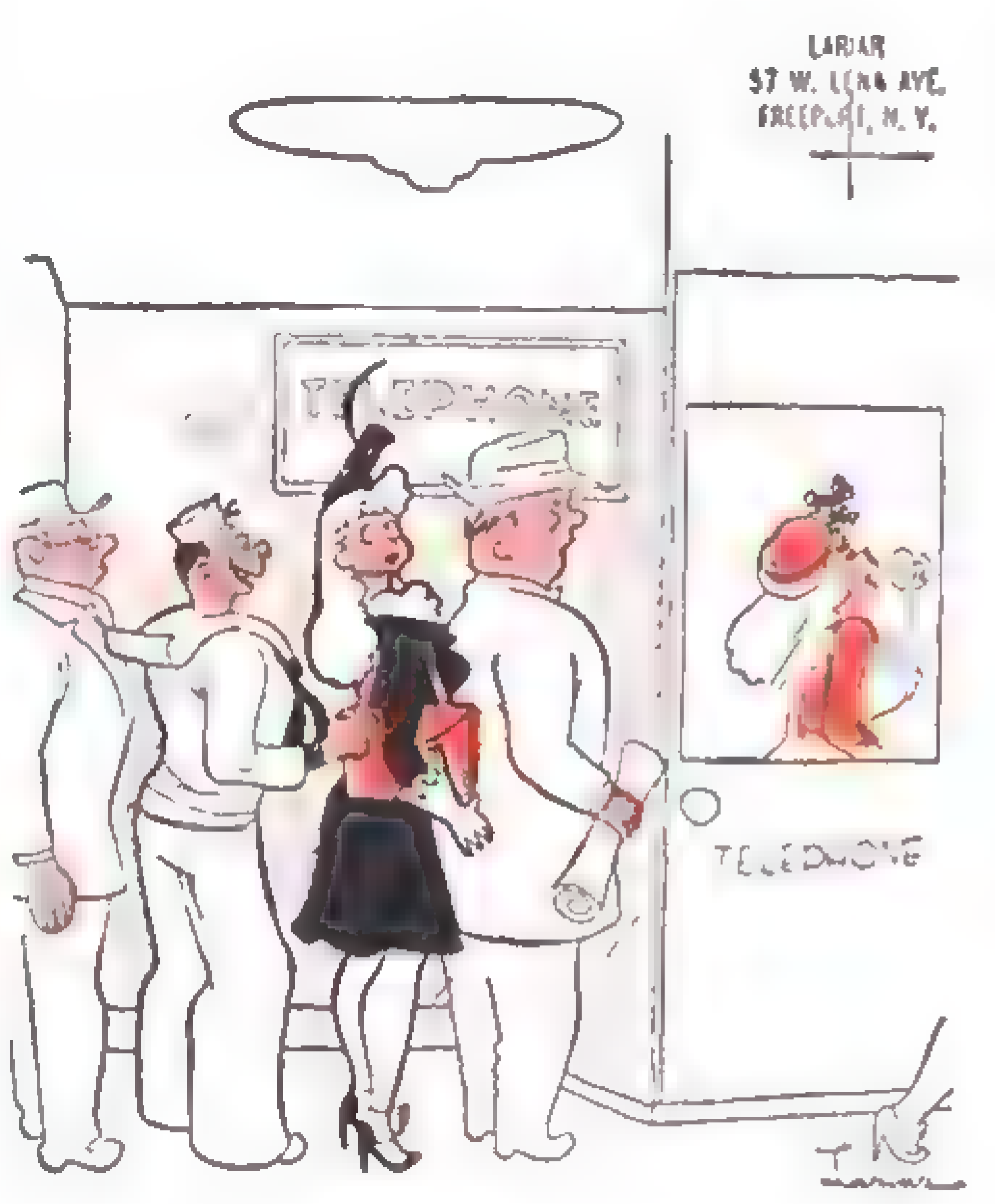
"Is your ship suitable for salvage?" he asked, recalling the slight, slim build of her hull. We were given the run we had by reason of our speed. Actually, in no way were we fitted out, except with determination, to do a salvage job.

"Why she is the salvagingest ship you have," I equivocated. It was the only one, beside a couple of hospital ships and some harbor craft, that he had.

"The difference," he stated baldly, for he was nobody's fool, "between sending you and some other vessel with a civilian crew, lies in degree, not in principle. You will salvage for yourself a moderate amount to drink, while the next man may sell it all over the base. You are the lesser of two evils."

With this cynical Godspeed, we were off, with a certain amount of misgiving on my part. Salvage work under ideal conditions is not easy. You risk your ship every minute of the time, since you have to work close to the reef, shore, or other obstruction. This particular job was, as usual, a very exposed spot on the beach, with high seas running and the wind howling. However, the wind and sea calmed a bit and we started to trickle in our cargo.

Jap rifles proved to be a very excellent source of barter material for liquid exchange. On our first landings at Buna and Gona, we ignored the Jap rifles which were as plentiful as dead Japs, who were plentiful indeed. We had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good rifles and saw no value in the enemy ones which were inferior to ours. However, one which we gave to a R.A.N. officer was taken to a corvette lying out in the bay and was so well received for its souvenir value that we found they were willing to give up good bottles of gin for these rifles. We were incredulous that someone could be so foolish, but like Yankee traders, we quickly started into the business. The rate of exchange of a bottle of gin for a Jap rifle quickly came into being. Many a Jap rifle did my men liquidate in that fashion until we rather flooded the market, figuratively speaking. The rifles became harder and harder to get as the fighting diminished for the time; it was necessary to get them in older and older condition. But the gin was not so good anyway; it cost only eleven shillings a bottle to the R.A.N. officers.

About that time we arrived, at a nice safe interval, in Hollandia in Dutch New Guinea, just long enough after the troops had cleaned the place out, but not too long. Here our grog took on an oriental flavor, for we had been bequeathed a fair supply of sake,—wine and beer by the Japs as they hied their yellow derriers out of that part of the country. There had been a marked lack of booby traps in New Guinea, so we were not particularly worried about the wine being poisoned, although I do not know why they did not poison it. They were pressed for time, I believe.

"Well, the Daily Beacon sent me a check for my embarrassing moment"

My opinion of sake whisky is extremely low. I prefer a good, or even a not so good brand of Jungle Juice to it. It is really a rice whisky anyway, or at least the stuff I tasted was rice whisky. As for sake wine, they can take that with them in their coveralls, for all I care; Australian Plonk is superior to it, and that is making a broad statement. As for sake beer, that is not bad at all. We had had but one beer issue in three years of fighting, and this

Continued on page 208

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Remembering Combat Cheer

Continued from page 207

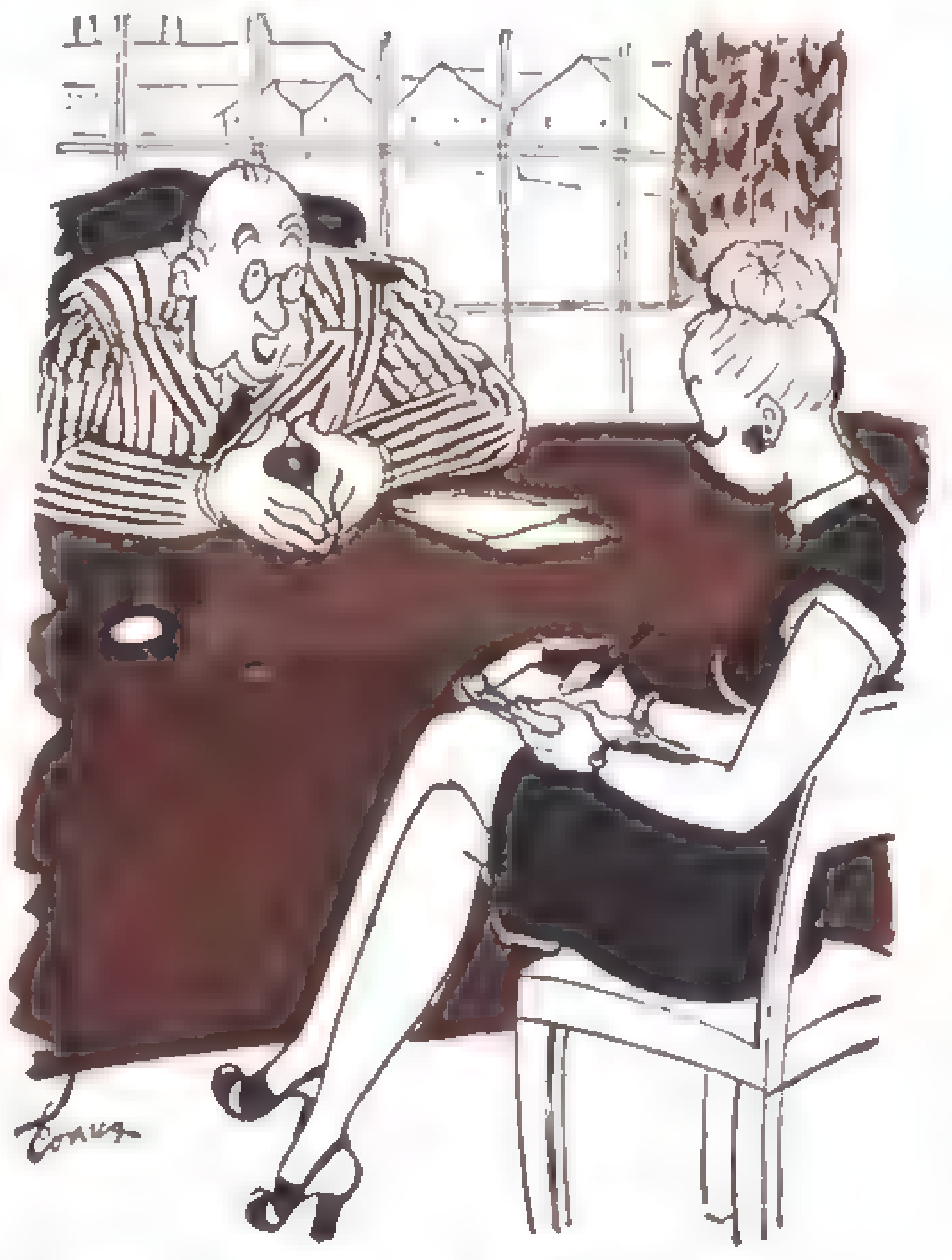
enemy beer was of considerable assistance to those of us who are primarily beer drinkers.

Possibly you have heard how the beer was cooled in the jungle when our clothes were wringing wet with sweat, and the temperature well over a hundred. Again, our raw material came from the Japanese in the form of aviation gasoline. Too low an octane rating and of too poor a quality, this gasoline was useless to our Air Corps, and was to be dumped. A drum would be opened and the beer inserted, in the cans, into the gasoline. Then air would be blown into the drum, accelerating the evaporation of the gas. There is, if you consult your high school physics book, a latent heat of evaporation which must be provided. That is the cool effect that you have when a bit of alcohol evaporates from your hand. Anyway, this method cools the remaining gasoline down to a point where it provides remarkably good chilling power to the beer stored therein.

There were times when his yellow majesty made even further contributions to our well-being, with some very good crabmeat destined for some officers who had lost their appetite. These interludes made life worthwhile, tasting better because of their origin—the taste one used to get as a lad from stolen apples or corn.

"This, my lad," said a soldier friend of mine as he hoisted his muddy G.I. shoe over the edge of his foxhole, a crabmeat sandwich in each grimy hand, "is the essence of gracious living. This despite the fact that I have not had a bath in days. What does the Hickory House have that we do not have? No, don't tell me," he added hastily.

In the Philippines, I find that brewing Jungle Juice is a lost art. Here we drink "tuba," which



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tastes not unlike a rather harsh brandy. It has a hangover like a rather harsh brandy also. You should see some of the labels the Filipinos have for those spirits. Some of the stuff which has been brought aboard the ship has been marked "Scotch Whisky" and "Black Horse Scotch Whisky," and one bottle was marked "Scotch Whisky, Finest Imitation."

Tuba is made by fermenting the sap which is drained from the heart of the coconut tree, that versatile supporter of tropical life. The sap is drained out by means of a tube, and hence the name of the drink, tuba. It always amuses me to be offered a drink of tuba by someone who you know would never offer you, in his own home, anything but the best Scotch or bourbon.

"Do either of you have two nickels for a dime?"

Tuba, however, is mere pap beside a newer and much more violent fermentation which is called simply and descriptively, "Night Fighter." Believe me, this stuff, and that is the name for it, stuff, throws out everything that a P-61 does, and tastes like the drainage from the radar equipment. I have not the faintest idea how it is made or whether it just happened. If I were to hazard a guess, I would say that it had been made from distilled dynamite, brewed at midnight in a lonesome glen, with the moon over the operator's left shoulder, on a seventh Tuesday.

Actually, I believe that it is made from the sap of the nipa palm. The nipa palm usually grows along the water's edge and can easily be distinguished from the coconut palm, because its branches start to go out from the ground. Some say that the ground-up pulp of this tree, made into flour, is used by the natives, who claim it is a mild aphrodisiac. The stuff that I tried was not that, certainly, but it was not lacking in anything else.

Many of the more fortunate soldiers who were stationed in the Polynesian or the Melanesian islands, particularly Samoa or the Fijis, are undoubtedly familiar

Continued on page 210

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Remembering Combat Cheer

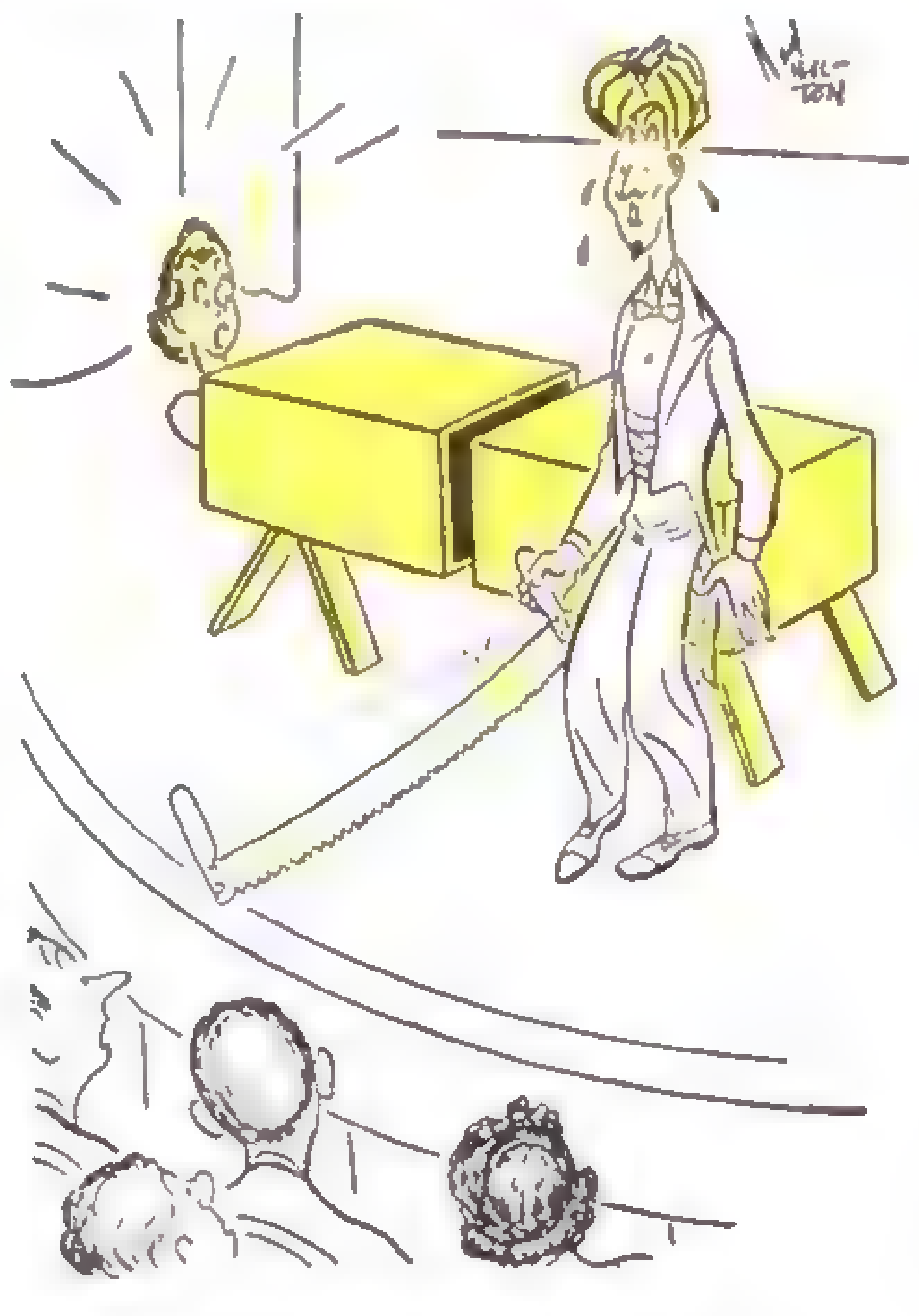
Continued from page 209

with a local drink, served with a good deal of ceremony, called "kava." On the island of Tutuila and on Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, the ritual is rather impressive. Dominated by the High Chief, who keeps silent always, and conducted by the High Talking Chief, the mouthpiece, everyone sits in a circle on mats over white beach pebbles. The kava is ladled out by the village virgin, having been mixed in a curiously carved bowl, called, oddly enough, a kava bowl. The drink is then served to one in a polished half coconut shell. After drinking it, one must spin the shell out onto the mat, saying, "Malaka, Malaka." Don't ask me why.

I take it back, the High Chief does say something. When served with the kava, first, he spins his shell like common folk but does not say the magic, "Malaka, Malaka." Instead, he ejaculates something which to me sounded suspiciously like, "Phooey!" On my first swallow of kava, once again I wished that I were High Chief and could also say, "Phooey" and mean it.

Now this kava is made from the pungent root of a bushlike tree, named oddly again, the kava tree. The root is dried and pounded up to a powder. At the ceremony, the kava is added to water and stirred. Then a special grass switch is passed through the mixture to pick up any solid particles, not mixed.

There it is gentlemen, you who have complained that pure neutral spirits have been added to your favorite whisky. These are the not-so-neutral spirits that your not-so-neutral soldier used to drink in between the halves of the deadliest game on earth: Plonk, G.I. Alcohol, Jungle Juice, sake, tuba, kava, and Night Fighter. It can be said quite literally, "Name your poison!" ⧺



"Is there a doctor in the house?"

Continued from page 47

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Harriton, Ex-Picassoid

Continued from page 98

longer for his art education.

The love of art came to Harriton directly from his father, who was a sign painter but who taught him to respect the true artist. In the immigrant fashion of that period, the father had preceded his family to the New World on the East Side in New York, in which a home was prepared for Abe, his mother and a younger brother, when they arrived toward the end of the last century. Abe's education in the New World terminated in a fit of pique, or of offended sensibility. Having written an original Election Day composition for some teacher other than Miss Bramson, he was humiliated when he was asked from which book he had copied it. About seven years afterwards he was to leave the National Academy because they would not give him the traveling scholarship upon which he had set his heart.

Nevertheless, the Academy, by his own report, was the setting for the happiest years of his life. He entered it at fourteen and appears to have been one of its most gifted, as he was one of its youngest, students. To make up for the lack of scholastic education, he gave art lessons to a friend then attending City College who, in turn kept Abe in touch with his college courses. Whatever the reason, Harriton is not your one-sided artist who is baffled by a book or is at a loss for a word. His art teachers included Kenyon Cox, George deForest Brush and Emil Carlsen. He was no older than sixteen when his work was being shown, on the line, together with that of his masters. He won three prizes in his first Academy year, prizes which gave him a double satisfaction because they appeared to justify his erratic course to parents who were troubled by the fear that their son had chosen a beggar's way of life. It was a wonderful thing to be free and working in daylight, to roam through galleries filled with pictures and statuary and to be an equal among the wonderful people who were his fellow-students. He won the coveted Hallgarten prize of 100 dollars for composition and other prizes for etching, still life and figure painting. But a scholarship which would have given him the opportunity to go to Paris and paint seemed to be beyond his reach, and he left the Academy and set up his own garret studio on 14th Street sometime around the first World War.

His has been a hard life, barely mitigated by those triumphs that accent the routine days of the typical artist's life—exhibitions,

Continued on page 212

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Harriton, Ex-Picassoid

Continued from page 211

commissions, sales, kind words from the critics and fruitful applause generally. Between the green oases there have been for Harriton wide expanses of arid desert. On those days when it appears that in all the wide world only your own family believes in the value of your work, your own faith in it takes on the tone of a bitter-edged obsession, and in the intensity of that self-belief the regard that is turned upon the work of contemporaries looks like an envious sneer.

After the United States entered the first World War, they put Harriton in uniform. After the war he married Estelle Safron, a Duncan dancer. Son Charles, born in 1921, has been serving in the Army Air Forces in Germany, since studying at the Art Student's League where he had been preparing himself for a career as a cartoonist, while their daughter, Maria, born in 1927, is a dancer who has appeared with the New York company of *Oklahoma!*

Academician or not, he had the benefit, at the beginning, of an Academy-sponsored reputation, for one of his first patrons was an old gentleman who had admired a Harriton canvas he had seen at the current Academy annual and who paid for the portraits he commissioned with fifty-dollar gold pieces—six of them for the first portrait. Within the same year a member of the Marshall Field family bought a portrait and the Whitney Studio Club exhibited him as an introspective artist, with Kopman, Tofel and Buck.

Harriton tells of becoming definitely a modern at the time Alfred Stieglitz organized the first auction of modern art and sold two of his paintings to connoisseurs of the coming movement. By this conversion, Harriton probably cut himself off from the possibilities of an Academy-sponsored market; marriage and fatherhood increased his responsibilities and put a strain on his diminished resources. There was a fifteen-year hiatus between the group show at the Whitney Club (1917) and his first one-man show at Contemporary Arts in 1932. For a living he painted portraits, designed glassware, made batiks, painted signs and did lettering. The advantage of his early start in art was cancelled by the urgencies of making a living.

The dark period called the Depression had a silver lining for Harriton; although it gave him, as others, many anxious moments, it also brought him back on a more nearly permanent basis to the artist's easel and, after awhile, to the public walls of exhibition rooms. In 1935, after losing his

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job as a letterer, he became attached to a federal art project under the Works Progress Administration. He taught drawing and painting in an adult education program and two years later was transferred to the easel project. He became what is known as a socially conscious artist, submitted canvases to the John Reed Club exhibitions and became active as a teacher in the American Artists School. He sought his themes in the life and tribulations of the American working man and cultivated a vein of subject matter which identified his style of painting with that material.

After a time Harriton began to realize the limits of social painting, that it could not be an end in itself because it tended to reduce the importance of the aesthetic approach. In the effort to be as specific as the character of social painting required, one lost the largeness of a permanent character which tradition gave. The material of social painting, Harriton felt, should be stated in terms of a deeper experience than was supplied by the occasion of the individual social picture.

This does not mean that he will never again paint a social canvas. Some of Harriton's recent war paintings may be regarded as coming within that classification, but he did only those aspects of the war which he felt deeply, and could state largely. Today he sees the true social painting, as against the synthetic kind, not as a departure from the great tradition, but as a department of it, as a part of that whole which includes the expression of Nature, in landscape, marine, portrait, genre, flower piece, still life. The emotion returns to painting itself rather than to painting as a technique for the expression of social indignation. When one recalls how intimately Harriton used to be identified with the old version of social painting, his reinterpretation of it in the light of the post-depression years indicates the completeness with which Finis has been written to the proletarian school of art. ╫

Continued from page 98

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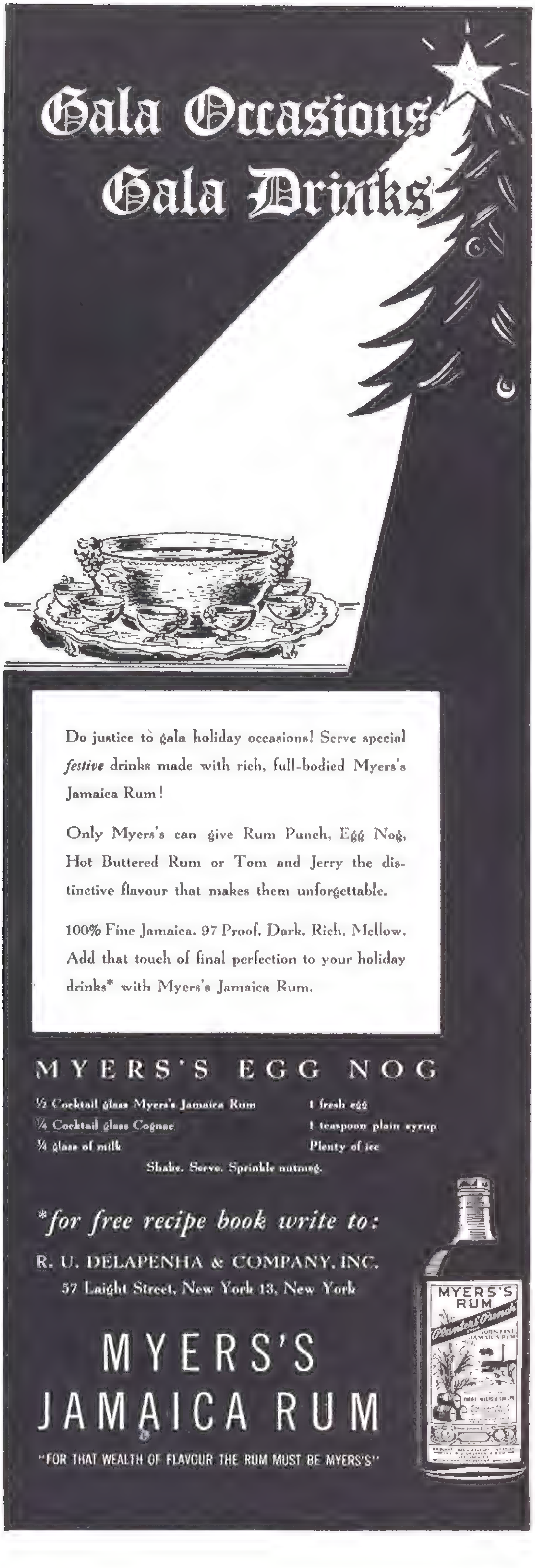

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My Life with Ingrid

Continued from page 92

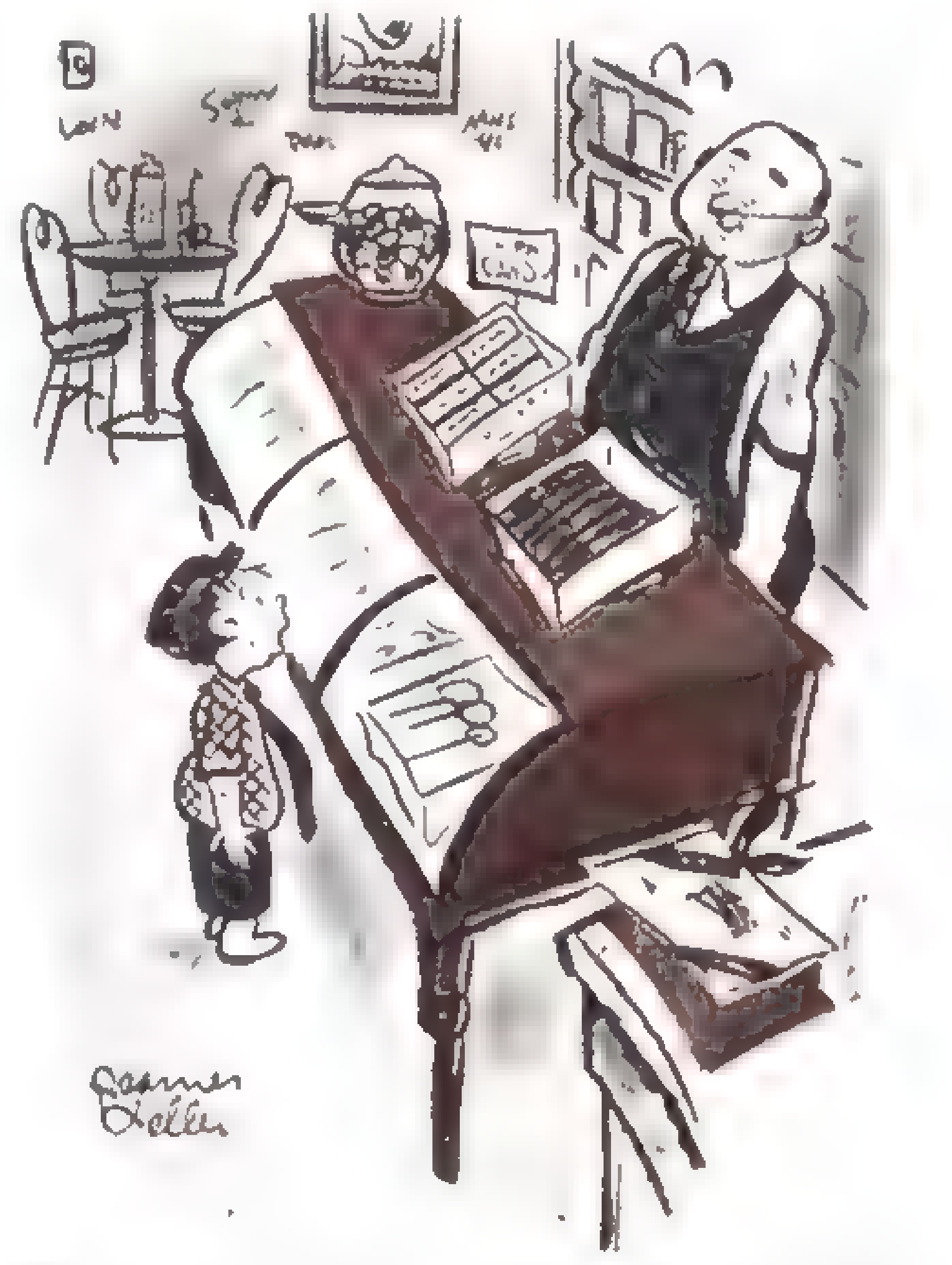
sets, cantilever garter belts or can-can frou-frou that made seduction seem more of an engineering problem than a matter of sweet persuasion at the end of the past century. Ingrid wears negligees, but shares no starring honors with the wardrobe mistress. Watching her, you don't think of the negligees, but of their occupant.

Though at times tempestuous, Ingrid endows a life of sin with a certain cuddlesome comradeship that too frequently is lacking in this hasty and often slipshod field of endeavor. She is the first screen siren to admit that one of the essential ingredients for an illicit love affair is a man. Our sex is making progress.

A woman has no business setting herself up in the love-undying racket if she has mastered nothing more than burning kisses and the fierce embraces that smash the Ingersol watch in the loved one's pocket. Such stuff is for freshmen and apprentices. Whenever two souls are tempest-tossed, there comes a moment when the male Apollo starts wondering if there is a bottle of cold beer in the icebox. The woman who can remain adorable during this pause that refreshes is the expert.

Most actresses make a grand passion seem as solemn as a ship launching or the foreclosure of a mortgage. Greer Garson's pulsing desires always seem so cathedral-like that I half expect Walter Pidgeon to get his shoes shined before submitting to the sacred embrace. Ecstasy in celluloid has a discouraging look when the surrendering female grapples her paramour in a hammer lock—to keep him from facing the camera. True love should be unselfish. That's why Ingrid makes it seem so wonderful. A guy feels he could be blind with *amour* for her and still not be exploited.

But when this picture hits the



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screen it will clear up one problem that long has baffled eastern scientists. Gary makes you understand how big cowboys get little cowboys. It seems that they sometimes got off their horses. Most of Gary's time in *Saratoga Trunk* is spent in playing boudoir scenes.

And, for an outdoor man, he seems surprisingly at home on this range. Of course, he does get outside once in awhile—but he seldom rambles far. Occasionally he asks for his boots, but never for his saddle. Bergman holds him, but she's not always sure of him. For love has come more than once to this cow-country Casanova. A little lady back in Amarillo embroidered forget-me-nots on his neckties, and we suspect that it was for very pleasant reasons.

The story is set against a background of the railroad wars of the Jim Fisk era. Mr. Cooper is allowed one fine action sequence, in which he battles a gang of roundhouse thugs for the control of a right-of-way. In the jolly hurly-burly of this episode, locomotives are crashed into each other and the employees of rival trunk lines slap their opponents in the face with shovels. These and other practices, frowned upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission, provide the picture with a rowdy finish, calculated to quicken the pulses of such male audiences as have been impervious to Bergman.

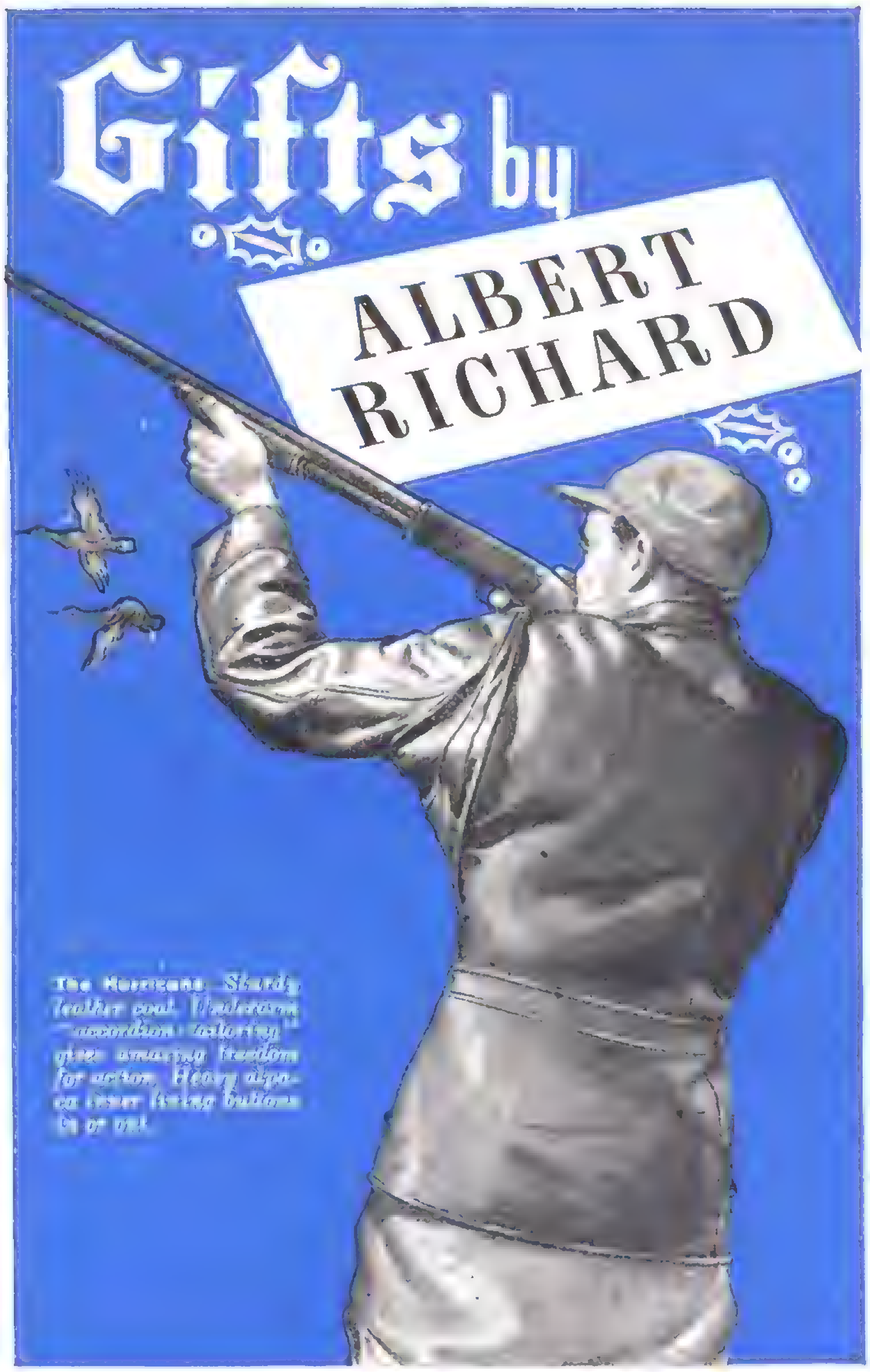
Perhaps it is effort wasted. Men with souls so dead deserve no consideration.

The plot, like its heroine, becomes interesting by breaking the rules. It disregards a horrible thing in the theatre called "unity." Unity reduces all life to the simplicity of a Biblical parable or a Lux commercial. This relentless rule eliminates everything extraneous to the main plot, and makes most drama as irrelevant to human experience as a morality tale in McGuffey's Third Reader. It decrees that a hero who leaves Iowa in Act One, with amber lighting, must die at Okinawa in Act Three, drenched in the same amber lighting. And a baby born in a tenement designed by Jo Mielziner must be electrocuted in a prison decorated by the same artist. Life isn't always so coordinated.

Neither is *Saratoga Trunk*. The opening is pure Boris Karloff. A black-gowned heroine arrives in New Orleans, accompanied by a grotesque dwarf and a mystic mulatto. They make their grim way to a last year's love nest. Here, amid the looms of over-industrious spiders, she presses her white palm upon the ancient blood stain of her father and takes an oath to wreak vengeance upon his family.

After this, according to the laws of dramatic unity, she should leave the house and run into Heathcliffe. Then they should open a bat farm in the environs of the

Continued on page 216



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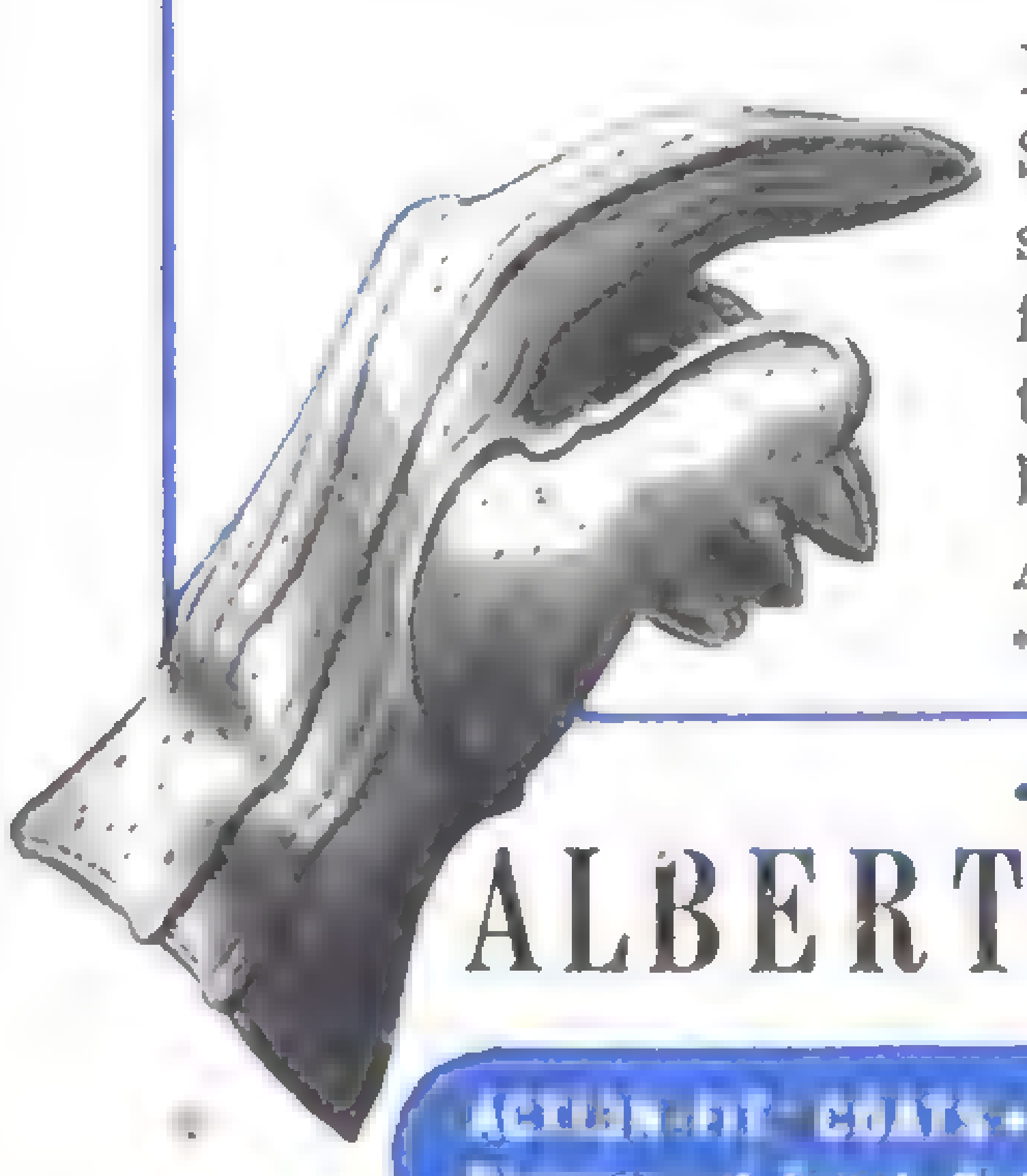

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My Life with Ingrid

Continued from page 215

nearest cemetery. But, thank God, this doesn't happen. The heroine doesn't stay unified. Her campaign of revenge hardly starts before she catches sight of Gary in his white pants. Her mood changes to one of frivolity as she coos over a huckster's cauliflower, eats gumbo off the top of her dwarf's hat, and indulges in other shameless antics typical of a woman on the make. The girl who has been acting like *The Bride of Lammermoor* starts making like *Charley's Aunt.*

This is all to the good. Having taken advantage of a creepy first sequence, Sam Wood's direction refuses to be stuck with it. To me, this inconsistency is infinitely more lifelike than unity would have been. There's nothing sillier than a tragic attitude when it is too long maintained. Only an idiot can nourish an undying hatred. If this weren't true, all marriages would end in homicide and all business would terminate in massacre.

It's our vagaries that save us. A woman may want to kill her husband, but she concedes his usefulness when her feet are cold. You may loathe the boss' nephew, but you can't shove him down an elevator shaft and still expect to get Saturday off for the ball game.

Life is a complexity of cross-purposes. *Saratoga Trunk* acknowledges this by allowing Ingrid to pursue three ambitions—sexual, spiteful and financial. Thus she becomes a veritable Einstein of screen literature. Never before has a heroine been permitted to have three motives in one movie, or, as we say in Hollywood, three "wienies."

The "wienie" is the favorite morsel of most plot butchers, and it gives their scripts the grey monotony of liverwurst. It was invented by Mack Sennett, who had cynical views concerning the I.Q. of his audience. In Mack's day those who patronized the nickelodeons often did so because they lacked a dime for the flophouses. No intellectual snob, Mr. Sennett strove mightily to bring his stories within the mental range of his patrons. He found that when the villain hid the stolen jewels in a wienie the plot was lucid to all. And when a dog stole the sausage, suspense developed. Then the villain chased the dog, and was, in turn, chased by the Keystone Kops. This produced a climax of crystal clarity.

The "wienie" became Hollywood's most important creation. Reducing all celluloid behavior to the comprehension of morons, it has made more stars than artificial bosoms or glued-on eyelashes. Occasionally this device produces a fine picture, such as *The Maltese Falcon*, but more often it peoples the screen with monomaniacs.

If Betty Grable, in *The Dolly*

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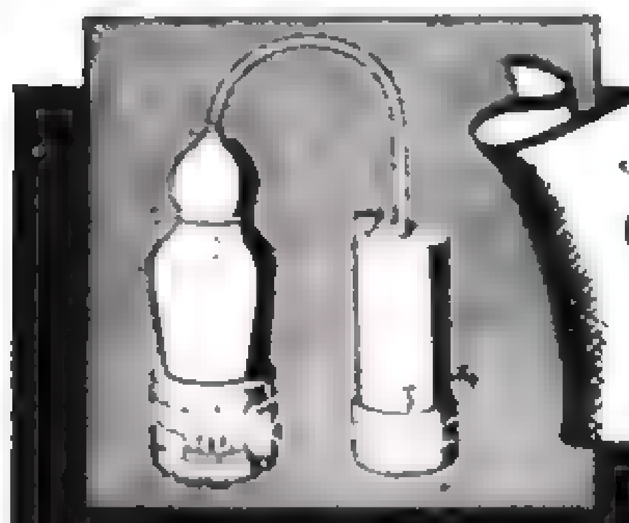

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Sisters, wants to make good in the theatre, she must not take time out for marriage. Yet in real life, Betty's stardom hasn't suffered by a couple of marriages. And if Bela Lugosi starts stealing a body, he has time for nothing else. He never stops at a restaurant for a hamburger or watches a dame in a tight skirt climb on a streetcar.

Such one-track minds have not marked the real ghouls of my acquaintance. The most horrible man I ever met was an apple-cheeked youth named Eddie Hickman. This juvenile sadist butchered a school girl and caused a reign of terror in Southern California. Yet, in addition to gore, he liked Bebe Daniels' movies. He postponed his crime to take his victim to *She's a Sheik*. I know of no scene in horror fiction more pathetic or chilling than Eddie and the doomed child sitting side by side in a movie house, laughing at the antics of Bebe and William Powell.

Such brilliant non-sequitur might have occurred to Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw, but it would get you thrown out at Metro or Columbia.

Here in Hollywood the undeviating pursuit of the "wienie" is a necessity of drama. *Hamlet* is a pretty good play, despite the fact that Hamlet is always getting sidetracked. He kids with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and he horses around with the Gravediggers. The great Elizabethan plays are filled with believable characters, all grinding their own axes. Their activities are not simplified, but co-ordinated as they would be in a great novel. No Hollywood writer would have allowed Malvolio to get into *Twelfth Night*. And had Paramount produced *As You Like It*, the melancholy Jacques still would be out on Marathon Street. Such characters, with their individual crotchets and personal eccentricities, have no relation to that curious Hollywood breed of men who seem to live for no purpose but to thwart the slightest wish of Gene Autry. But they've kept the plays popular for three centuries.

Miss Bergman's performance in *Saratoga Trunk* is something less than Shakespearian. But it is intricate, well rounded, and irrationally human. The presentation of such a character is a move in the right direction. Hal Wallis, who produced this picture, is one of the most intelligent men in the business. He has shown increasing impatience with flat screen delineations. In *The Affairs of Susan*, he allowed the audience to view his heroine from diverse angles, and in *Love Letters* he risked complication to avoid a one-sided paper doll personality. In both instances, box-office returns were encouraging. Apparently, the movie public can follow something more involved than a wienie hunt. Even if the scenarists can't.

Moving to the sublime from

Continued on page 218

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My Life with Ingrid

Continued from page 217

the lascivious, we take up Miss Bergman's work in *The Bells of St. Mary's*.

The fact that I saw *The Bells of St. Mary's* on Judgment Day may have made me peculiarly receptive. If the calculations of a certain Pasadena prophet were accurate, the world was due to end sometime during the third reel. This engendered in me a strained spiritual attitude. I knew that for both Moffitt, the critic, and Moffitt, the sinner, this might be the Last Judgment. The mood lingered even when Armageddon failed to come off.

We who live in Hollywood have learned to be tolerant concerning prophecies that fail to materialize. Every week the "greatest picture in the world" is promised for next Friday. Since this seldom comes to pass, we console ourselves by respecting all efforts that are sufficiently labored. After watching Tyrone Power build the Suez Canal, we are inclined not to be too tough on a Pasadena suburbanite who fails to bring about the apocalypse.

But *The Bells of St. Mary's* requires no such fearful reverence. Religious, but not sanctimonious, it inspires more fun than awe. It is a happy sequel to *Going My Way*, in which Bing Crosby once again plays God's most amiable trouble-shooter, Father Chuck O'Malley. And he still has troubles.

If you are a misogynist to whom Holy Orders seem a refuge from female caprices, you'd better see *The Bells of St. Mary's* before ordering a tonsure from your barber.

This time Father O'Malley is assigned to a parish whose convent school is about to be condemned. From the moment he takes off his hat, he finds that celibacy is no protection from femininity. He is set upon by women as Daniel was set upon by lions. There is his housekeeper, a domestic banshee played with dolorous wit by Una O'Connor. She takes grim pleasure in telling O'Malley how his predecessor was carted off to a sanitarium—"because of the nuns." Then Father O'Malley meets the nuns—particularly the Mother Superior, Sister Benedict. As enacted by Miss Bergman, Sister Benedict is reverent, healthy and hilarious.

He soon discovers that the Brides of the Church have something in common with the brides of men—they both like to run things their own way. With womanly logic, Sister Benedict identifies her views with those of Divine Providence. She tends to rule by the Book. Even though her Book is the best, the results are often terrible. One of her students has been exhorted to "turn the other cheek." Father O'Malley implies that she is preparing the youth for martyrdom

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but not preparing them for citizenship.

The priest's admiration for the conqueror's right hook doesn't exactly anger the Mother Superior. But it arouses a holy spunk in her. She realizes that virtue should be rewarded with more than a crown in heaven—it needs boxing lessons. As the Angelus rings and her contemporaries contemplate the precepts for a holy life, Sister Benedict strolls the gardens, immersed in the rules of self-defense, as revealed by Mr. Gene Tunney.

Presently she has the good little boy in her office, instructing him in footwork, weaving, blocking and the delivery of the old one-two. I never thought the sight of a nun getting punched on the jaw would fill me with joyful reverence. But Miss Bergman makes this scene so intense, so humorous and altogether so convincing that it becomes one of the season's most memorable bits of comedy.

The vents of a whimsical and pious nature continue. Sister Benedict decides, for no particular reason, that a stingy neighbor is about to present a new building to the convent. Blithely, she sets out to pray him into doing it. The sisters break into premature hymns of thanksgiving whenever the unwilling Samaritan appears, driving him almost to the point where the final consolations of the Church seem necessary.

Father O'Malley again tangles with her when she insists upon flunking an appealing young student. Because the child's mother is a prostitute, the priest is more interested in giving the girl self-respect than in making her a perfect mathematician. He'd be willing to pass her for spelling her name correctly.

Father O'Malley sticks to the spirit rather than the letter of the law.

In this unpretentious priest, producer-director Leo McCarey has created something more important than a pleasant clergyman who can croon. Father O'Malley symbolizes the great need of our age.

Today, just as in the days of Pontius Pilate, men yearn for a new reassurance. Many excellent pictures, such as Darryl Zanuck's *Wilson*, have provided inspiring exhortations. But they usually conclude either with vague, rosy promises or with denunciations of the stupidity of mankind.

There is no dearth of prophets. No matter if you are trying to fix a carburetor or get to heaven, you will find a hundred men who can tell you what is wrong, for every one who can give you practical assistance. McCarey's is the only Hollywood mind that concerns itself, not with the messiahs and the oracles, but with the everyday mortals who are striving to keep inspiration alive.

Many centuries ago, the Roman Catholic Church undertook to organize the conscience of man-

Continued on page 220

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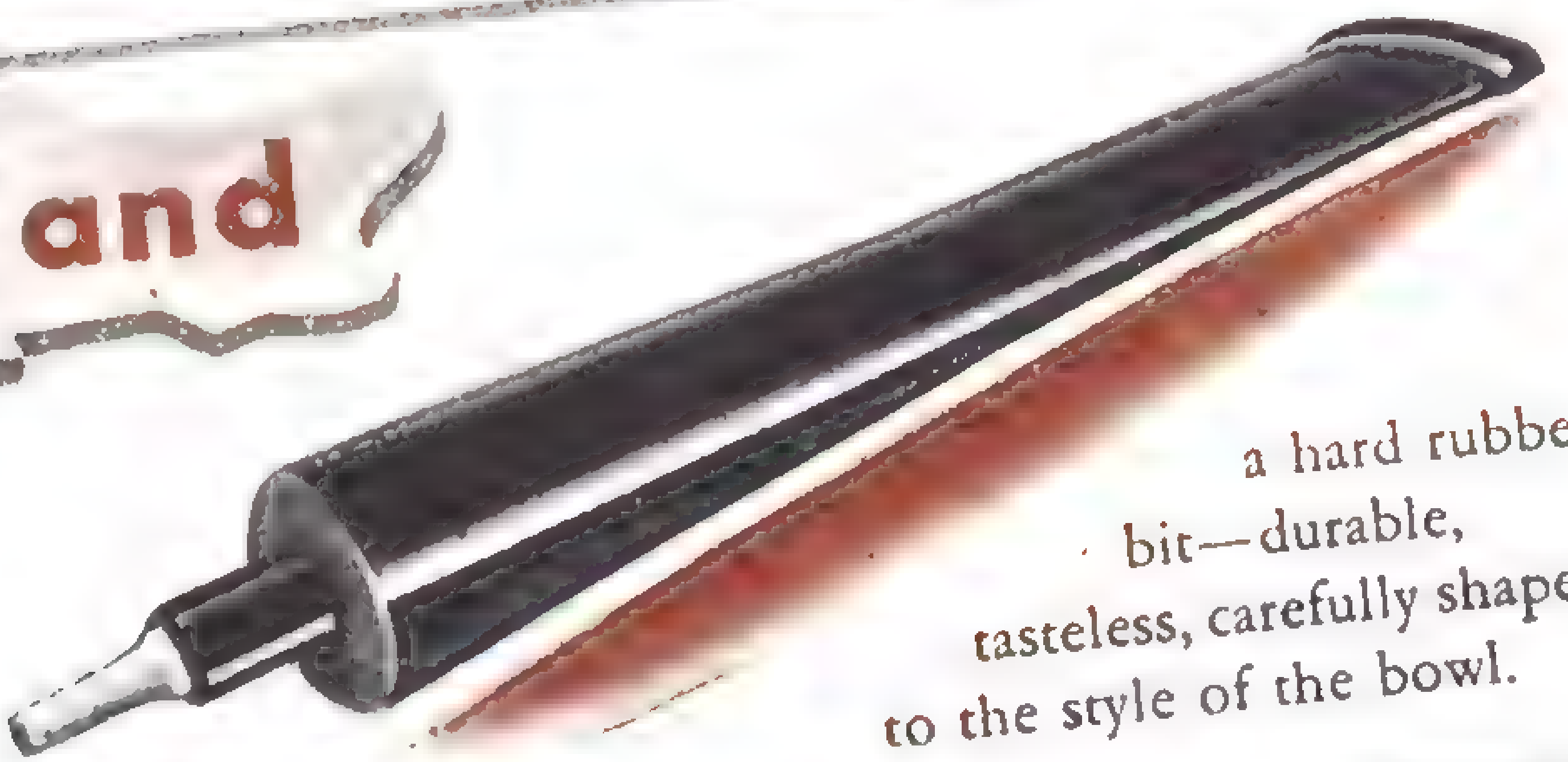

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My Life with Ingrid

Continued from page 219

kind. Once the period of revelation was over, it had to depend on ordinary people to make the system function—people wise enough, adaptable enough and unselfish enough to be entrusted with this all-important purpose. Throughout the almost two thousand years of the Church's existence, it never has had quite enough of them. And every benevolent system, whether it seeks to organize the United Nations or control the atomic bomb, will find itself faced with a similar manpower shortage.

In this light, McCarey's pictures have more than parochial meaning. He shows how difficult it is, even for people of deep sincerity, to lead a dedicated life. In the Father Fitzgibbon of *Going My Way* and in the Sister Benedict of *The Bells of St. Mary's*, he examines the work of two good people, who almost fail as Christian teachers, because they can see no farther than the rules. The significance of this is not limited to Catholics. Such inflexible theorists will be apt to defeat the purpose of any doctrine, whether they seek to enforce the word of Jesus, or Lenin, or of Thomas Jefferson. In the last analysis, all plans for mankind, no matter how noble, depend upon the individual.

Where in our brave new world are we to find the Father O'Malleys, in or out of the clergy, who can keep our visions living?

Having failed to answer this cosmic question, I arrived at the *Spellbound* screening, wondering what in hell could possibly be left to say about Ingrid Bergman. But Selznick's suspenseful melodrama made me forget my own problems in the very first scene, which showed Ingrid, the psychoanalyst, attempting to dissuade a flirtatious patient from biting off the moustaches of the gentlemen who admire her.

Events in coo-coo land are far from humdrum. They become fraught with interest when one of the coo-coos takes over the asylum.

The idiot of the year is Gregory Peck—in a year of tough competition. He moves into the office of the superintendent, and starts giving orders. Thereupon Miss Bergman's life becomes highly complicated. As a scientist she sees that Gregory's as nutty as a pecan roll. As a woman she finds him as desirable as a new mink coat. Her textbooks tell her that marriage ranks somewhere behind the insulin shock treatment as a cure for insanity. But that doesn't make much difference. She still wants him. Just because.

The picture shows the perils that a woman faces when she knows her own mind.

Gregory disappears and the cops start chasing him. So does Miss Bergman. Both have good reason to believe him homicidal

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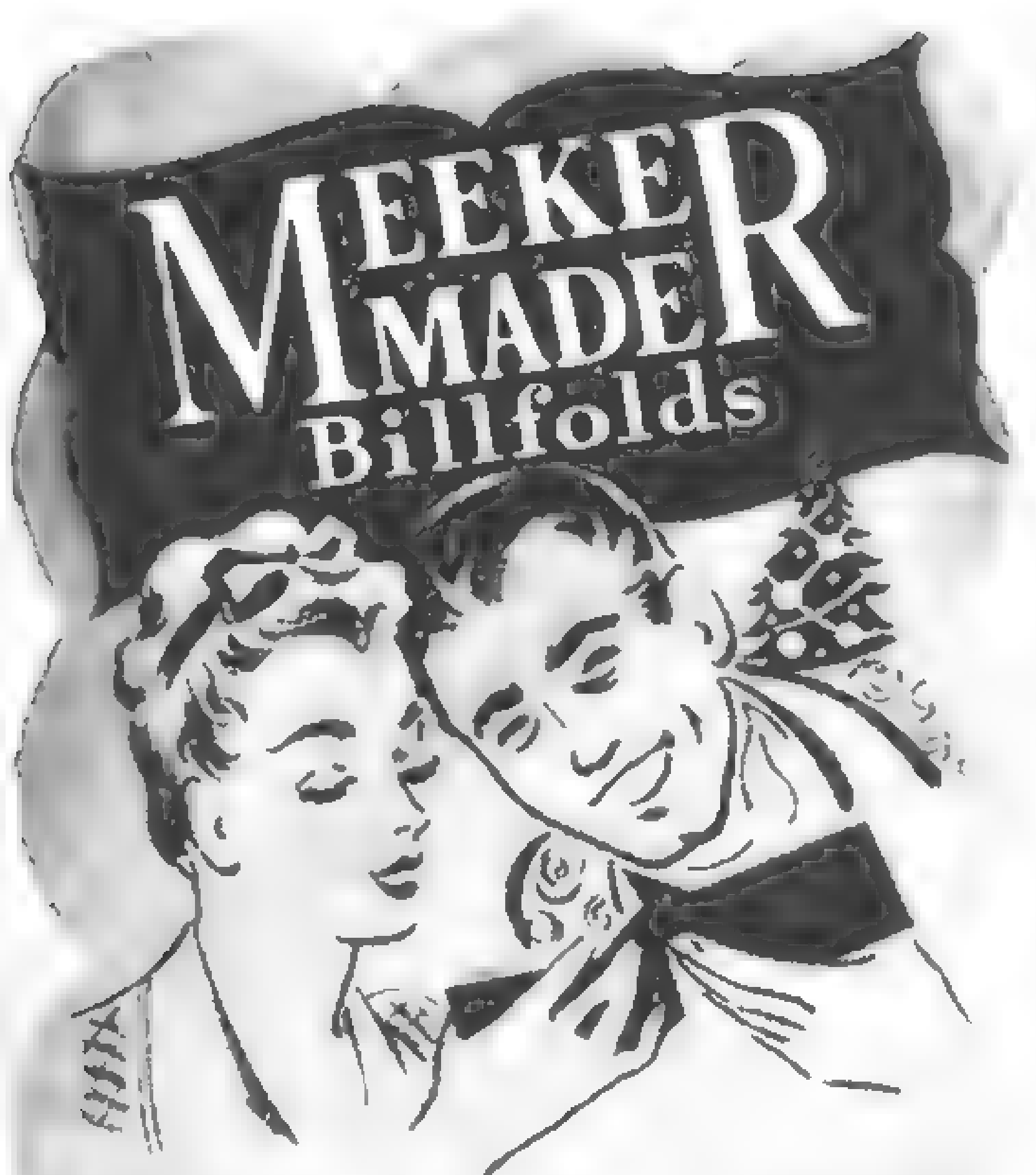

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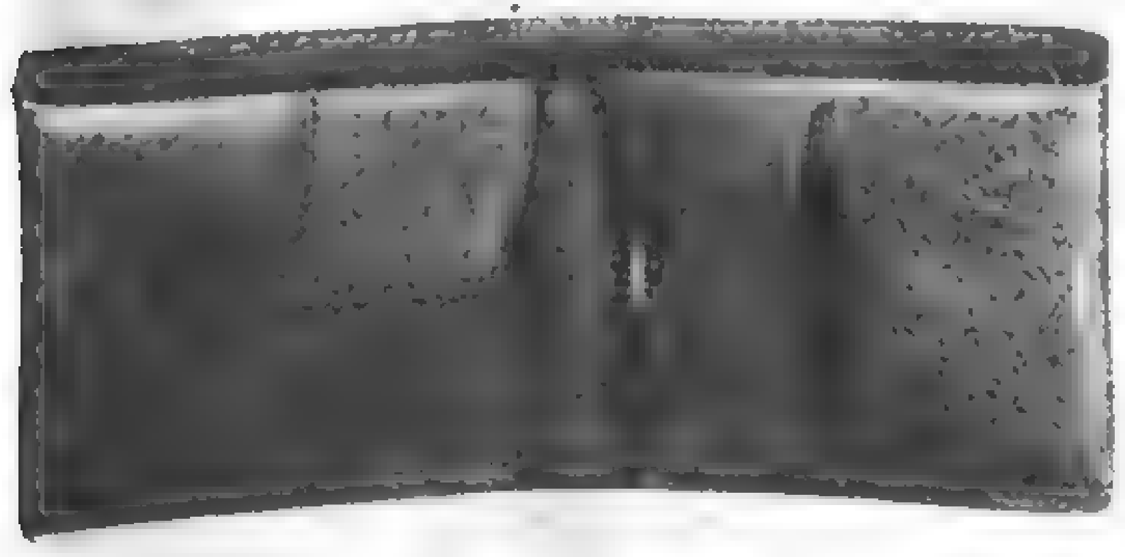

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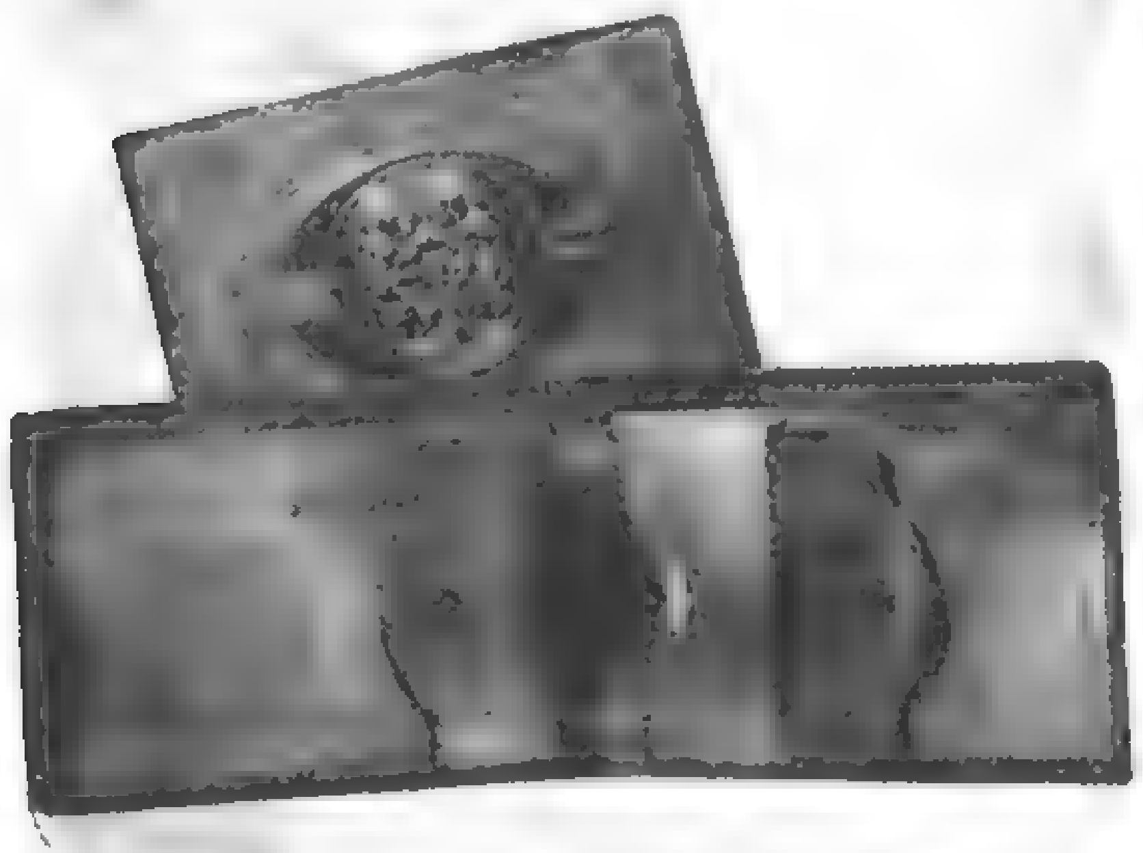

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as well as demented. Ingrid finds him first. With the police breathing down her neck, she endeavors to crack the wall of his amnesia and to prove him innocent—before the law enforcement agencies begin measuring his fine figure for a strait jacket.

There ensues one of the most unusual love stories the screen has ever seen, and a chase that kept me panting from fade-in to fade-out.

Some of the climaxes are terrific. There is a bedroom scene in which Miss Bergman cuddles adorably beneath the quilts, while Mr. Peck paces restlessly with a straight-edged razor in his hand.

On another occasion, he is fingering a carving knife and tautly eyeing her shapely neck, when the sudden shriek of a train whistle damned near sends the audience clawing for the exits. The denouement explodes with the impact of a block-buster.

Ever since Orson Welles made *Citizen Kane*, Hollywood has self-consciously tinkered with the problems of the brain. The Man from Mars undertook to explain William Randolph Hearst by implying that the great publisher's life was frustrated because of a missing bobsled named *Rosebud*. For some reason, Mr. Hearst resented the identification of his psyche with a flexible flyer. His editors flayed the aging Boy Wonder in a struggle so Miltonian that it was difficult to tell who was playing God and who was playing Lucifer. Neurosis became widespread. Gertie Lawrence and Ginger Rogers appeared in *Lady in the Dark*, the story of a woman who was going balmy—for a curious reason. At the age of seven, she failed to land the part of the princess in the school play. Though she subsequently became the editor of a magazine, the mistress of a millionaire, and the idol of a movie star; all this meant nothing to her. Dancers with magenta posteriors pranced through her daydreams, and her ears rang with songs that had no tunes. The public paid seven dollars a seat to behold this delusion—which was the craziest part of it.

David Selznick puts insanity back on a sane basis. The hero of *Spellbound* is the first actor in five years to go goofy without a ballet. All he's allowed is a few hallucinations by Salvador Dali. This is budgeting madness. Mr. Selznick insists that even Dali make sense. For this he must have had to pay extra. David's insistence on lucidity enrages his employees, but soothes his audiences. He knows the difference between mystifying and confusing.

In *Spellbound*, he achieves a tour de force of dramatic storytelling. The hero suffers from three psychiatric ailments—a guilt complex, amnesia, and personality transference. The story's pace is too fast to permit pauses for Freudian lectures. All three dementias have to be clarified by

Continued on page 222

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My Life with Ingrid

Continued from page 221

means of exciting dramatizations. And this is done masterfully. The spectator is kept on his mental toes and on the edge of his seat at the same time. The plot explains, while it rushes.

Miss Bergman dominates a vortex of crazed action, as a clear-thinking, intelligent character. She makes it seem easy, and perhaps it is. One of the most notable things about her is her fan mail. She receives bales, and nearly all of it comes from well-educated people.

In this she differs from her predecessor, Garbo. Greta was (and still is) a fine actress. But that was secondary to her fans. Her immense following was as wacky as Sinatra's. Most of this worship came from spinsters. She released the gaudy and sometimes shocking dreams of a million old maids, living in and out of marriage.

I know this through experience. During the years when I labored to elevate the drama in Kansas City, Goodwin Ace and I were the only movie critics in the Heart of America. We lived an intimate life with our readers. Whenever we forgot ourselves and panned Jean Harlow, drunks threatened us in speakeasies and bartenders refused the credit without which the critical life becomes more critical. When we said cutting things about Joan Crawford, department store fitters, waiting until our wives were in *dishabille*, would bedevil the poor ladies with violent remonstrances.

But concerning Garbo, our half-hearted attempts toward whimsy resulted in sheer terror. Weird sisters invaded the editorial rooms, with feather boas flapping. Keening unearthly cries, they descended upon our bosses like flocks of moulting harpies. Their brandished umbrellas threatened vengeance for the "Divine One." Since many of these aging vestals came from Kansas (a state which had produced Carrie Nation) there was always the chance that one of them might draw a hatchet from her reticule and start editing the editors. Our publishers came from the pioneer stock that had remained unintimidated during the days of Jesse James and Quantrill. One editor had been rewarded with his high station after intercepting a brass spitoon, which had been hurled across the society desk by a querulous dowager—attempting to register a protest with the thrice-venerated William Rockhill Nelson. But even this chieftain, who had been decorated on the field of gabboon gallantry, quailed before the howling hordes of Garbo. The word went out to lay off Greta.

I'm glad I got out of there. By now the girls are too old and too hysterical to go to the mat for Bergman. But I hear they slug the present critics with their ear trumpets whenever they try to get cute about Monty Woolley. #

Continued from page 92

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The Lost Art of Horse Taming

Continued from page 62

was when the experts of the Horse-Age paid thousands of dollars and posted bonds for simple lessons in the Rarey System.

The three fundamental principles of the Rarey Theory are these:

(1)—The horse is so constituted by nature that he will not offer resistance to any demand made of him which he fully comprehends, if made in a way consistent with the laws of his nature.

(2)—That he has no consciousness of his strength beyond his experience, and can be handled according to our will without force.

(3)—That we can, in compliance with the laws of his nature, by which he examines all things new to him, take any object, however frightful, around, over or on him, that does not inflict pain . . . without causing him to fear.

Rarey taught that the horse, although possessed of some faculties superior to man's, is deficient in reasoning power, has no knowledge of right or wrong, no free will, and knows nothing of any impositions practiced on him, however unreasonable they may be. As a result he can come to no decision as to what he should or should not do, nor is he able to argue the justice of the matter demanded of him. Which is just as well, for if the horse had reasoning power, in view of his strength, he would be worthless to man as a servant. Could he reason, we may be sure he'd pitch his rider skywards before permitting himself to be run to death. Happily, however, he has no notion of disobedience except on impulse caused by violation of the laws of his nature. Therefore . . . when a horse is disobedient, it is man's fault.

Under the Rarey System we start work with our colt by going to the pasture and circling the whole herd, quietly. Remain at such distance that they will not be frightened and run off. Approach them very slowly . . . stopping if they raise their heads and seem skittish until they are quiet again. When close enough to drive them in the direction desired (toward the stable) gently follow them off, leaving open the direction in which they must go.

The next step is to get the colt into the stable or shed. Here again it is necessary to proceed quietly and gently. No suspicion must be excited in the horse of any danger befalling. Best way is to lead a broken horse into the stable and hitch him. Then quietly walk around the colt and let him go in of his own accord. The carefulness with which to proceed cannot be overemphasized. One wrong move may frighten the colt and make him flee for his life, thus turning ten minutes' work into a two-hour job. Remember that the colt will not run unless you run after him, and . . . "that will not be a good idea," says Rarey, "unless you think you can outrun

Continued on page 224

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The Lost Art of Horse Taming

Continued from page 223

him, for you will have to let him stop of his own will in the end."

When he is inside, remove the hitched horse and close the door. See that the stable is absolutely clear of all other animals or anything to annoy the colt. Give him a few ears of corn and leave him alone for fifteen minutes in which to get used to his first confinement.

Next is the problem of haltering the colt. Rarey commands use of a leather halter, which must be so made that it will not draw tight on the colt's nose if he pulls on it. Never put a rope halter on an unbroken colt under any circumstances. The cords of the rope are hard and cutting. This makes the colt raise his head and draw on it and as soon as he does so the slip noose tightens and pinches his nose, and he will then struggle for his life and perhaps throw himself down with fatal consequences. The worst of this is that a horse that has once pulled on a halter can never be as well broken as one that has not.

However, before it will be possible to get a halter near the colt he will have to be gentled. Take a long switch whip, preferably a whalebone buggy whip. Hold it in your right hand with the lash pointing backward and your arm at your side. Your left hand should be bent in outstretched position with the arm bent at the elbow. Enter the stable alone.

If the colt is wild you will soon see him on the opposite side of the stable from you. Stand very still and let him look you over for a moment or two. As soon as he has settled in one place, approach him slowly, with both arms unmoving. If the colt moves, step a little to the right or left as indicated, and this will hold him in one place. As you approach him, draw a little to his shoulder and stop for a moment. When you stop, if you are in his reach, he will turn his head and smell your hand—not that he has any preference for your hand, but because it will be the part of your body nearest him. As soon as he touches your hand with his nose, caress him gently using a light, soft hand, barely touching him, rubbing the way the hair lies so that your hand will pass along smoothly. Always follow each touch or communication of this kind with the most tender and affectionate caresses. "Ho! My little boy! . . . Pretty boy! . . . Nice lady!" or something similar, constantly repeating the same words with the same kind inflection.

The horse must "fear, love and obey" his master. If your colt seems to be of a stubborn or mulish disposition; if he lays back his ears as you approach, or turns his heels to kick you, he has not the regard and fear for man that he must have to be properly trained. It is then well to give him a few sharp cuts with the whip, about

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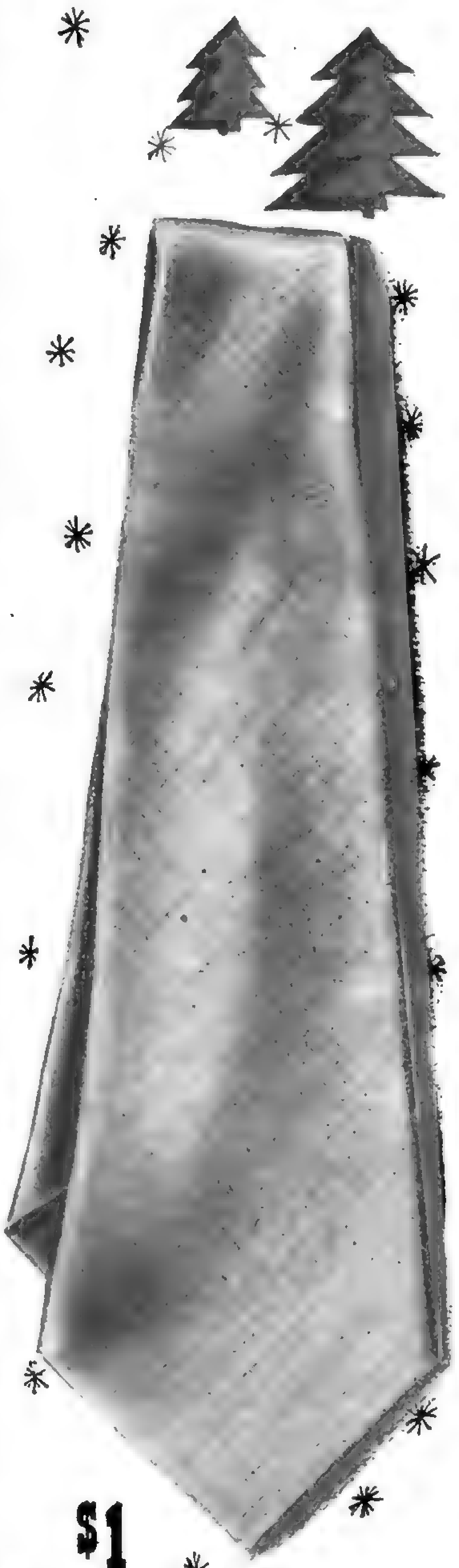

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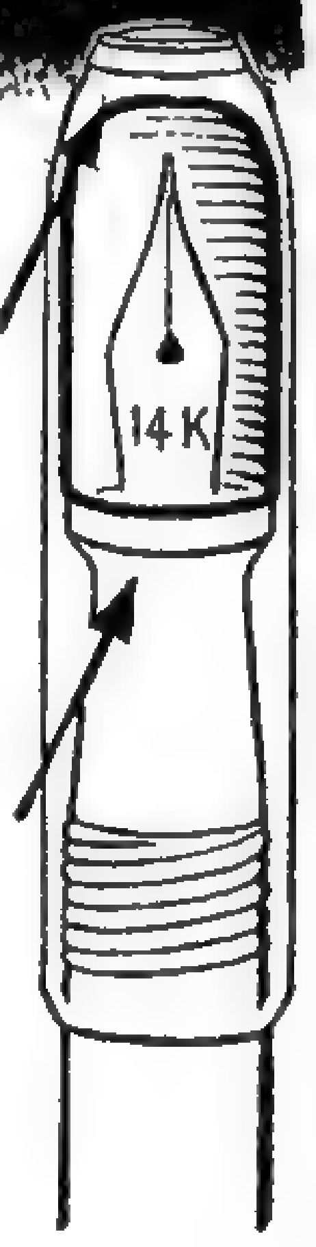

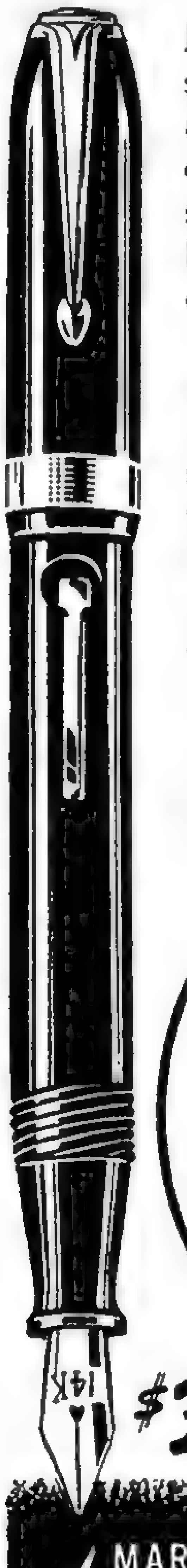

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the legs, close up to the body. It will crack keenly as it plies about his legs, and the noise will effect him as much as the cut. If you once succeed in frightening him you can whip him without getting him mad, for fear and anger never exist in the horse at the same time.

When you have him frightened so that he will stand up straight and pay attention to you, approach him again, caressing him a good deal more than you whipped him. You will now have excited the two controlling passions of his nature, love and fear.

When he has been thus gentled a bit, take the halter in your left hand and approach him as before, on the side you have already gentled. If he seems timid about your approach, make the whip part of your arm, reaching him very gently with the butt of it, rubbing him lightly along the neck, moving gradually closer, shortening the hold by taking the whip up in your hand as you move until finally you can put your hand on him. If he moves his head from you, put the end of the halter strap around his neck and draw very gently, his neck will give and you can pull it to you.

Take hold of the halter where it buckles about the top of his head and pass the long side under his neck, leaving the first strap loose. Lower the halter a bit, just enough to get his nose into the part that goes around it, then raise it and fasten the top buckle. You should be standing on the colt's left side, well back toward his shoulder, holding only the part of the halter that goes around his neck; thus, with your two hands about his neck you can hold his head so that when raising the halter you won't make him dodge by putting your hands around his nose.

Have a long rope or strap ready to fasten to the halter, so that when you have it on you can let him walk the length of the stable without releasing your hold and without making him feel the pull of the halter.

In a moment or so your guide on the halter will have him in control. Then shorten the distance by taking up the strap in your hand. When he stands docile at this range, you can begin to lead him a bit. However, never go before the colt and pull him; rather begin by pulling him gently to one side or another. Every time you pull him a step or two to one side stop and caress him, continuing until you can move him in every direction and walk about the whole stable with him. The colt will soon believe he is compelled to follow the pull of the halter, not knowing he has the power to resist. You have handled him so gently and are so kind in caressing him when he comes to you that he likes it and would as soon follow you as not.

Before taking him from the stable, open the door and lead him up to it, and away again, several times before taking him into the open. Be sure there is nothing outside to make him jump when

Continued on page 226

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The Lost Art of Horse Taming

Continued from page 225

you go out. Make him travel very slowly, catching the halter close to the jaw with your left hand while the right rests atop his neck, on the mane. No one should be standing near by, or touch him when you take him out.

Rarey's explanation of the method of saddling is also excellent:

"The first thing will be to tie up each stirrup strap into a loose knot, to make them short and prevent them from flying about and hitting the colt. Then double up the skirts and take the saddle under your right arm so as not to frighten him as you approach. When you get to him, rub him gently a few times with your hand and then raise the saddle very slowly until he can see it and smell and feel it with his nose. Then let the skirts loose and rub it very gently against his neck the way the hair lies, letting him hear the rattles of the skirt as he feels them against him, each time getting further backwards and finally slipping it over his shoulders onto his back. Shake it a bit with your hand, and in less than five minutes you can rattle it about over his back as you please, pulling it off and throwing it on again without his paying much attention to it.

"As soon as you have accustomed him to the saddle, fasten the girth. Be careful how you do this. It often frightens the colt when he feels the girth binding him and making the saddle tight on his back. Bring up the girth gently and draw it loosely at first, just enough to hold the saddle on. Move him a little and then girth it as tight as you want and he will not mind. The saddle should be without rough places and have no loose straps. When it is on you should take a switch in your right hand to tap him up with, and walk about the stable a few times with your right arm over the saddle, taking hold of the reins on each side of his neck until you teach him the use of the bridle and can turn him about in any direction. Always caress him and loosen the reins a little every time you stop him. First teach him to lead and stand hitched; next acquaint him with the saddle and use of the bit; then mount without scaring him, and you can ride him as well as any horse."

Before mounting the colt, obtain a block which will bring you to about the height you will occupy on his back. Stand on this for some minutes until he becomes accustomed to seeing you at that height alongside him. It should be remembered that "a horse is never well-broken when he has to be held with a tight rein while mounting." Rarey says to press the palm of the right hand on the off side of the saddle and as you rise lean your weight on it; by this means you can mount without the girths loose, or without any girths at all. ##

Continued from page 62

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Battle of the Titans

Continued from page 86

gave us the answer to that one.

After World War I, a German flier named Martin Fleischmann entered the University of Munich to study metallurgy. A dozen years later he was one of the world's top authorities on steels for gas turbines. He came to America and continued his probings into the problems of alloy metals for gas turbines for the Timken Roller Bearing Company. It is his formula for a metal of molybdenum, nickel, chromium and iron—the metal is called Super-Steel—that has enabled the production of the gas turbine and its cousin, the jet-propulsion engine for aircraft. Nor is that all. The Moss turbo-supercharger, which enabled U. S. warplanes to operate in the stratospheric heights, is a tiny gas turbine driving an air compressor, the wheel of which (it is of course made of Super-Steel) weighs about 33 pounds and produces about 330 h.p. and must tolerate temperatures up to 1500° F.

The only gas-turbine locomotive now in operation is a 2,200-horsepower unit made by Brown-Boveri of Switzerland. The Allis Chalmers Company of Milwaukee has a 5,000-horsepower unit on the drafting board. It will be a two-unit engine in a single 90-foot frame, and its two turbines, spinning at 5,000 revolutions per minute, will be about bathtub size.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is now testing the first true steam turbine locomotive to be built in America—a 6,900 horsepower giant capable of moving a 20-car train at about 100 m.p.h. This behemoth, classified as a 6-8-6 (six little wheels in front, eight big ones in the middle, six little ones behind) is powered by two turbines spun by high-pressure steam striking against their blades. The larger is used for forward movement, the smaller for reverse, and each is small enough to be circled by a man's arms. Their power is delivered directly to the driving wheels through gears.

Another steam turbine locomotive is being planned by a group of Eastern railroads which have already put 1,500,000 dollars into its development. It will be 145 feet long, mounted on eight pairs of driving wheels and weigh over 1,000,000 pounds loaded.

None of these projects presages the doom of the reciprocating steam locomotive. Comparatively inefficient, hard on road beds, always coal- and water-hungry, it has one enormous advantage: it practically never wears out. The U. S. Army is running steam locomotives in France that were made in 1865. There are new steam locomotives in operation that will haul 125-car freight trains over mountain grades at 50 m.p.h., and that kind of performance will still be good enough to hold a franchise, even in tomorrow's brave new world. ###

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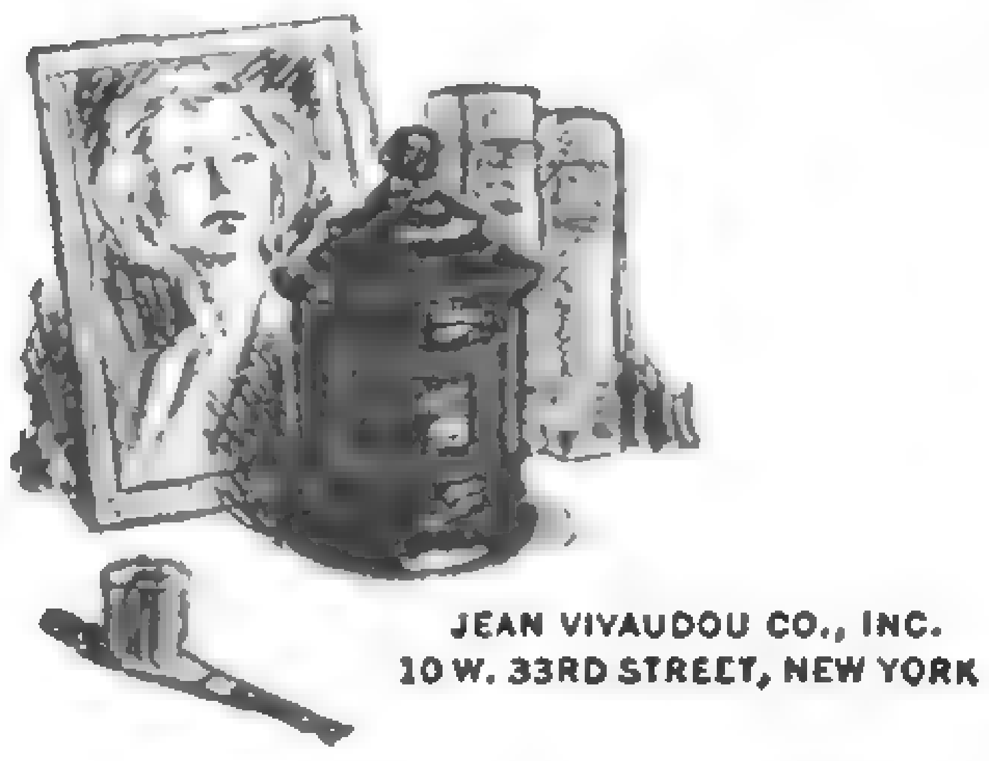

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Passenger to Liverpool

Continued from page 108

my upstretched hand and saw, in round surprise, the tattered ends of the communication cord, ripped to threads, impotent.

"Perplexing—isn't it?" said the voice. It was a pleasant voice, now rather harsh with strain, but carrying traces of geniality and kindness. I thought I detected a note of sardonic impatience, as if its owner found my astonishment and inaction irritating.

I threw down my suitcase and bent over the man, feeling that I must do something. Loosening his collar, I gingerly propped his lolling head into a more comfortable position. With my handkerchief I dabbed at the trickle of blood, wiping some spots from his lips. His face looked an awful mess.

"Thank you—thank you!" said the man, his swollen lips hardly moving. "It's very good of you to want to help me. But I am afraid it is really not much use. Apart from all the external damage so apparent to you, I should mention that I have several ribs broken, possibly a broken collarbone—and a knife wound in the lower part of my back."

Aghast, I put my arm under his shoulder and felt a rough hole torn in the cloth of his coat. It was wet and sticky; my fingers, when I looked at them, were covered with blood.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, helplessly. Seeing the blood coming again out of the man's mouth I dabbed at it with my handkerchief.

"I am dying—not slowly, but quickly," said the man, trying to get the words out more rapidly, as if in a race against oblivion.

I put my hand on his head. I did not know what else to do.

"So," continued the man, in between pauses for breath, "so, the problem, the only thing remaining, is how to avoid implicating you in an affair which has really nothing to do with you. I should be most sorry to think that I had been the unwitting cause of dragging you into the unpleasantness of police court proceedings, perhaps—one never knows, the police can be so stupid—perhaps into facing a murder charge. And all because you happened to jump out of the blue into this, of all possible carriages. What a pity you didn't get in further up the train!"

"I—er, I was late, nearly missed the train," I murmured rather fatuously.

The eyelids fluttered, whether in impatience or acknowledgment I never knew.

"The journey to Liverpool will not take long. The communication cord is cut. You have no way of getting out unless you open the door and jump out—and I wouldn't advise that for you. We will have to work fast—but first I had better explain to you

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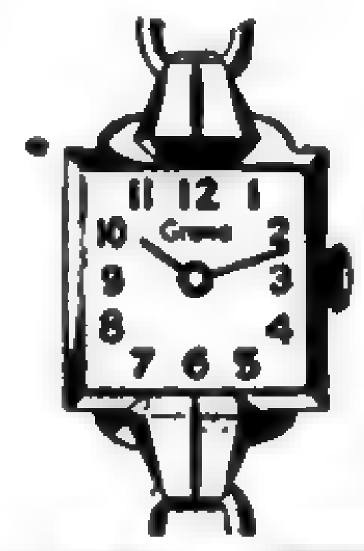

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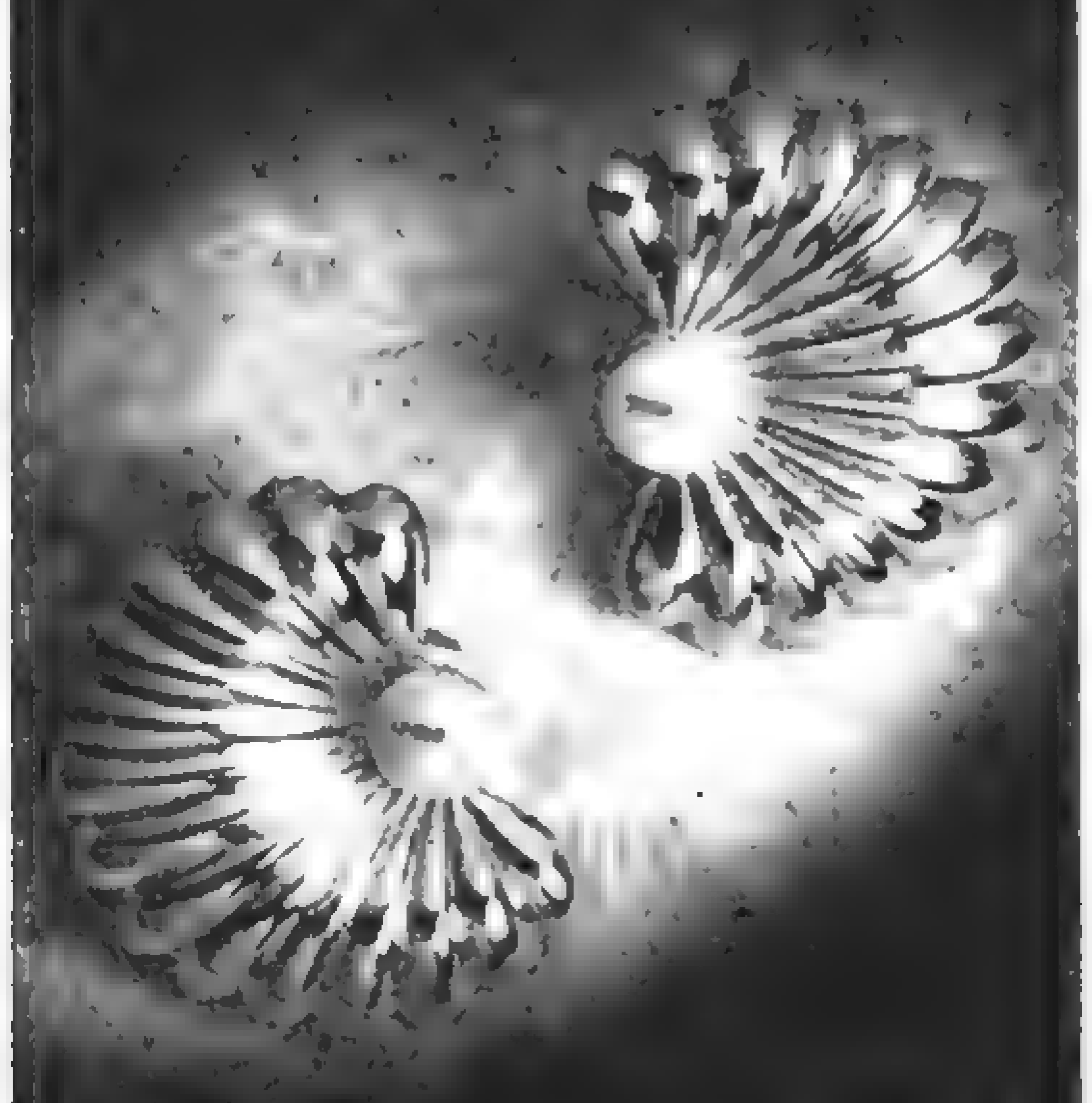

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how all this has come about.

"In brief—" The voice paused wearily. Hastily I dabbed at the blood, pushed back some falling hair, rested a cool hand on the lumpy forehead.

"Thank you. In brief, I have, as you can see, been assaulted—in fact, literally speaking, murdered—by some person who must remain unknown."

I made a protesting sound.

"No!" The inflection in his voice was compelling, yet politely so. "No, it would be utterly pointless for me to burden you with further complications. The problem is difficult enough as it is.

"The fact is that I have been attacked—by an enemy of mine. He appeared at my carriage door while the train was standing at Chester station, got in and violently attacked me—with the results you see. It was all over in a few minutes, with no one the wiser, and I must have fainted, or become unconscious. During the remainder of the time, I imagine, he sat by the window and frowned away anyone who looked like getting in the carriage. He must have jumped out of the carriage just before the train left—he could not have bargained on a person such as yourself making a last-minute dash and boarding the train when it was already moving. He would have reckoned that by the time my dead body was found on arrival at Liverpool, it would be impossible for the police to trace responsibility for the crime. And, indeed, such is still the case."

There was another silence, this time a longer one. When the man resumed talking it was with considerable difficulty.

"Excuse my slowness," he said. "Dying is not a comfortable business—not even under the best of circumstances, I imagine."

"You are facing it very bravely, sir," I said with sincerity.

"Thanks . . . Where are we now?"

I looked out. We were slipping through quiet country, but on the horizon there were signs of roof tops and factory chimneys.

"We must be approaching Runcorn," I said. "But we don't stop there."

"Still, we have to hurry. Listen to me carefully . . . For you to be found here with my dead body, on arrival at Liverpool, would be both dangerous and futile."

I motioned weakly with my hands. "But—perhaps, at Liverpool—a doctor—I could have you rushed to a hospital—"

"Please—you're wasting time. The point is—the train doesn't stop before we reach Liverpool, which means there is absolutely no way out for you. You cannot be got out of the carriage—the only alternative, then, is for *me* to be got out."

I stared. "But how . . .?"

"In a few moments, a very few moments, I fancy, I shall be no more. Oh, it's no use wasting words about it . . . This is what I want you to do. Wait till we have

Continued on page 230

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Passenger to Liverpool

Continued from page 229

passed through Runcorn and are well out into open country again. When you are quite sure that the train is passing through a fairly isolated part—push me out through the doorway."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, in instinctive horror.

The eyelids flickered irritably. "Don't—be—a—fool! It's the only way." He took a sudden heavy breath. "It—frees you from all implication. By the time my body is discovered and its connection with this train traced, you will have vanished. It will be too late for the police to do anything."

"But—" I wanted to say something, to protest if only to satisfy my conscience.

"No buts . . ." The voice suddenly weakened, trailed away. "No buts. Do . . . as . . . I . . . say."

I bent down. "But, please—have you no messages? Don't you want me to tell anyone? Are you married?"

My urgent questions went unanswered, the words echoing hollowly in a sudden loneliness that filled the carriage. I looked closer at the blood-speckled face. It seemed suddenly still. I felt for the pulse, pressing my fingers deep into his wrist. There seemed to be no movement at all.

The factory buildings of Runcorn loomed around me, like menacing shadows. Startled out of my original shock by this new danger, I quickly sat down beside the dead man, leaning forward slightly so that if anyone should chance to look into the carriage as we went through Runcorn station they would see only myself. In this manner we glided safely through Runcorn, and on towards open country again.

The precious minutes went slipping by. I looked out at the grey houses of Runcorn's suburbs, wished that I could change places with any of the occupants. I looked up at the torn communication cord, helplessly. What the man had said was frighteningly correct, to attract attention would be the worst possible thing. I looked across at the man; neat, dark, well-dressed, surrounded by an air of prosperity; now sprawling incongruously in his corner seat; suddenly such a vital part of my life, yet such a stranger, such a mystery. On an impulse I searched through his pockets. They were empty, devoid of identification; and his luggage, if he had any, was gone. It was fantastic, inexplainable . . . I looked out of the window—seeing peaceful country landscapes again, but in the distance I thought I could see, already, the smoky horizon of Liverpool. Then, the ultimate panic swept over me, the panic of self-preservation that makes ordinary people murder and theive and tell lies and perform a hundred other contrary acts that would normally prove beyond the

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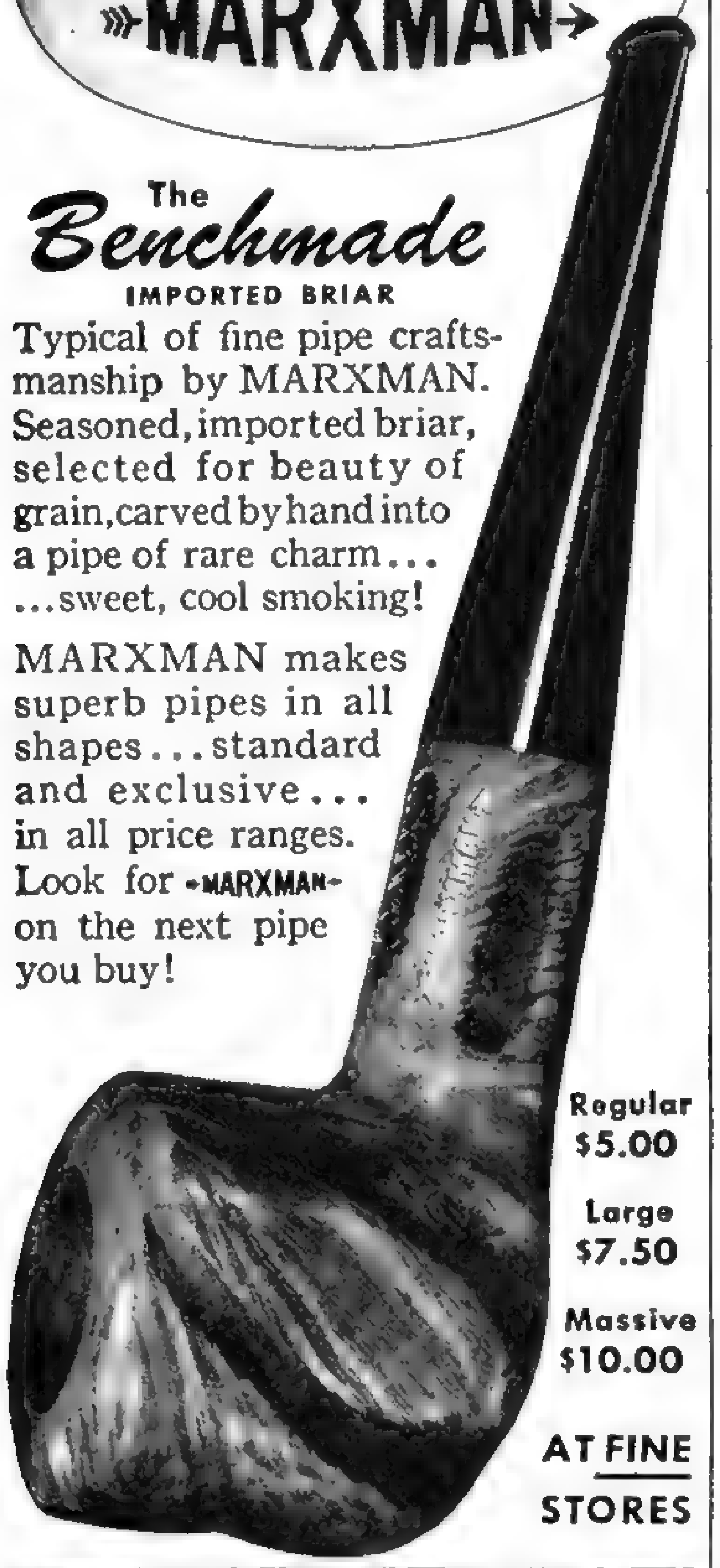

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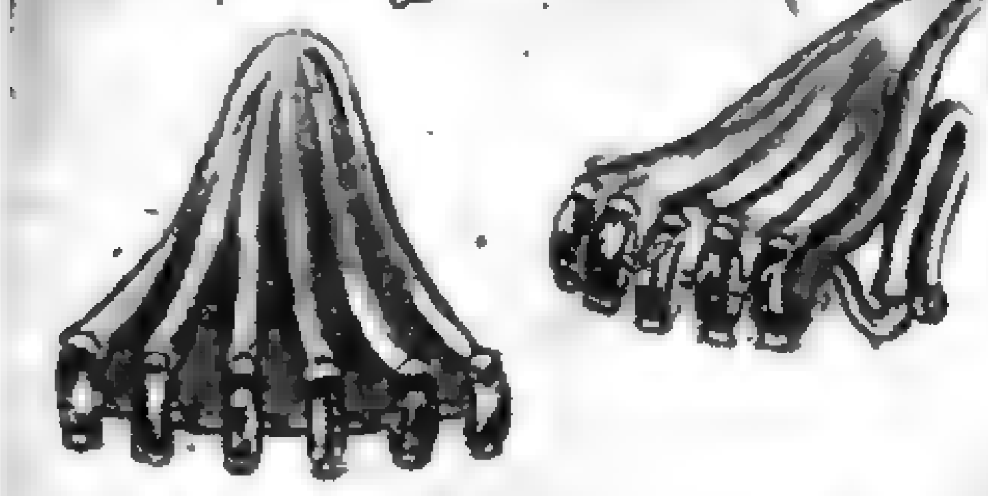

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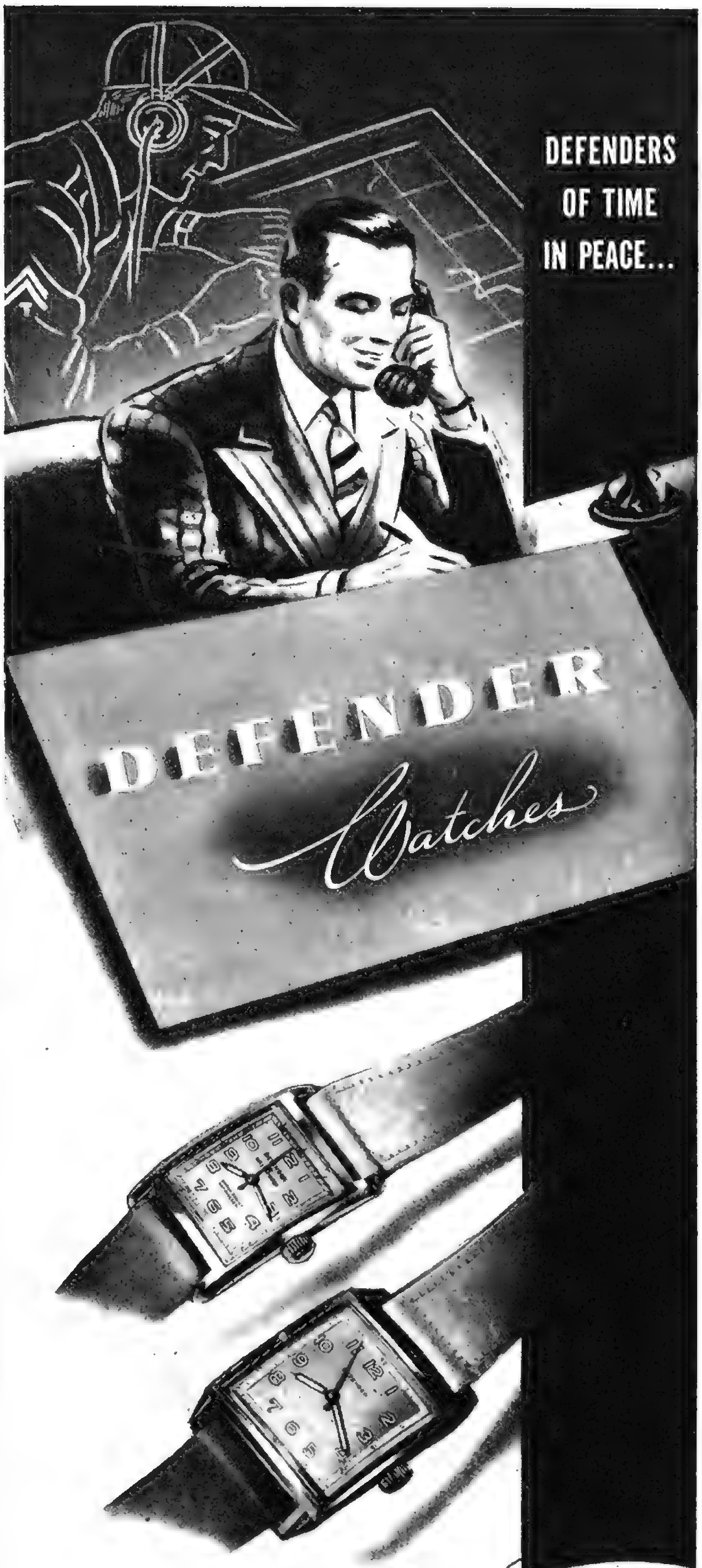
bounds of their credulity.

With a swift movement, I bent down and got my shoulder into the pit of the dead man's stomach. Grunting at the effort, I slowly raised him up out of his seat. Moving one foot at a time, in order to keep balance with the swaying of the train, I dragged him over to the compartment door nearest to the passing fields. With a jerk of my knee I lifted the door handle and the door swung open, caught in the rushing wind. For a moment I stood poised, watching the gold and green colors swirling by; then, awkwardly, I tumbled the body out through the doorway, pointing it downwards so that there would be no chance of its catching the eye of passengers in the forward compartments. I watched it fall into thick grass and roll away down a slope, a strange dark, doll-like object . . . it had disappeared from sight before I succeeded in closing the door.

It was not long before the train edged in under the great dusty dome of Lime Street station. As I rose to my feet, my eyes fell on where the man had been sitting. On the floor beneath there was a small dark pool; the blood was still dripping in slow, inevitable drops, from the edge of the cushioned seat. I looked from the floor to the cushion, and then, as if mesmerized, I looked down at myself. There was blood on my coat lapel, blood spots on my shoes, a red stain on my trousers—the tips of my fingers were red and sticky. My clothes were disarranged and upset from the effort of throwing the man out of the train; they held an obvious connection with the general dishevelment of the carriage, the many evidences that a struggle had taken place . . . Before the train had come to a final stop, I opened the door and jumped out onto the platform, ignoring the deterrent shout of a porter. Discarding any pretense at normality I hurried to the exit barrier, thrust my ticket at the collector and half-ran out of Lime Street station. As I went, I half-fancied I saw a porter opening the door of my carriage. It could be as quick as that, I thought in alarm.

I did not bother about my business in Liverpool that afternoon. For a time I walked about the streets, wondering whether there was any way in which I could inform the police that a man had been murdered. Then I realized how incomplete and unfinished any such statement would seem . . . Next, I went into a public wash-place and scrubbed the blood off my hands. As I was putting on my coat again I saw the attendant eyeing it queerly, his eyes dropping with increased surprise to the bloodstains on my trousers. That settled it. I caught the next bus out to Southport and there wandered the side streets until I found a little secondhand clothes shop. I managed to purchase an old suit and a decrepit raincoat, and with these

Continued on page 232



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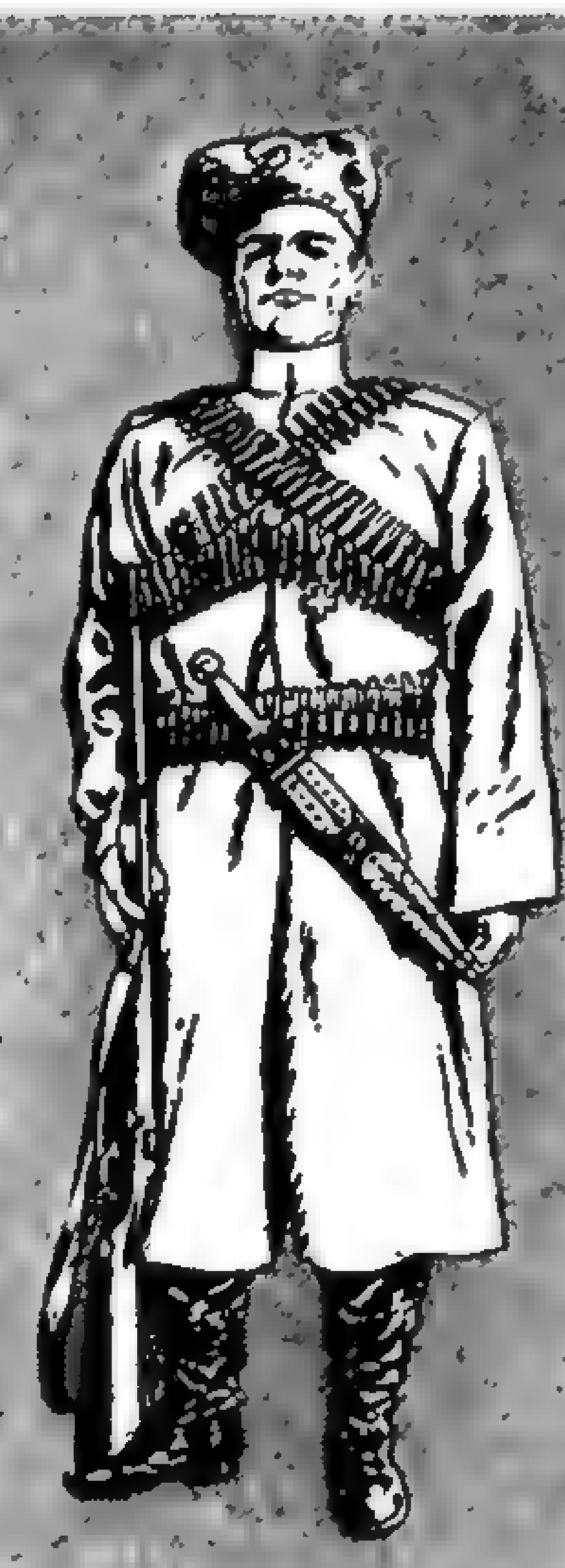

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Passenger to Liverpool

Continued from page 231

tucked under my arm I set off along the Southport sands. When I had gone far enough to lose sight of other stray walkers I went behind the sand dune, took off my own suit and put on the secondhand clothes. My own clothes I buried in the sand, pushing them deep down. Then I walked back into Southport and caught a bus to Liverpool.

When I arrived at Liverpool, it was quite late. I went to a hotel and booked in, taking care—with the seemingly automatic ingenuity that is given to the newest criminal—to make it well known that I had only just arrived in town. I ordered a hot meal and a stiff drink of whisky to be sent up to my room. While waiting, I went for an idle stroll around the hotel block and on the way, prompted by some queer twinge of curiosity, bought an evening newspaper. When I got up to my room, I was aching with hunger; only when I was reasonably satisfied by the meal and the drink did I open the paper.

I hardly expected to see anything so soon, but my eyes were at once caught by the heading of one of the main front-page stories. The heading ran: WELL-KNOWN LIVERPOOL BUSINESSMAN THROWN FROM TRAIN. I read on, uneasily. The opening paragraph was more than enough. It said: "A well-known Liverpool cotton broker, Mr. Alexander Smith, was today thrown out of his compartment on a London-Liverpool express train, just before the train reached the outskirts of Liverpool. Although the train was traveling at about 50 miles per hour, *Mr. Smith was uninjured save for minor cuts and abrasions.* His fall was seen by men working in near-by fields and he was quickly rushed to the city infirmary, where he was stated this evening to be progressing very well. In an interview with the police, Mr. Smith stated that he was suddenly attacked by a young man who was the only other occupant of his carriage. Before he could make any effective resistance, he had been lifted up and thrown out of the carriage. Mr. Smith is convinced that he would recognize his assailant again. Meanwhile the police are making widespread inquiries, and are particularly anxious to trace a young man who was seen to jump from the train when it reached Lime Street and make a hurried exit from the station. It is believed he may have some knowledge of the crime."

The same night, half an hour later, I checked hurriedly out of the hotel. It was no use staying . . . I could feel looming around me a huge circle of burly painstaking policemen, each one ferreting out his proud discovery . . . the lavatory attendant who remembered attending a certain

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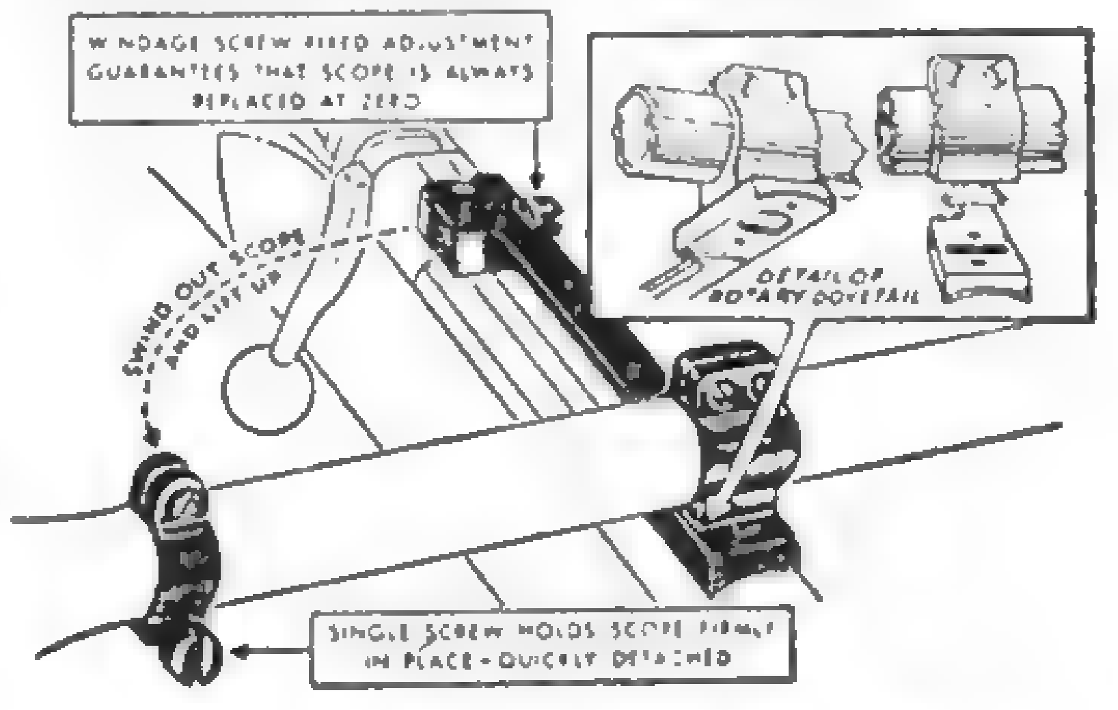

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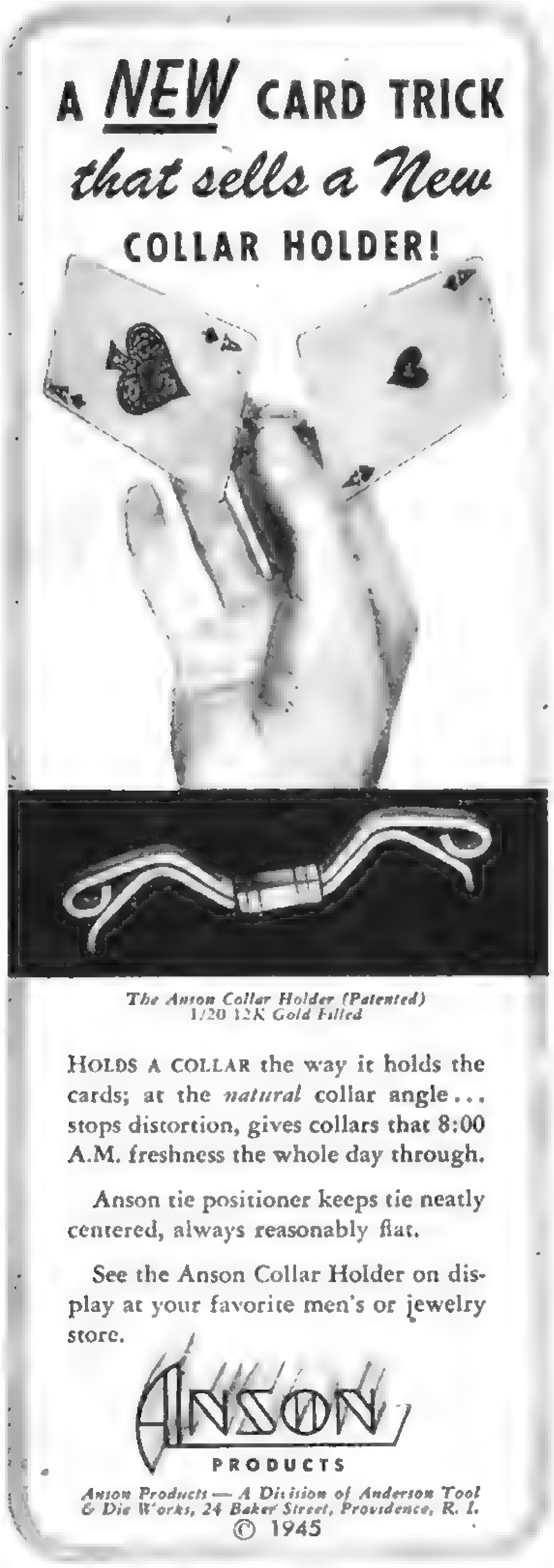

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SUGAR BARREL PIPE-TOBACCO
Mild as Moonlight

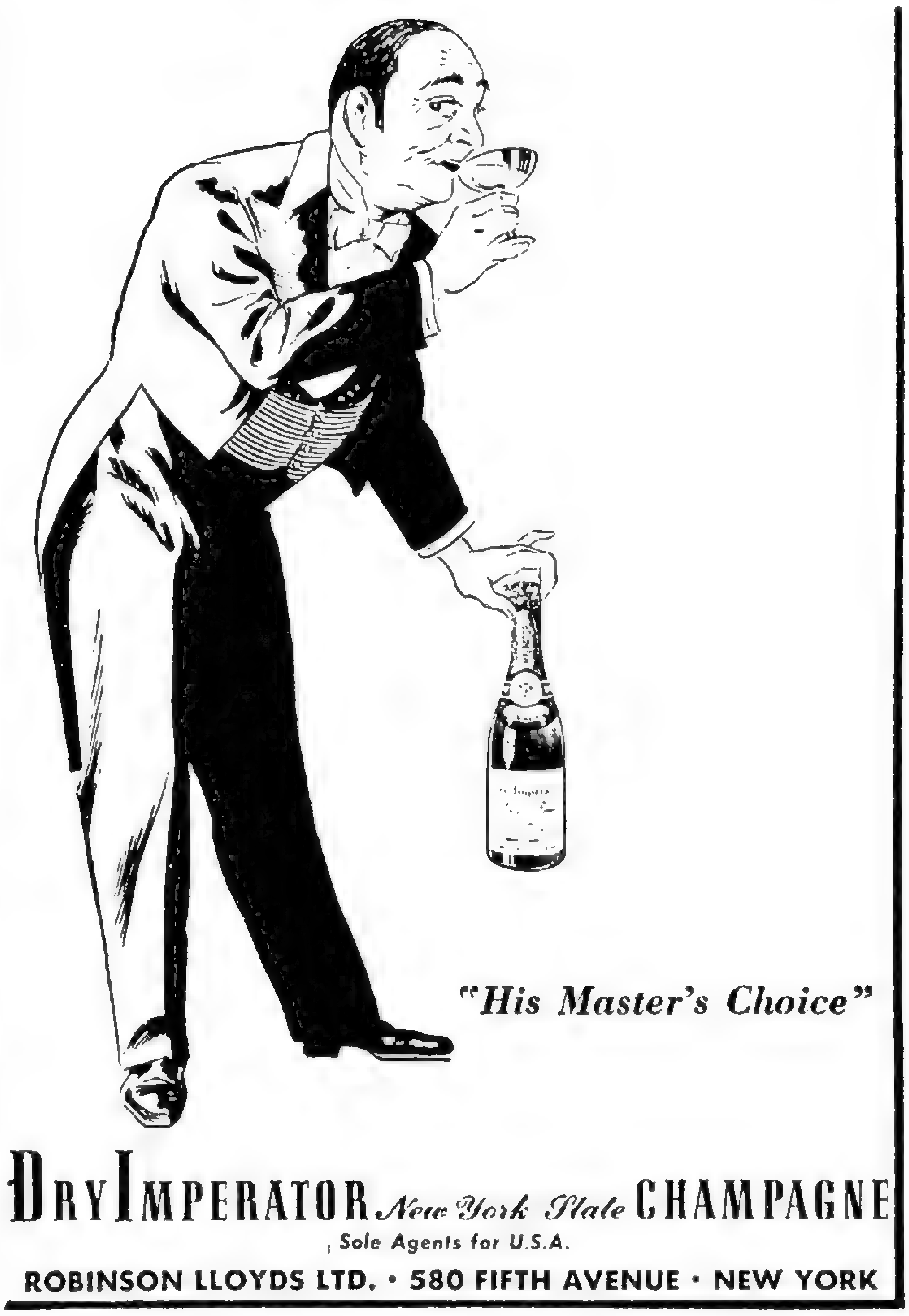
young man, the bus conductress who remembered selling a ticket to Southport to a certain young man, the secondhand clothes dealer who remembered disposing of an old suit and a raincoat to a certain young man, the hotel clerk who remembered booking a room to a certain young man . . . solid, insurmountable obstacles.

I caught a late bus into Manchester, thankful for the blackout and the dim lights. I slept the night there in a doss house, got up early and caught a train back to my home in London. My father and mother were surprised to see me; I hadn't been due back for some days. I told them I was off on another job, a long job, didn't know when I would be back. I changed my clothes again, packed a suitcase, gave the old clothes to my mother and told her to be sure to burn them. I said they weren't to tell my sister or anyone else that I'd been back. I said if any strange men called, they were to say I'd been away for weeks and they didn't know where I was. I said if anyone asked if I'd been in Liverpool on such and such a date the answer was "No." My mother and father looked at me queerly, their eyes reflecting the struggle between anxiety and suspicion. I said good-bye and walked out of the house and down the road. On the corner, I bought a newspaper. The Stop Press column carried a paragraph headed "Express Train Attack." It said that the police had received important information from a Liverpool bus conductress who remembered, etc. . . . I hailed a taxi and disappeared into the maze of London. I had begun moving on.

I have been moving on ever since. For a long time I wandered about London, but always, wherever I went, I felt uneasy, haunted by the sight of policemen; standing on corners, hidden in shop entrances, walking up and down with ponderous curiosity. Next, I went down to the West Coast—then up into Wales—then through the Midlands. Wherever I went I kept myself buried in anonymity, eating in cheap little street cafés, sleeping in doss houses, in air raid shelters, sometimes in fields. Once or twice when I still had a fair amount of money left, I tried staying at hotels, but each time something in the way the clerk looked at me made me clear out. I became ultra sensitive to people around me; I could always feel when someone was looking at me, watching me. Then, my only thought would be flight.

I am never able to stay more than a few days in one place. I can never forget the snowball, the monstrous mountain looming over my shoulder. There is no need for me to find out whether the search is still on, for I know, implicitly, that it is. Each time I move on, I take the most detailed precautions to obliterate my traces, and each time, helplessly, I leave another clue. Looking back I imagine, so vividly, the questing

Continued on page 234



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Passenger to Liverpool

Continued from page 233

finger come out of the darkness, pouncing on the clue, storing it away—the scrap of paper with my name on it, the specimen of handwriting, the unguarded remark to a waiter. And always, at the back of it all, I sense the ultimate, the frightening climax, the final possibility . . . "Mr. Smith is convinced that he would recognize his assailant again." Would he? *Could* he? Or would he perhaps tumble the whole crazy edifice to pieces with a single glassy unrecognizing stare?

It should be so simple, so easy, to prove or disprove. I have only to go to Liverpool, to make straight for a certain cotton brokery office. I have only to walk through a harmless gilt-plated glass door, stamped with the name Mr. Alexander Smith. I tell myself I will go—now, today, this morning, this afternoon. I force myself to prepare for the journey, I set out for a station, or to meet a bus. But always my footsteps falter, hesitate, turn back; always I am stopped by the same thing, an idea, looming in front of me like a towering, and now, insurmountable wall.

With each passing day I find it increasingly difficult to decide which story is the true one—mine, or Alexander Smith's. #

Continued from page 108

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1945. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ESQUIRE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, David A. Smart; Managing Editor; David A. Smart; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill., City National Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago, Trustee under Trust Agreement with David A. Smart, dated October 6, 1942, known as Trust No. 22335, Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle St. Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945.

(SEAL) Anna Van Diggelen. (My commission expires January 22, 1946.)

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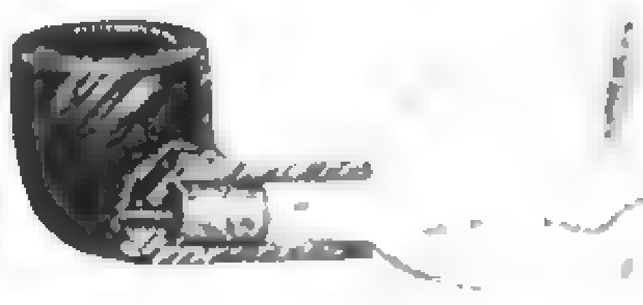

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Ski Jumper's Holiday

Continued from page 119

Then the engineers got together and began designing hills according to standard profiles. The jumper began landing on a steep slope, thereby cutting the impact with the ground considerably. Terms like air resistance, wind currents, gravity, and aerodynamics crept into the jumper's vocabulary and there ski jumping stands today—highly technical, not especially dangerous to the experienced jumper, and a sport of soaring, lonely beauty.

One drawback to the commercial success of jumping is the nature of the competitors themselves. Their supreme cockiness, their Scandinavian reluctance to do things with crisp efficiency, will forever make a ski meet a promoter's nightmare.

The average jumper's idea of a meet includes an unconscionable amount of neighborly amenities with friends he hasn't seen since the last meet. He is relentless about this. Jumping, after all, is a cold and lonesome business. It wouldn't be worthwhile without the warming satisfaction of good fellowship.

There is also a maddening insistence on the part of officials—usually representatives of the various jumping clubs sponsoring entries—to decide the winner as unscientifically as possible. This was brought to light a few years back at a Chicago meet where the promoter, Carl Stockholm, had arranged for the exact point-score of each jump to be announced immediately after it had been made. This plan was received with horror by the judges and their followers.

"How can we tell right there on the spot?" they cried. "We have to decide!"

It had been their method to make a few jottings on distance and form for each jumper, withholding any final word until they had had their "meeting." As soon as the competition was over they would repair to the nearest grog shop. There, amid all the elbow action and bellowing argument, they would gradually eliminate until they agreed—not always harmoniously—on the best jumper of all.

Promoter Stockholm, although sympathetic with this sort of *modus operandi*, had a deep interest in the success of the meet. He had spent 28,000 dollars constructing a slide and brought in 200 tons of crushed ice for the runway. He felt the paying spectators shivering in the stands were entitled to know the outcome without waiting for the next day's paper. It was the first time in the history of American skiing that the jumper's score was announced to the audience right after his jump. This precedent virtually ruined the meet for the judges and a number of the contestants as well. ###

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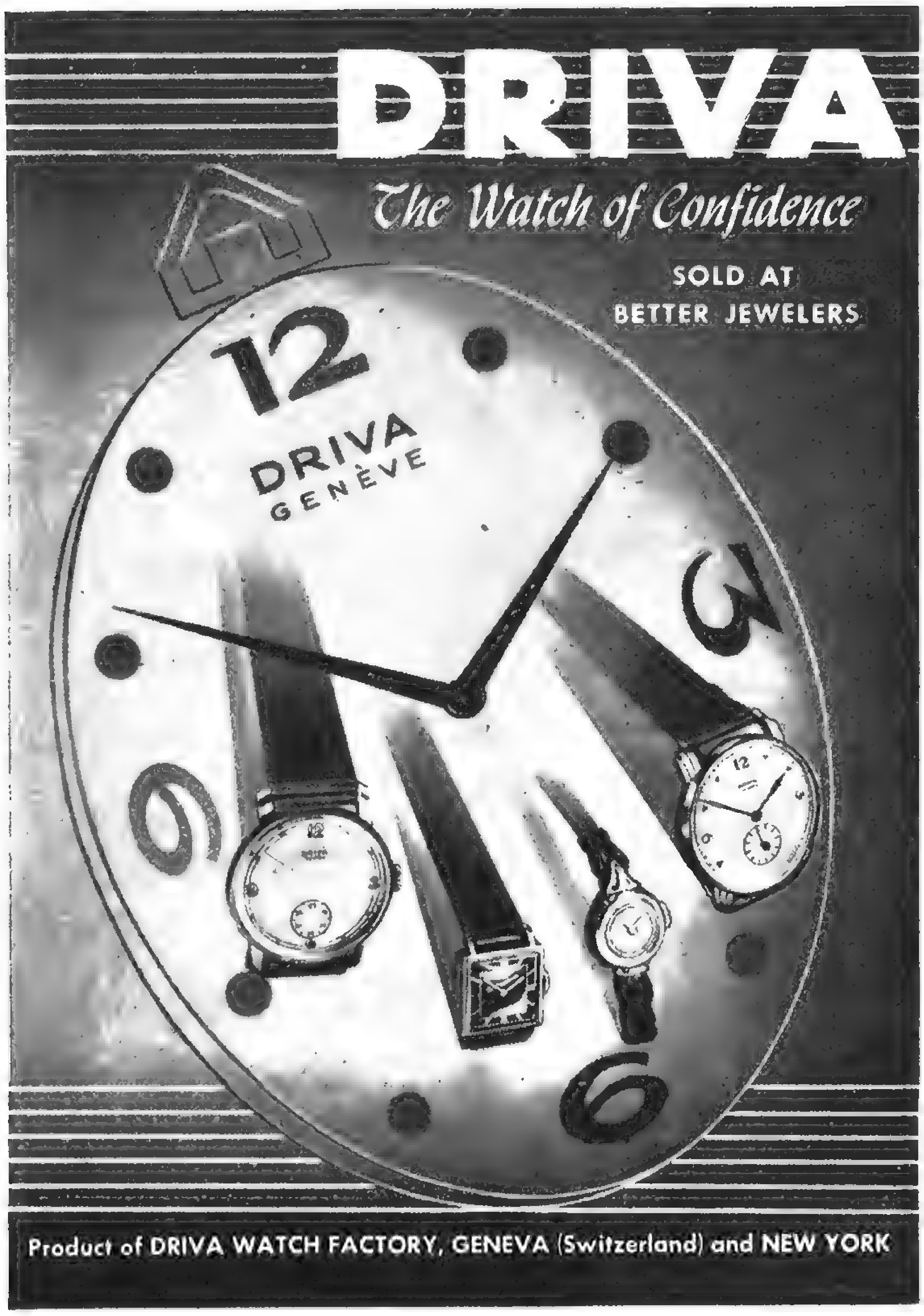
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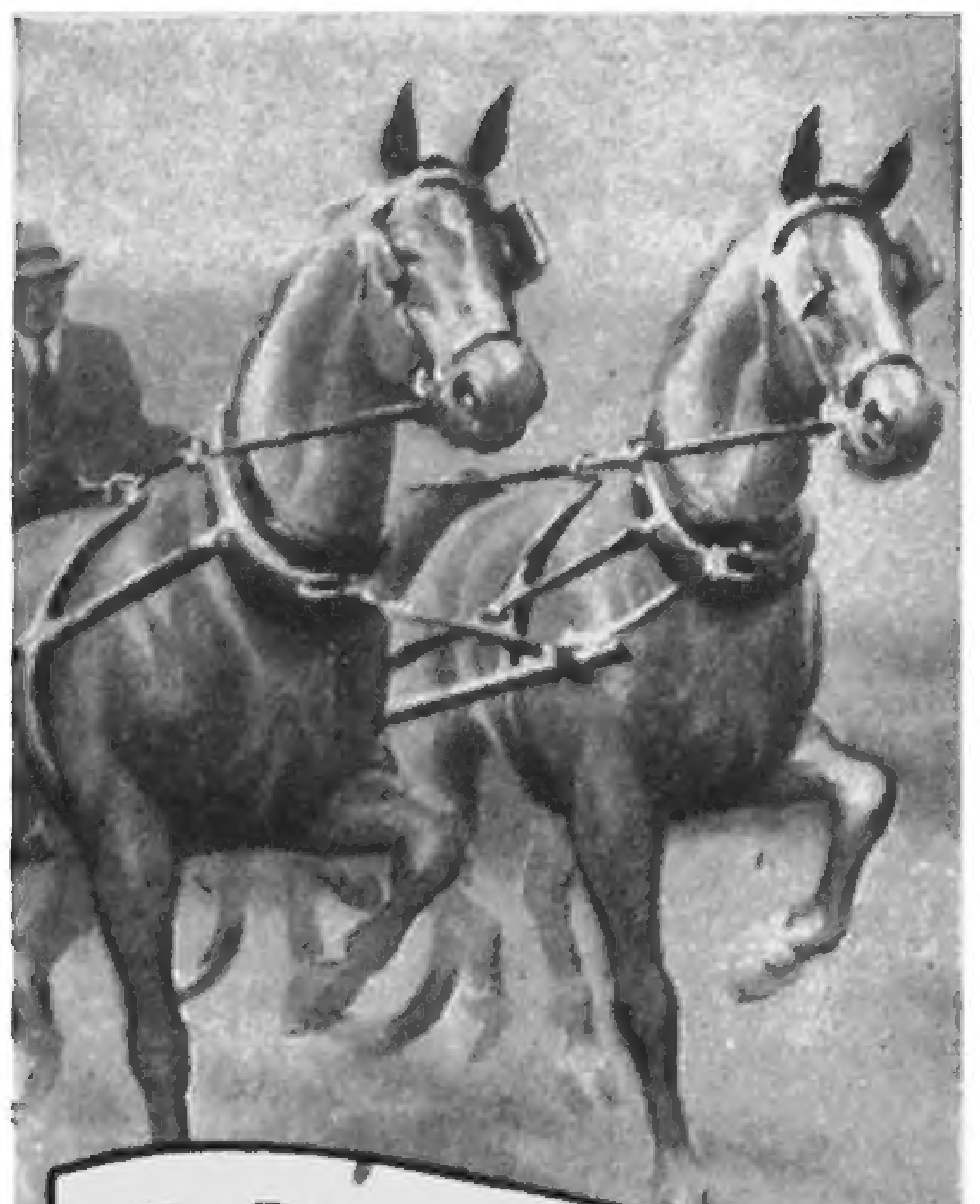

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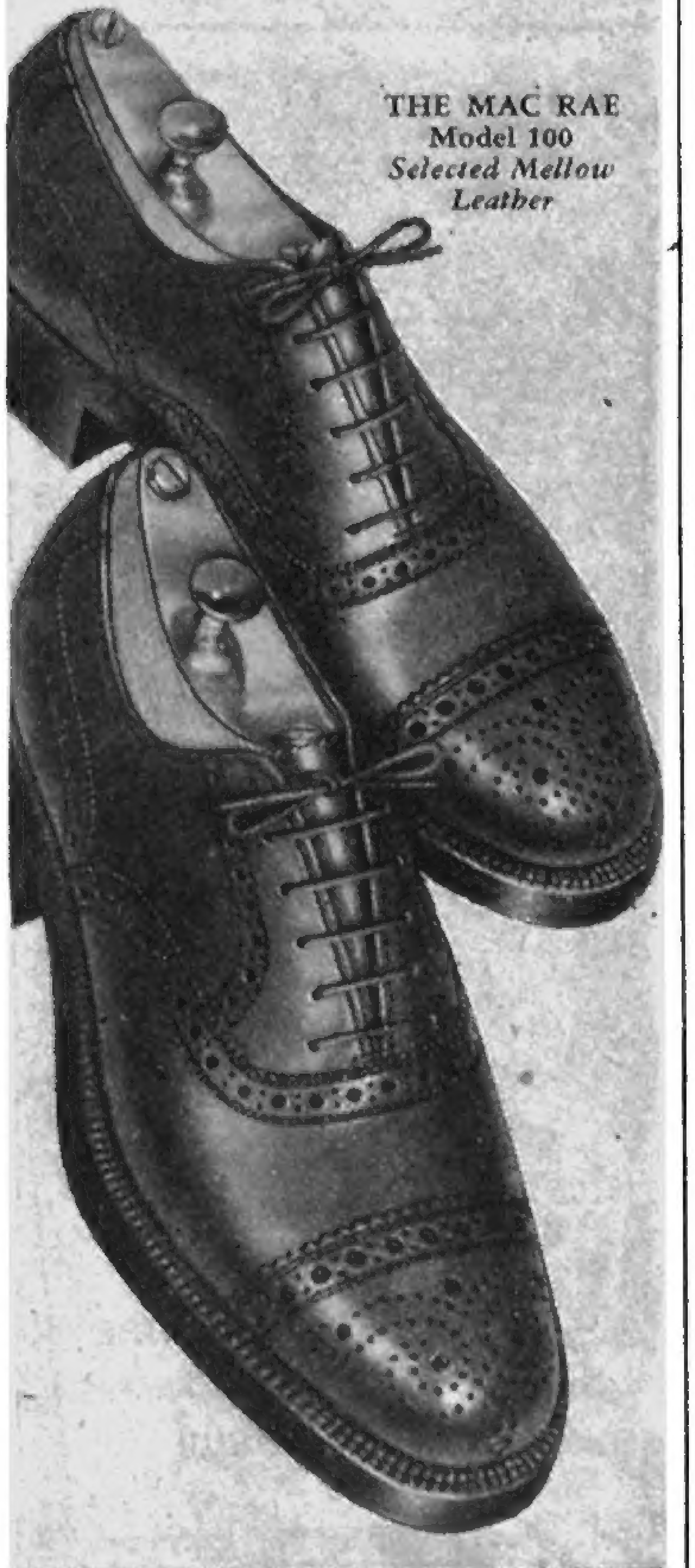

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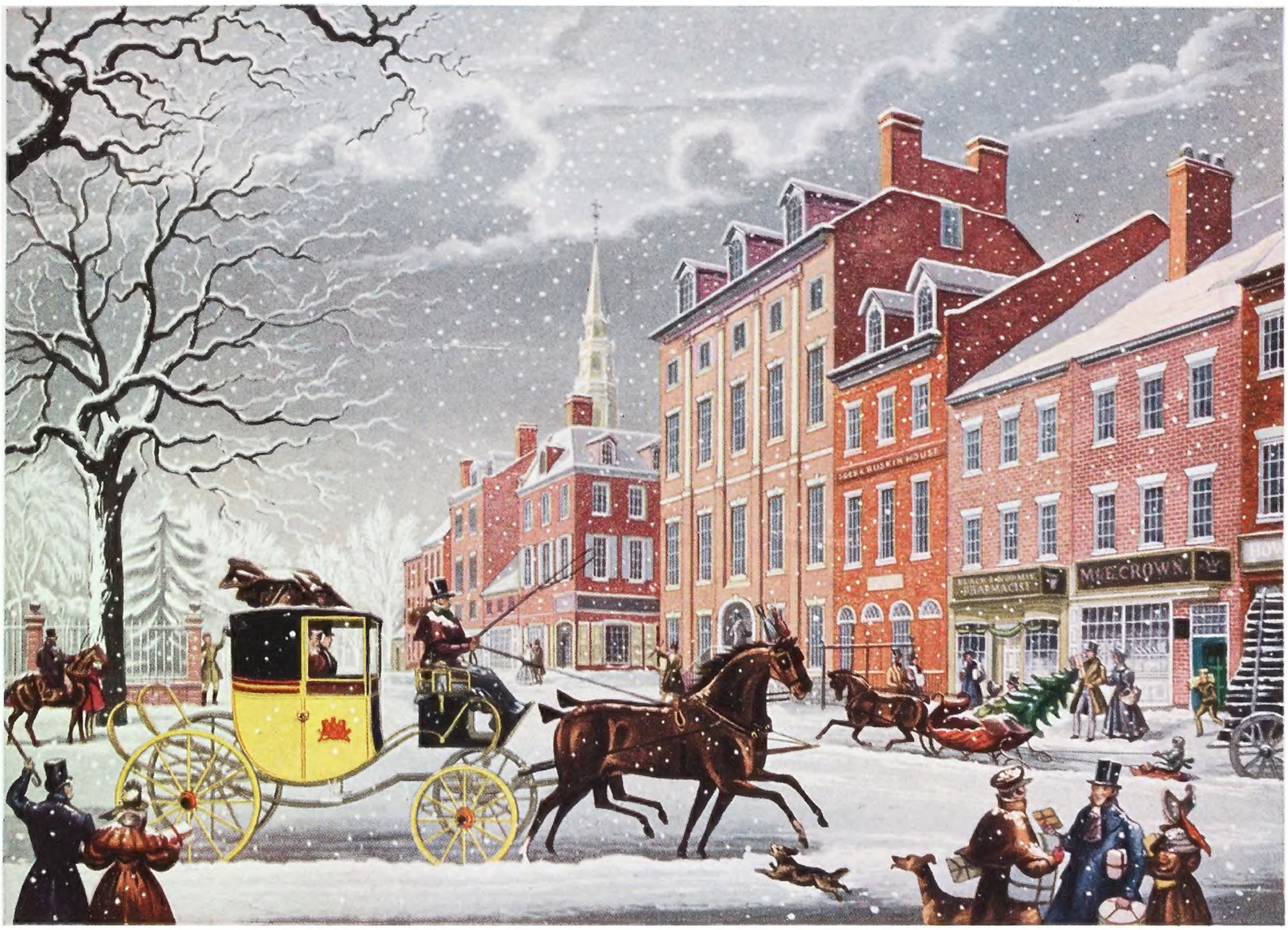

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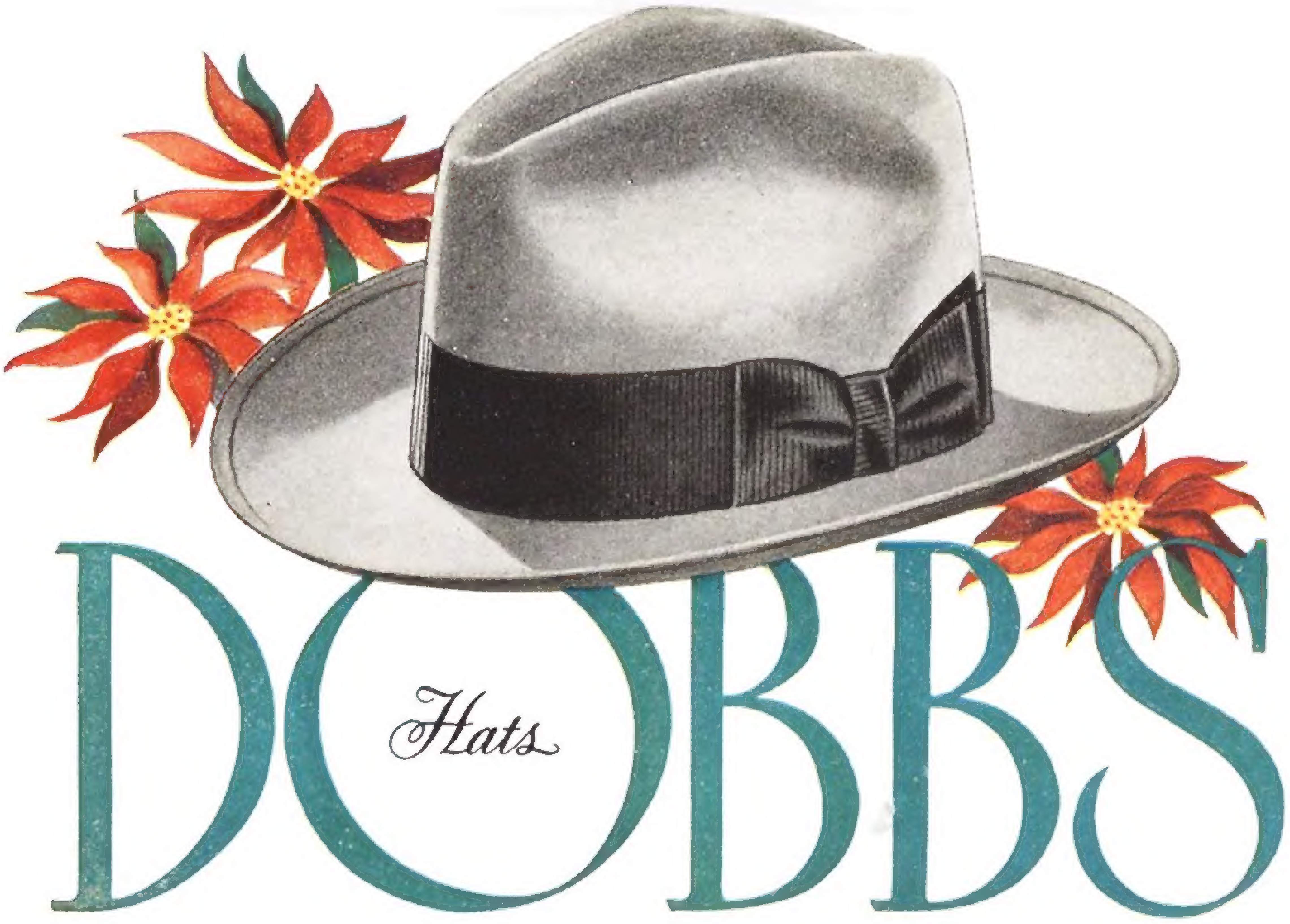

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